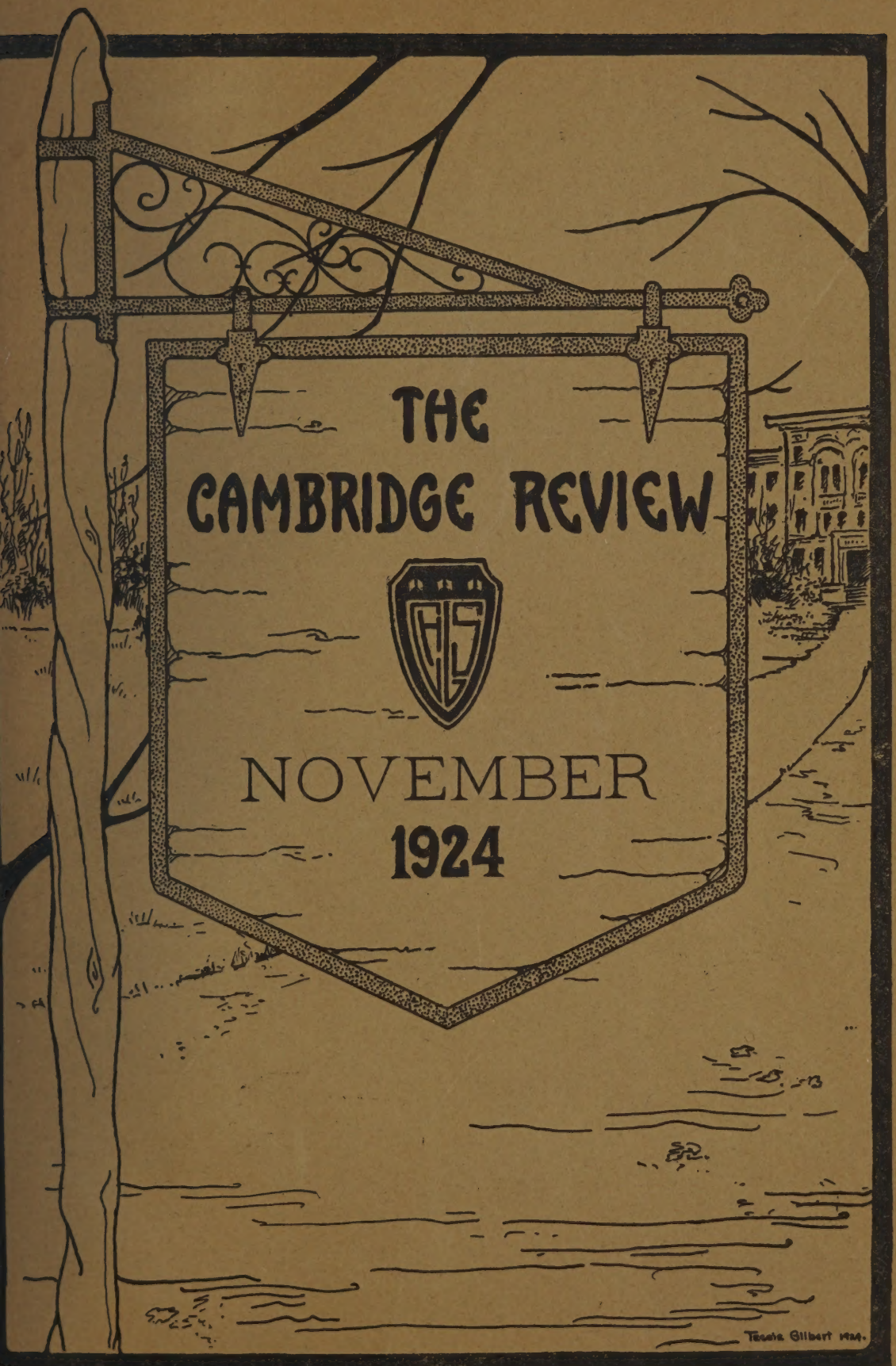

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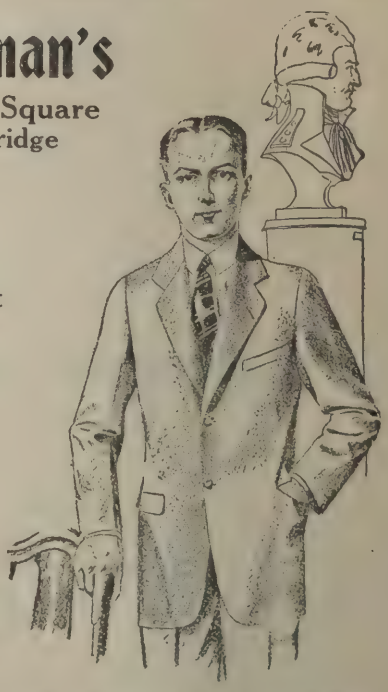
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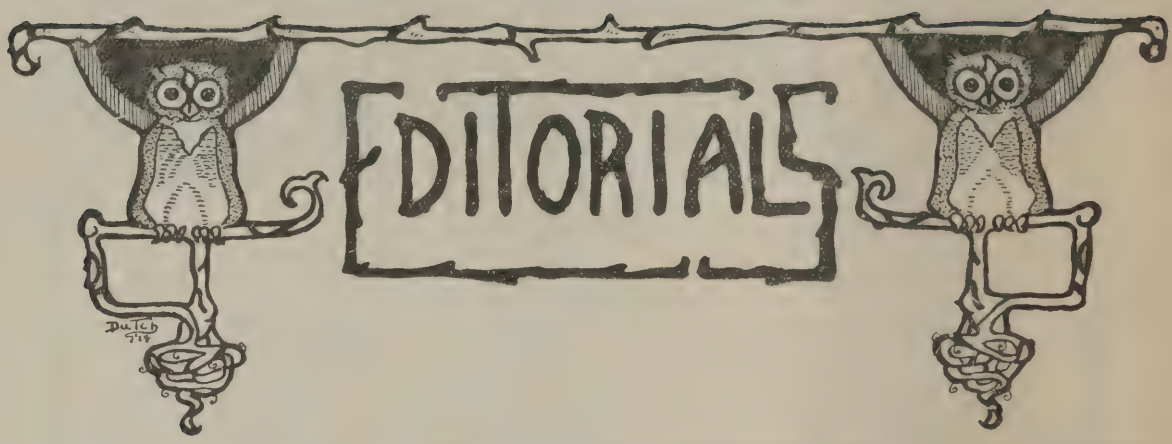
Vita sine litteris mors est.

Volume 39 Number 1

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Teddie 19 23 Gilbert



THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

"School spirit" is hard to define. In general it means "common school interest". To some, I believe, school spirit means school ghost for many are as afraid to have school spirit in them as a part of their existence as they would be to have a ghost speak to them. School spirit is not only shown by your attendance at school games and contests. Your school spirit is shown in everything you do whether in school or not. You can put just as much school spirit in your academic subjects as you can in the school's outside activities. A school with school spirit is an institution for progress, for in it there will be no "slackers" or "loafers". Everyone will be working for the common advancement of all school business. Students of the C. H. L. S., to cultivate school spirit is your job.

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K. B.
Hi-Y Club.
Social work.
School paper or any organization in or out of the school which is for the welfare of C. H. L. S.

These are only a few of the opportunities offered. But in this list, each student can find one or more things that he can do to help the school and himself.

R. L., '25.

SCHOOL BAND.

In order that cheering and singing at our football games may be more organized, a school band has been recruited. This band, now composed of three cornets, three trombones, three saxophones, clarinet and drums, will be present at all the games to play school songs and marches, especially orchestrated by Mr. John B. Whoriskey, our musical director. It is hoped that a school band may become a regular feature of our musical activities. If you play any instrument, suitable for band work won't you see Mr. Whoriskey, or some member of the band, and join at once?

A CHEST OF GOLD, A FAIRY TALE, AND ROGER ATHERTON.

James Stanley Jennison.

"The world is full of mysteries, and I guess we've struck one of them." The speaker was a tall, well-built man of about thirty-five years of age. He had a pleasant face, a mouth expressive of determination, a shrewd look about the eyes, and a well formed nose. He was of that type usually referred to as "a good looking man of dignified appearance". He raised his head from the desk upon which lay a piece of parchment which he had been examining carefully, and, turning to the other occupant of the small, neat office, looked him full in the face.

"You've said it, Atherton," exclaimed the latter. "I guess it will take all we've got to make head or tail of it. What do you think?"

The person addressed as Atherton turned back to the parchment and after glancing at it thoughtfully, replied, "I can't think at all now. It seems so strangely absurd, that there must be something behind it all, but I'll be jiggered if I can see through it." He arose from the chair and took up his hat. "I'll see you in the morning," he continued. "If you need me for anything before then, call me up. So long, Manson." He went out and left the other man alone, staring into space as if searching for a answer to his oft-repeated question, "What does it mean?"

The man whom we know as Manson was a rather stout fellow of about five feet six, having a full face, generous mouth, and clear brown eyes. He was dressed simply, in a dark suit of rich texture and did not in the least appear to be what he was, Detective-Sergeant of the B——e police department.

At this point, an explanation of the nature of this mystery which has baffled two of the greatest criminologists in the country is necessary. On a small island in the Pacific Ocean lived a man, John Warren, who, while still in the prime of life, was noted for his eccentricities. He was especially noted for being miserly. The entire island upon which he lived, covering about eight square miles, and all of the twenty-five crude dwelling houses upon it, belonged to him. His wealth was declared to be fabulous. Three days before the scene which opened this narrative took place, a chest of great weight and bulk had been delivered to the B——e police. On the follwing day, Detective-Sergeant Manson had received a letter from John Warren, which follows:

Dear Manson:—

You will have received by this time a large, iron-bound chest. You are to dispose of it as you are directed to do by the directions which are within it. To unlock it, go first to Martin, the locksmith on Frank St., and ask for Warren's latch key; the key you receive will unlock the chest. The directions are on a piece of parchment hidden in the false thickness of the cover. Break the inside of the cover, it is only wood. By the time you receive this, the Barkers will have driven me to Kingdom Come.

Your old friend,
John Warren.

Until he had received this strange letter, Manson had given up Warren for dead. The story had circulated, some years before, that Warren had been mysteriously killed on his island and found to possess none of the reputed fabulous wealth. This was denied and then sworn to as the truth by prominent newspaper investigators. Then it was again denied, and finally dropped. Accordingly, Manson, greatly moved by this foreboding of harm to a very old and esteemed friend, got in touch with the Naval authorities who promised him they would send him a cutter to the island to investigate. It was very easy for one of the smaller ships of the Pacific Fleet to stop at the island and learn the truth of Warren's place of exile and of his fate.

When the chest had been opened it was found to contain a great quantity of gold coin, but, and this was the baffling part of the whole thing, the parchment was found to have written on it—a fairy tale. Certainly that could not be the directions Warren wrote about. Therefore Manson had sent for his closest friend, Roger Atherton, to help him in this *enigucatical discovery*.

Roger Atherton was widely known as "the man to take your mysteries to". He had been very successful as an amateur criminologist, and had a wonderful reputation for seeing right through the most baffling mysteries. In spite of apparently insurmountable obstacles, he had solved some of the hardest cases that had ever come before the eyes of the police.

Many a famous criminal owed his "free lodgings" to Roger Atherton. He had never failed in any case he had attempted. So as a friend and not as the Detective-Sergeant of the B—e police, Manson had turned to him for help.

The next morning when Atherton arrived at Manson's office, he found that individual poring over the fairy tale which was according Warren, the directions for disposing of the gold. He looked up as his friend entered, unannounced, and recognizing the person whom he wanted to see most, immediately exploded, "Say Atherton, you can't make a thing out of this d———d fairy tale. I've tried about fifty different methods to decode it and have finally come to believe that it isn't a code at all. It's a devil of a thing. Here, you sit down and try it." He arose and pushed Atherton into the chair he had vacated. "If you can make it out, you're a better man than I. But I'll have to leave you, Gregory pearl robbery y'know. Have to be there to look the place over. Thing's a cinch, the butler took them. See you later, old top." With this hurried leave-taking, he rushed out of the office, slamming the door behind him.

Atherton laughed at the Detective-Sergeant's hasty manner, and choppy sentences, then turned to the piece of parchment which lay on the desk before him. He read the tale through carefully. It disturbed him that there should be so simple a thing as a fairy tale to baffle him. He read it again. There was absolutely nothing to it but the childish story of how a handsome prince had rescued a beautiful princess from an old witch who, before she died, sent the prince home safely.

Atherton arose and commenced to pace the floor thinking hard the while. He could not account for the fairy tale's connection with the chest or the directions mentioned by Warren at all. The door opened and the office boy brought in a telegram. It was for Manson; Atherton opened it and read:

Aboard U. S. S. Ryder
October 16, 19—

Detective-Sergeant Manson,
Police Headquarters,
B———e, ———.

Dear Sir:

"Investigation shows Warren to be dead—cause unknown. Am making complete the investigation which I have commenced. Will keep you informed of results.

Signed: Captain Paul Corder, U. S. N."

The results of Manson's inquiries in that quarter were of no assistance in connection with the problem before them. Atherton resumed pacing the floor.

He reviewed the features of the tale. "The prince receives word that the princess has been caught. He sets out to rescue her. He encounters the witch and, by strategy, wounds her mortally. He finds the princess. The witch through remorse gives him the directions——" He stopped short in his tracks. "That's it," he cried. "The directions!" He rushed to the desk and sat down. Snatching up a pencil, he began to write as if copying something from the fairy tale. Several times he wrote a few words, then tossed the paper aside only to begin anew. The fourth time he seemed satisfied; his face beamed with pleasure. Throwing down the pencil, he grabbed his hat and hastened to the door. Manson was entering, and they collided. After recovering his balance, Atherton pushed his friend out in the corrider and shouted, "Come with me. I've got it."

Atherton hurried down stairs, two steps at a time, and out of the building, Manson at his heels. A passing taxi was hailed and Atherton after directing the driver and pushing Manson inside, threw himself into the seat beside his perplexed friend.

"Say," began Manson. "Wait a minute and explain. What's the rush?"

Atherton looked at Manson and smiled. "Hold your horses, old man," said he. "You'll know all about it before long." The Detective-Sergeant subsided, although muttering to himself. Atherton turned his attention to the street where he seemed to be searching for landmarks. About five minutes later the taxi drew up before the building which housed the powerful King Croesus Trust Co.

"What in the world does he expect to find here?" asked Manson of himself. "He must be——"

"Come on, follow me," ordered Atherton, interrupting his friend's thoughts.

Manson followed his guide into the palatial quarters of the Trust Co. and up to the treasurer's office. That important official had just bid a customer good-day and was about to go off when he espied Atherton and Manson, good customers, approaching.

"Good morning, gentlemen," greeted the treasurer. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Indeed you can," cried Atherton. "Show us to safe deposit vault number thirty-nine, please."

"Why er-a- Oh yes! There is some peculiar order concerning that box. I believe Mr. Manson was to have access to it on request. Yes, to be sure! Just a moment, gentlemen; I'll get the key." The treasurer walked over to one of the clerks.

"Say," started Manson. "I——"

"Shut up," commanded Atherton. "Just open the vault; I'll do the rest."

The treasurer returned with the key and led the two men into the basement to vault number thirty-nine. "Here you are," said he. The vault was opened and Atherton snatched up the contents. There were two long envelopes, one bulky and one thin. The three men started for the upper floor, the treasurer pointing out the precautions against robbery taken by the bank. Neither Manson nor Atherton were interested, as he noticed, so they went on quickly to the main offices where Manson signed for the contents of the vault. After this formality, they took leave of the treasurer and returned to the waiting taxi.

Upon being installed within the vehicle, Atherton opened the envelopes, glanced at them, and passed them to Manson. The bulky envelope contained the last will and testament of John Warren, witnessed by Joseph Morey and Francis Wolfe, treasurer and cashier respectively of the King Croesus Trust Co. The other was a personal letter addressed to Manson, written by Warren, and dated ten years previous.

"Why how did you know of these?" asked Manson after he had inspected them.

"Well—here we are at the office; I'll explain when we get upstairs." Both men alighted from the taxi. Atherton paid the driver; then they went up to Manson's office.

"Well?" queried Manson, after they were both seated.

"First of all," commenced Atherton, "it might help matters if you'd read that letter in your hand and then summarize it for me."

Manson began to read, and, when he had concluded, spoke. "It's a rather queer affair," said he. "This Warren, it seems, was afraid of some noises which he calls the 'Barkers'. In a postscript he declares these 'Barkers' to be persons. He explains that his reason for going to that out-of-the-way place in the Pacific was to rid himself of the 'Barkers'; but he was afraid then that they had him. He even expected death from these noises or people. That's all, except a few minor things which are unimportant, as far as I can see."

"Exactly," ejaculated Atherton. "That's just what I thought. This is the story as far as I can make it out: Warren ran away to this Pacific Isle to escape these haunting noises. At the time, he was partially unbalanced and, if you remember, more miserly than ever; so he converted his wealth into gold and took it with him. Before he left for the island, he made his will and wrote that letter to you. He rented a vault at the King Croesus Trust Co. and put them into it. On the island he grew worse and worse until he was insane but yet cognizant of his gold and you, who had made a great impression upon his mind during your long but often interrupted friendship. About a month ago, he sent this chest of gold to you, that is, to the police as he knew it would get to you, also a letter to you, and instructions to the bank that you were to have access to safe deposit vault number thirty-nine. You can see that although insane, he was absolutely normal in as far as his gold and its disposal were concerned. That seems queer but yet it is the only construction to be put upon his actions and the known facts of the case."

Atherton paused, took the fairy tale from the desk, and clearing his throat continued. "He wrote you that the instructions for disposing of the gold were written on this piece of parchment. We thought it to be nothing but a fairy tale and practically gave up hope of ever discovering the directions which, Warren wrote, were on this parchment. However, read this passage." He held the parchment before Manson and pointed out the following paragraph:

"I will send you safely to King Croesus. Trust me. Go by way of the path you were told to use in coming. It is the thirty-ninth path after you leave the vault. Farewell, my Conquerer, I leave you."

"Now those are the directions which the witch gave to the prince. When I was thinking it over early this morning I took no notice of that passage other than to classify it by the expression 'the witch sent the prince home safely.' However, as I was later going over the features of the tale, I unconsciously applied the work 'directions.' That gave me the clue; these were directions, and we were

after the same thing, directions. Then I studied the passage. In the first line I noticed that the words, 'King Croesus Trust,' stood out prominently. Why of course that was the name of the biggest bank in the city. Further along, I saw the letters 'co' darkly written as if they had been gone over three or four times with a pen. Still further along is the word vault. Vaults and bank are connected ideas; it began to get clearer. When I saw the words 'thirty-ninth', the whole thing was as clear as a bell. Put together, these words made, 'King Croesus Trust Co., thirty-ninth vault!' Then I started for the bank and met you as I was going out. You know how I got these papers out of the vault for you were with me. Now do you see through it?"

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Manson. Then after a pause; "but I don't see why Warren made such a complicated mystery of it all."

"You see he was insane, as I've said before, and in great fear of the 'Barkers' and especially afraid that they would get his gold. He planned all this to keep the gold out of their hands, I suppose. As I see it, if these 'Barkers' were not persons and were merely the hallucinations of Warren's mind, he had personified them so that he was in real fear of their acquiring his gold; or they may have been real persons. However, it was, the part in which we were interested is solved. Let's attend to the will now, and get that off our hands."

The next day the will was offered in the Probate Court and accepted. By the terms of the document twenty-five thousand dollars was left to a nephew of Warren's, named as a ne'er-do-well by his late uncle, and the remainder of the estate, amounting to several millions, was equally divided between Manson and charitable organizations to be named by him. The will would have been thrown out had not the evidence of Warren's sanity at the time of drawing it up been so strong.

Manson wished to share his portion with Atherton to whom he felt indebted for his inheritance; but that individual would not think of such a thing, although he was finally persuaded to live with his wealthy friend in the beautiful home Manson had bought in the suburbs. The Detective-Sergeant refused to consider resigning from his position and continues, as his subordinates call him, "The Millionaire Cop".

REVENGE.

The foundation of the dike was laid. From sunrise to dusk wagon loads of clay and fodder rolled up, and sandbags and straw were hurled unceasingly into the depths. The dike inspector on his black horse was seen now here, now there, commanding, shouting, cursing.

The dike had to be finished in haste. Who knew when the wind might turn and raise the dreaded spring-tide against the little town of Gevershallig, one of the many unprotected islands off the coast of Friezland. Dike inspector Harders was damming up the brake at the west end of the dike, where years ago an undercurrent, in which, as tradition had it, the sea devils housed, had under-mined it. Cursed was he who tried to repair it. But Harders mocked the superstitions of a narrow-minded people. He defied Satan with his underworld followers. He defied man and God. He wanted this dike built, as he said, for the safety and prosperity of the entire community, not, as was commonly believed, for the sole protection of his rich estate, which, expansive and fertile, was endangered through the brake by the wilful sea.

For a moment the workers stood idle. Just then Harders galloped in among them.

"What, ho! Get ye to work you lubbers."

"Sir," ventured one, doffing his cap, "you know it is an old custom that, if the dike is to stand, some living creature must be buried under it."

"What fools"—he stopped short, and an ugly, sly grin quivered in the corners of his mouth. Among his men he had noticed little Ole Gans, old Gans' grand-child.

"There's the very creature you want," he shouted. "Take that Gans-boy, and, by God, our dike shall stand!—Who's revolting? Here, I shall show ye how to do it." A heart-

rending cry, a stifled shriek, a dull, quivering echo, and in silence the men took up their work filling in the living grave.

The dike was achieved. Day in, day out on her bench before the mud house old Gans cowered motionless, senseless. Never a word passed her shriveled lips. Her eyes had lost their fire. They stared alike lifelessly when the peasant went by as when Harders rode past with a spiteful "Heigh, dried up lemon, where's your Ole today?" He did not, however, look back to see the unearthly grin showing her toothless jaws or the clenched fist shaken at him. His ears heard neither the hideous hiss nor the menacing words. Moreover, where was she at night? The oil lamp was never lit, the chimney never smoked. Who knows the secret? It is at night that the water rat works. At night it undermines sand bank and dike. No one sees it, no one hears of it until the fatal hour.

The wind had turned. With tremendous swiftness a terrific storm sprang up from all sides at once. Sand clouds were whirled up into the air by the hurricane. The fierce, white-maned ocean-horses were let loose. How they reared up house high, clashed against one another, and stamped and foamed along the dike! Enormous cloud masses blocked the sky. Two hours before sunset the earth was as black as night. The sun, a blood-red, lightless ball until the towering sea monsters swallowed it, made the world seem only darker. Woe to the ship out at sea, and woe to the dike under-mined by revengeful hands! A black figure in blowing cloak was battling on his black horse against the storm. Reaching the ridge of the dike, he raised himself in the saddle and flung out his arms.

"I defy thee, sea! A thousand times I defy thee, God! My dike shall stand, stand forever, or I go down with it." The billows roared, leaped at the dam, and tore down mud, as a wild beast tears the skin from off his prey. And in the thundering, boiling, hissing of weather and water a shadow danced madly and laughed a hollow, ghastly laugh.

"My child cries under the dike for me. My Ole, my Ole. Down with the dike, and down with the man that built it." Her shriek was lost in the bellowing sea, that drowned the cry of the gulls. She leaped from mound to mound as the sand sank under her naked feet down into the seething waters.

The morning sun shone over a wide, sparkling sea. Its waves gurgled deep and mysteriously. Gone is Gevershallig, the people, and Harders' wealth. Nobody thinks as he sails over this place that here a town with all its happiness and sorrows sank into the deep in one night.

Elsie Field.

THE GARDEN OF MY DREAMS.

1.

In my dreams there is a garden
 Where the fairest flowers grow,—
Where the roses bloom profusely,
 And the sweetest zephyrs blow;
In the center is a fountain
 Made of alabaster white,
And the marble paths around
 Reflect the moonbeam's silver light.

2.

Here it's quiet, all is silent;
 Still—but for a lone bird's call;
And with this, the mad music
 Of a foaming waterfall;
Of a sudden, from the shadow
 Of a lofty poplar tree
Comes the soft, sweet obligato
 To this fairy melody.

3.

But once again the garden's silent—
 Gone the feathered songster's airs;
Rapidly the scene is changing—
 In its place come sordid cares.
Oh!—I think oft while I am toiling
 That in sleep, a path then gleams
That will lead me from Earth's turmoil
 To the Garden of My Dreams.

L. G., '25.

THE HOLE IN THE STOCKING.

I watched the Marmon roadster speed down the country road, flit by a few trees here and there, dash up to the doorway, and stop suddenly. Then I saw Maurice Templeton for the first time, an attractive, sensible-looking young man about twenty-three years of age, I should say. He descended from the machine and rather curiously surveyed the grounds as one would imagine Napoleon first observed St. Helena.

Of course, I wasn't the only one who witnessed the arrival of young Templeton at the summer resort. The elderly ladies sitting around the long piazza managed to take in unobtrusively everything from the roadster to the collegiate socks which he wore. A few arched their eyebrows as they are wont to do at youth, and a few, who had eligible daughters, eyed him appraisingly.

Within a few days I made acquaintance with Maurice, and found him to be an exceptionally likeable fellow. During nine holes of golf, which, by the way, he played exasperatingly well, I learned some of his history. He had just graduated from Harvard, and before taking up his studies in Law School he was intent upon spending a quiet summer in the mountains. I admired very much the earnestness which marked him, for anyone who will reject an offer, from his father, of a trip abroad, and elect to spend the summer at an out-of-the-way nook for the sake of his studies certainly displays commendable character.

It was late spring-time, rather early for such a resort to be popular, yet quite a few "old timers" were there enjoying what promised to be a delightful season. Now, it has been said that in the spring time young men's fancies turn to love, and I have come to the conclusion that, as a rule, this is true. However, I have braved the storms of forty-odd springs, and as yet have never been impressed sufficiently with the attractions proffered by a state of connubial felicity to expose myself too rashly to the attack of Sir Cupid. I freely admit that I have perhaps been materially assisted in this avoidance by failings in the make-up of my physiognomy. Yet, after close observance, I have noted that a young man's thoughts in spring time do take the trend that has made June such a popular month for brides. Therefore, I suppose, I should not have been so surprised that even a young man's thoughts in spring-time do take obey the laws of nature upon this particular spring.

Eleanor Dale was exquisite, I know no better way of describing her. She had a lovely complexion, eyes of a wonderful, pellucid blue and soft brown, lustrous hair. She, too, had just graduated from college, and, as I learned later, was a very sensible as well as intelligent girl. She arrived at the resort a week later than Maurice, with her mother, a cultured lady who showed much affection for her daughter.

I noticed that Maurice was stricken the first time he saw her. I saw him lose no time in getting an introduction to her. They took to each other from the first; it was practically love at first sight. After all a better matched couple was scarcely conceivable, since they were the proper age for each other, and since they were both so charming and well bred.

I sought out new golf companions, and saw very little of Maurice thereafter. Horseback riding seemed to be the prevailing pastime with them. Almost every day I would see them either starting or coming back; always with that attitude that admits of no intrusion and that betokens a June is coming. A month or so later, Maurice came around to have a talk with me. He told me the circumstances, which I already knew, and asked my advice. Knowing that the way I should answer would be immaterial, I advised him to go ahead and marry her. He departed saying that he wouldn't be happy until he did.

The days and weeks flitted by, and autumn arrived. It had become a matter of general knowledge that they were engaged. On the night of the nineteenth of September, Maurice again came around. This time in exuberant joy he asked me if I would accompany Mrs. Dale, Eleanor and himself to a neighboring town, the night after next to witness the quiet marriage which they both desired! I assented, somewhat reluctantly, for I was beginning to suspect match-making intentions, on their part, between her mother and me. The day of the twentieth was a day of preparation for the night of the twenty-first. I saw the happy couple start out for their afternoon ride as

usual. I went to bed early that night in preparation for the ordeal to come.

On the morning of the twenty-first I was standing on the piazza watching a dismal drizzling rain fall outside, when someone behind me wearily remarked,

"It's all-over now."

"Yes," I agreed, "It's a beastly day."

Then I was startled by a snarl.

"Oh, hang the weather."

I turned, and—well, you could have knocked me down with your little finger. With a rejected sleepless countenance, there stood Templeton, bags in hand. Finally I managed to gasp,

"What on earth is the matter with you?"

"This is a world of dammed illusions," he replied.

"Yes, I know," I concurred, "but what about you and Eleanor?"

"We went out riding yesterday afternoon," he wearily began, "and her horse threw her."

"She wasn't killed!" I grabbed him horror stricken.

"Oh, no, she wasn't hurt so very badly. Just a slight sprain of her ankle, I believe. It pained her greatly at the time. I removed her boot to prevent the ankle swelling inside of it. At first she insisted that I shouldn't, but I did, and that was all—." He broke off.

"But, what was the matter?" I demanded.

"Man, there was a hole—fully half an inch in diameter—in her stocking—, a hole in her stocking." He groaned.

A minute later I watched the Marmon roadster sally out into the rain, headed for New York, with a sad young man at the wheel.

Edwin Brown.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Any news concerning the graduates of this school will be gladly received by the Alumni Editor. Please specify to which class they belong.

1924.

Kingsley Hooker is attending St. Luke's Prep. School in Penn.

Stanley Gans, Robert Rantoul, Thorton Sykes, Harvey Titus, Louis Barron, William Beers, Arnold Borden, William Green, Wilfred Nightingale, John Fleming, Teddy Walcott, and Edward Hall are Freshmen at Harvard.

Carlton Batchelder is working at the General Radio Corporation.

Marguerite Gerhard is training at the Cambridge Hospital.

Samuel Winthrop, Fern Murray, and Edward Weiner are Freshmen at B. U.

Tessie Gilbert is studying at the Normal Art School.

Constance Rouillion is at Barnard College.

Eleanor Holmes is a Freshman at Vassar.

Mary Nevins and Anna O'Connell are attending the Westfield Normal School.

Lucile Schoonover and Doris Tracey are at the Salem Normal School.

Helen Nuzum, who has moved to Worcester, is attending the Normal School in that city.

Dorothy Clark is at Sargent.

Elizabeth Gerould, Ruth Fennessey, and Dorrit Hoffleit are Freshmen at Radcliffe.

1923.

Robert Swezey, Donald Moreland, John Liston, Laurence Walsh, William Baker, Donald Green, Jack Carr, Albert Gross, Edward Hodder are Freshmen at Harvard. Bob Swezey is trying for the Freshman Crew, and Laurence Walsh is out for the Tennis Team. Jack Carr is on the Freshman Soccer Team.

Phil Rutledge, Harold Rosenwald, David Dow, William Campbell, Lester King, Milan Drake, Nate Cohen and Ralph Duchin are Sophomores at Harvard.

Hortense Wetherbee is continuing at Leland Powers.

Althea McDonald and Albert Davies are at B. U.

Frank Davies is working at the Franklin Motor Company.

Imogene Garner is a freshman at Radcliffe.

Regina Grenier is at Jackson.

George Glasheen is matriculating at Amherst.

John Carver is at Exeter, and Jim Dudley is at Andover for another year.

Eleanor Dolan and Louise Hall are Sophomores at Wellesley.

(Continued on page 20)



The world is old, yet likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find,
A whole new editorial staff,
Can't tickle every mind,
So if you meet some ancient joke,
Decked out in modern-guise,
Don't frown and "I've heard that before"
Just laugh.—Don't be too wise.

Exchange.

Heard in Geography.

Teacher: "I like buttermilk."

Smart Pupil: "Now I know why you're so sour."

Teacher: Why did Cain kill his brother?

Pupil: Because he was able.

The Team As We See Them.

L. E., Sullivan	Modesty
L. T., Toothaker	Heartbreaker
L. G., Finlayson	Cry Baby
C., Murtaugh	Spice of Life
R. G., Cohen	Dirty Hands, Dirty Face
R. T., Pearl	Professor
R. E., Kroell	Daniel Webster
Q. B., Shaughnessy	That Red-Head Boy
L. H. B., Murphy	Shaper
R. H. B., Rawlings	Dapper Dan
F. B., Nelson	Flaming Youth
Joey O'Connell	Cowpuncher
Moxham	I'm Nobody's Sweetheart
Finstein	Dark-haired Sheik
Parker	Jack Dempsey
Shea	Rock of Gibraltar
Kenney	Hit 'em hard

Knock at door: Rap, Rap, Rap.

Voice inside: Who's there?

K. at D.: Mister Carr.

V. I.: What do I care if you missed your car; go out and wait for another.

Mr. Jacobs: "What is Sir Walter Raleigh famous for?

C. Morin: "He put Virginia on her feet."

Teacher: Where was Macbeth killed?

Pupil: In the back of the book.

Pupil: (conjugating "Gero" in the perfect tense): gesso——

Teacher: Guess not!

He: "That man is the ugliest person I ever saw."

She: "Hush, dear, you forget yourself."

Mr. Jacobs: Why did they call them "The Cyclodes?"

Nelson: Because the Cyclops lived there.

Heard in the Corridor.

First Soph: Do you take Physics at school?

Second Soph: I don't have to. I can take Physics at home.

Our Idea of Nothing at All.

1. Willie Cohen taking a towel to Football practice.
2. Nelson getting E. in Latin.
3. Pearl finding his shoe on Mt. Washington.
4. Murtaugh asleep in the bird cage.
5. Kroell waiting at the "Idle Hour".
6. Toothaker going under 90 per.

7. Moxham travelling ten miles in his vehicle without a breakdown.

8. Coach McDonald getting pinched for speeding.

9. Gerald Sullivan talking too much.

Mary: Half a dozen doctors have given Mabel up!

Carry: Really! What is wrong with her?

Mary: She simply won't pay their bills.

Pat: Today's Bob's birthday. Let's play a joke on him.

Ellen: It seems to me that's been done.

Teacher: Why are you always late to school mornings?

Fresh: I have to pass a sign on my way.

Teacher: Well, what of it?

Fresh: It says, "School Ahead: Go Slow!"

Jack: "I've lived on fruit for five days."

Al: "That's nothing; I've lived on earth for eighteen years."

A tragedy—A golf suit in school on a rainy day.

In Geometry.

Mr. F.: What is Geometry?

Pupil: The study of shapes and forms.

Mr. F.: What about that Beauty Contest in Boston? They didn't call that Geometry.

Fresh: What would you do if you were in my shoes?

Senior: I'd clean them.

Miss Flanders: And were Macbeth and Banquo afraid?

Burns: Yes, they were not.

Teacher: Et fauto poste nita.

Nelson: And a little later he passed out.

Heard in Civics Room 20.

Teacher: Does anyone know what Muscle Shoal is?

No answer.

Teacher: Do you know, Miss Gieger?

Pupil, thinking hard: Yes, I know; it's some kind of a clam, isn't it?

Frosh (to teacher: If I play an instrument am I eligible for the orchestra?

Teacher: You are; but what instrument do you play?

Frosh: A ukelele.

Fresh: Why are you writing the theme so fas ; you have another hour.

Senior: So I will be finished before my pen will run out of ink.

Miss Hardy: Give me a derivative from sal (meaning salt).

Bright pupil: Oysterettes.

Teacher: John, why do you suppose I gave you that dictionary?

John: Er, er, to cover, ma'am.

Latin II.

Teacher: What is the gender of facinus?

Pupil: Ablative.

A sign seen in a shop-window in Paris: "English Speaking—American Understood."

Teacher: What happenepd in 1854?

Smith: I don't know, sir?

Teacher: Well, where should you go when you want to find a date?

Smith: To the library.

Dot: Are you an oarsman?

Red: No, I'm Swedish.

"You told me to file these letters, sir," said the new office boy.

"Yes."

"Well, I was just thinking that'd be easier to trim 'em with a pair of scissors."

A lunatic escaping from an asylum saw an automobile parked at the gate. Hopping in, he started for a ride. Not wishing to ride alone he stopped at a Chinese laundry and invited two Chinamen for a ride. They consented, and getting in he gave her the gas. Soon they came to a Grade Crossing and the gates were down. A train was approaching but the driver kept on! All they found later was a *nut* and two *washers!*

Heard in Latin II.

Pupil: Hercules cum exore sua beatam vitam agebat.

Hercules, with his wife, passed out of life.

Things That Never Happen.

Finding the Review Box full.

Nelson passing in Latin.

Anybody receiving over a G. from Miss F——s.

A Freshman who doesn't think he knows it all.

Pupil: (Humming the Marseilles.)

Teacher: Young man, if you are going to sing a solo, sing it solo that I won't hear you.

Pupil (translating German): "The family was situated on the table and the man was attacking a lamb chop."

A. D.: Oh, yes, I'm some salesman. Why, the first business house I went into I got two orders, "get out, and, keep out!"

What is the difference between a barrel of cider and Jocko Noonan?

Well, a barrel of cider works, but Noonan, ———never!

Miss B., trying to convince a pupil of beautiful Easter mornings: "Oh, yes, John, I've seen hundreds of Easter mornings."

Mr. B.: Have you ever had to spend ten nights in the tardy room?

Sophomore, bursting into tears: "Oh, no, sir, never!"

"Well, well, my boy, don't cry," said kind-hearted Mr. Bramhall, "You're going to very soon."

Mr. S.: "Say, you remind me of an aeroplane."

Pupil: "Why?"

Mr. S.: "Because you're no good on earth."

Sounds of music were issuing from the hall.

Mr. Derry: Now, Thomas, translate in time with the music.

Long pause: —Well, you seem to be a few measures behind, Thomas.

Senior: How long can a person live without brains?

Freshie, looking him over: "I don't know; how old are you?"

Our Favorites As We Should Like to See Them.

Pat Clarke.....“Fashion Row”
Ellen Smith.....“Mlle. Midnight”
Dorothy Gray.....“Excitement”
Alice Guertin.....“Yolanda”
Alice Patten.....“Merry-go-round”
Olga Sears.....“Secrets”
Helen Dunbar.....“So Big”
Margaret Macklin.....“Innocence”
Rosemary Hatfield.....“Little Jessie James”

Contributor: You sit on every joke I write.

Editor: I wouldn't if there was a point on it.

English IV.

Teacher: "Where was Banquo killed?"

P. G.: "Page 52."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"School be hanged, I'm going to bed!"

Moods and Tenses.

I'd like to be a could-be
If I could not be an are.
For a could-be is a may-be
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a has-been
Than a might-have-been by far,
For a might-have-been has never been,
But a has-been was an are.

Teacher: "Seriously speaking, this mistletoe works wonders."

Junior: "Sure, it's the berries!"

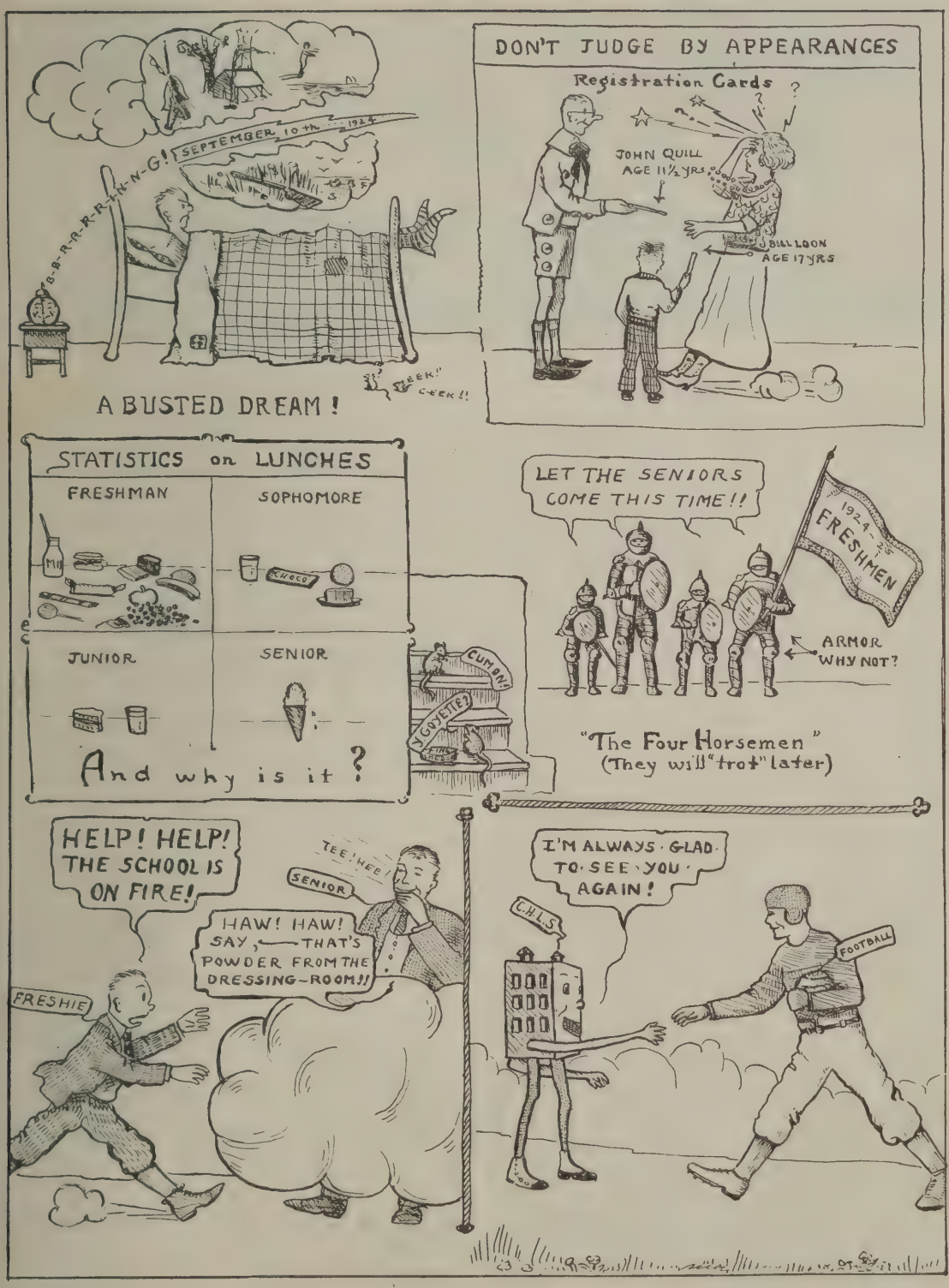
Freshmen often act foolish,—
Many of them are not acting.

In Latin V.

The snake's ear adorned by crests.

If Nero fiddled as poorly as some people we know who play the saxophone, it's no wonder that Rome burned.

Continued on page 23 and 24


B-R-R-R-R-I-N-G!
SEPTEMBER 10th 1924
"EEK!" "EEK!!"
A BUSTED DREAM!
DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES
Registration Cards
JOHN QUILL AGE 11½ YRS
BILL LOON AGE 17 YRS
STATISTICS on LUNCHES
FRESHMAN
SOPHOMORE
JUNIOR
SENIOR
And why is it?
LET THE SENIORS COME THIS TIME!!
1924-25 FRESHMEN
ARMOR WHY NOT?
"The Four Horsemen" (They will "trot" later)
HELP! HELP! THE SCHOOL IS ON FIRE!
TEE! HEE!
SENIOR
HAW! HAW! SAY, ← THAT'S POWDER FROM THE DRESSING-ROOM!!
FRESHIE
I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
C.H.L.S.
FOOTBALL



EL IDIOMA DE COLÓN

Todo fué español en la magna empresa del descubrimiento de América, pues hasta el mismo Colón que como extranjero se habia presentado en Castilla, como natural de estos reinos se consideraba hasta tal punto que, aparte del latín que empleó en algunas ocasiones, en castellano habló y escribió siempre.

Con razón un ilustre orador colombiano, Antonio Gómez Restrepo, decía en la Fiesta de la Raza, en 1917, en Bogotá, que el castellano fué el idioma que usó Colón aun en aquellos escritos de tal manera íntimos y personales que sólo se redactan en la lengua que se ha aprendido a hablar desde la cuna.

En castellano consignó[1] los incidentes de sus portentosos viajes, en forma de diario; en castellano están sus cartas; en castellano fué escrito el libro extraño de las Profecías, que nos revela hasta donde alcanzaba la exaltación de espíritu en aquel hombre de sentido tan práctico y tan positivo. No empleó Colón en los momentos decisivos de su existencia el idioma de Dante, que ya por entonces había llegado a su perfección clásica, sino la lengua vigorosa, enérgica, ruda todavía, pero próxima a los esplendores de la Edad de Oro, de la cual había de decir Carlos V poco después que era el idioma más apropiado para hablar con Dios.

RICARDO BELTRÁN Y RÓZPIDE.

(*De la Real Academia de la Historia, Unión Benéfica Española*, Nueva York.)

[1]Consignar: to state in writing.

EXAMEN DE GEOGRAFÍA

—. . . Y suponiendo que Colón hubiese podido descubrir América, ¿qué consecuencias se habrían derivado de ese hecho?

—Que no habria que estudiar tanta geografía.

COMO SIEMPRE

Un estudiante apurado,[1] después de mil cartas explicativas e ineficaces,[2] escribió lo siguiente:

"Querido padre: dinero, dinero, dinero, dinero."

El padre le contestó:

"Querido hijo: no quiero, no quiero, no quiero, no quiero."

[1]Needy, in a hole. [2]Inefficient.

OPINION

—¿Es fuerte el team de *football* que tienen ustedes acá?

—¡Ya lo creo! . . . El año pasado mató a dos *referees*.

UN CALVO[1]

El huésped.[2]—¿Por qué te ríes, niño?

—Porque mamá ha puesto un cepillo y un peine en el cuarto donde usted va a dormir.

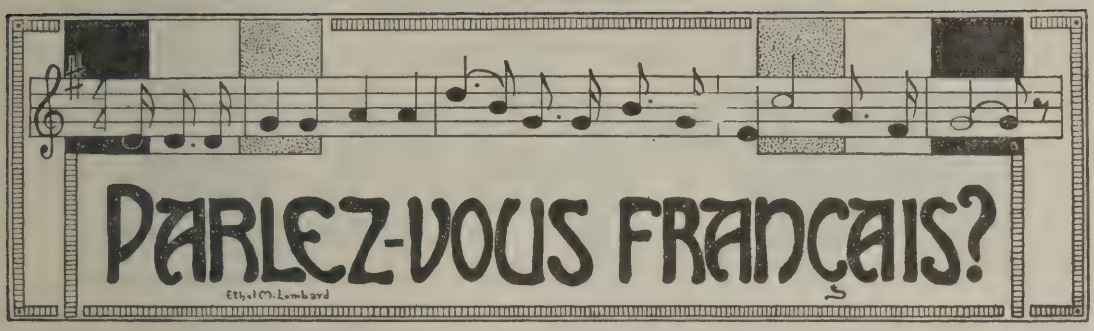
[1]Bald-headed man. [2]Guest.

PRESENTIMIENTE

—¿Qué esperas ser cuando salgas del colegio?

—Un viejo, papá.

—*Del Eco.*



On a appelé Anatole France un "ironist" gentil, mais quand il etait ému de ce qui hui semblait l'injustice forte ou l'oppression abominable, son ironie était aussi sauvage que celle de Swift—remarquez ses romans où le cas Dreyfus s'introduit; remarquez son "Ile des Pingonius." On a entendu dire que les écritures ou l'attaque et l'ironie predominant ne dureront pas, cependant "Les Voyages de Gulliver," plaît encore à la jeunesse, et est l'objet de' admiration parmi les sophistes et les littéraires.

Cependant, l'homme ne se noureit pas seulement de sa satire et de son ironie, et si juste que c'était l'indignation de la France, efficace que c'étaient ses methods d' attaque, il fait encore des demandes sur le respect et sur l'affection des lecteurs d'aujourd hui et de ceux qui viendront. Il y a ime humanité douce dans ses oeuvres, une compassion pour un million d'hommes qui se plaignent, et une perspective gentille mais capricieuse de la vie et de ses problèmes. Ilya le charme qui rend toute description (impossible) de son expression littéraire; sa clarté qui ne pent être imitée enun et seul mot juste et apropos sans le moindre effort moral qui se fait voir si clairement dans les oeuvres de Flaubert.

La liste d'oeuvres est longue, et il n'est pas impossible qu'on se souvienne d' Anatole France pour son livre "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard." Anatole France est unvrai Parisien, et on le voit clairement dans ses livres.

Roscoe Bruce, 1924.

ANATOLE FRANCE

Nous venons de recevoir les nouvelles de la mort d'Anatole France à Tours dans la quatre-vingtième année de sa vie.

Il est né le 16 avril, 1844, fils d'un marchand de livres à Paris. Son vrai nom était Jacques Anatole Thibault. Il passait sa jeunesse dans le magasin de son père en faisant la connaissance de beaucoup d'hommes des lettres. Il étudiait au collège Stanislas et naturellement se donnait aux travaux de littérature. Après avoir reçu son education il a commencé à écrire, et son premier livre était publié en 1868 quand il avait vingt-deux ans. Mais son succès n'était pas certain jusqu'à la publication de "Le Crîme de Sylvestre Bonnard" en 1883. Par écrire son histoire fameuse de Dreyfus, il est devenu un des écrivans français les plus célèbres. En 1896 on l'a choisi à l'Académie française. Au commencement de la guerre en 1914, Anatole France, à l'âge de soixante-dix ans, a essayé de se joindre a l'armée, mais il n'a pas réussi de passer l'examen physical.

A cause de son âge il devenait de plus en plus faible et il est mort le 12 Octobre, 1924.

Ainsi passe le grand homme de la littérature contemporaine française. Mais ses ouvrages ne passeront jamais; ils garderont toujours le souvenir de ses idées magnifiques.

Leroy Anderson, '25.



Since G. A. A. means Girls Athletic Association, only girls who take gym can be members. The Freshman and Sophomore classes are so large that they prohibit other classes having Gym. The officers of the G. A. A. are Sophomores. But the Constitution of the G. A. A. states that the President must be a Senior. Therefore, special arrangement has been made to have Ethel Dansie, the President take Gym.

Tennis Tournament.

The G. A. A. Tennis Tournament usually held in the Spring is being held now. In the next issue the name of the winner will be announced.

Hikes of the G. A. A.

There were hikes held for the members of the G. A. A. this Fall. The first one held on October 4th was in charge of the President, Ethel Dansie. A second was held on October 7th under the direction of Catherine Corcoran, Secretary. Both hikes proved to be most enjoyable.

Basket Ball Practice.

Basket Ball Practice began earlier this year than usual. Formerly the practice season was short in comparison with the game season. Now the arrangement is to have a long time of practice and a shorter time for games. It is hoped that in this way girls will get a better knowledge of the game than has been the case before. This is very necessary in the case of the Freshman many of whom know little or nothing about the principles of the game. The practice season will end in two teams being chosen to represent the two classes. In order to be Champion it is necessary for one team to win two out of three games.

Freshman Party.

The Freshman Party to welcome the new G. A. A. members will be held as usual. The attendance is limited to G. A. A. members only.

(ALUMNI NOTES — continued from page 13)

Catherine Usher is a freshman at Wellesley.

Dorothy Glynn is working for the T. S. Keegan Leather Co.

Rose Cain is working in the Employment Office of the Hood Rubber Co.

"Margie" Kenny is working at Library Bureau.

Martin Tierney is a Sophomore at Boston College.

Mary Powers is a Senior at the Salem Normal School.

S. Fradkin, H. Flayderman, G. Fram, I. Goverman are Freshmen at the B. U. University Law School.

"Smokey" Kelliher is a Freshman at B. C., and is on the football team.

1914.

Ralph H. Roberts is a lieutenant in the United States Navy. After he graduated at Annapolis in 1918, he had several years of sea duty. He is now assigned to Technology, where he is studying torpedoes.

Raymond Flynn is teaching in the State Normal School at Keene, N. H.

Frank Thomas and Albert Garner are at Harvard. Al is on the Freshman football team.

"Bill" Anderson has decided to work for a year before entering Harvard.

Gordon Miller, a P. G. in this school last year, is at Tech.

(Continued on page 22)



Debating in Cambridge Latin School needs the student's attention. Next to his studies, debating should interest the student of Cambridge Latin School. If he cannot debate himself, he should show his interest in debating by his attendance at debates. The value of debating per se should act as an inducement for the students of Cambridge Latin, but there is excitement and wholesome pleasure in debating.

Very few students realize what hidden values lie in debating. In the first place it helps one to speak smoothly and evenly with effective emphasis but that is subordinate to the others, the greater benefits of debating: debating teaches originality and necessitates the use of good English. It keeps one interested in all current events. It teaches one never to jump at conclusions, when he realizes there are always two sides to a story.

When you attend a debate, do you realize that before you on the platform are six active, keen-witted students, three on each side waging war upon each other, one side crying, "No!" and the other side crying "Yes!". "Word for word" speeches are not used but speeches from the bottom of their hearts. Before you are two teams arguing upon a current event, one team losing an argument here but gaining there; whatever happens, they are always on the watch, eager, hopeful, careful, to correct a slip on the opponents' part, and then to take advantage of that slip to make the arguments weigh in their favor.

What other game is so exciting, and yet so educational, as debating?

Yet, regardless of the values in debating, very few students try in any way to make one of our teams in this school.

Students of Cambridge Latin should realize that such in interesting game as debating has an important place in this high school. They should realize that it is meant for everyone, and that practically everyone is expected to debate.

The interest in debating is exceedingly small, especially in consideration of the fact that Cambridge Latin turns out successful teams mainly through the untiring efforts of Miss Hartigan and Mr. Donahue, and the few students who comprise the backbone of the teams. The past is gone, and we are confronted by the present. We have lost some very good debaters through graduation last June, and now the Cambridge Latin School Spirit calls upon *you* to do *your* part in carrying out the work accomplished by the past teams.

W. F., '26.

DEBATING NOTES.

Because of the interest in debating last year and the remarkable success of the teams, a class in debating will be conducted by Mr. Donahue two periods a week (Periods VI and VII) for which two credits will be given to those who do passing work.

The annual series of Freshman-Sophomore debates will take place soon. Much interest is centered upon these debates, and the class debators should be accorded every consideration, as it is upon them, that Cambridge Latin will depend in the future.

As usual, an active debating program is promised to Cambridge Latin. Here, in the school, there will be the annual Durrell Debate while we shall also have the usual debates with Rindge, Somerville, and perhaps one or two other schools. Also, in the hall, there will be the annual Liberty Prize Speaking Contest.

Do you know that the C. H. L. S. debating team has won four straight interscholastic debates? Malden and Somerville have been defeated once, while Rindge has been conquered twice.

W. F., '26.



Cambridge Latin 2. Newburyport 0.
Newburyport, October 4, 1924.

A bad pass in the last period caused Trumball to be tackled behind his goal line, giving Cambridge a 2-0 victory over Newburyport.

Capt. Pearl played exceptionally well at right tackle. Other stars for C. H. L. S. were Sullivan and Nelson.

Capt. Grover and Collis played well for Newburyport.

Cambridge Latin	*Newburyport*
Kroell, r. e.	l. e., Bartlett
Pearl (capt.) r. t.	l. t., Page
Finlayson (Edmonds), r g.	l. g., Grover (capt.)
Murtagh, c.	c., Gulason
Cohen (O'Brien, Shea), l. g.	r. g., Kimball
Moxham, l .t.	r. t., Trebach
Sullivan, l. e.	r. e., Murray
Nelson, q. b.	q. b., Collis
O'Connell, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Trumball
Shaughnessy, (Parker, Murphy, Rawlins) r. h. b.	l. h. b., Hann (Casey)
Kenney, (Finstein) f. b.	f. b., Keiser

Summary:

Score, Cambridge Latin 2; Safety made by Trumball; Referee, Fleming, Boston; Umpire, Norton, Boston; Linesman, Volpone, Newburyport; Time, Four 10-minute periods.

Salem 6. Cambridge 0.
Salem, September 27, 1924

By steady line plunging, in the second period, Salem scored its only touchdown. It was an evenly contested battle most of the game, Salem having a little edge in the first half.

Toothaker received a broken collar bone while carrying the ball. Up to that time he had been playing a very fine game. Sullivan also starred for C. H. L. S. Wineapple played well for Salem.

Salem	*Cambridge*
Connolly, l. e.	r. e., Kroell
Conners, l. t.	r. t., Pearl
Leman, l. g.	r. g., Finlayson, O'Brien, Edwards
Roby, c.	c. Murtagh (Moxham)
O'Day, r. g.	l. g., Cohen (Shea)
Lomanney, r. t.	l. t., Toothaker, (O'Brien)
Manoney, r. e.	l. e., Sullivan
Cunningham (Dallaid), q. b.	q. b., Shaughnessey (Nelson)
Kanton, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Rawlins
Wineapple, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Murphy (O'Connell)
Walke,f. b.	f. b., Nelson (Parker)

Summary:

Score, Salem 6; Touchdown, Wineapple; Referee, Dadmun, Harvard; Umpire, Gilroy, Georgetown; Head Linesman, Lane, Boston; Time, four 10-minute periods.

ALUMNI NOTES (Continued from page 20)

1922.

Donald Howard has entered the Freshman Class at Harvard.

"Izzy" Zarakov, a Sophomore at Harvard, is one of the stars on the Varsity football team.

Henry Groden, and "Tubber" Cronin are at Boston College.

Anita Carley is a Junior at Radcliffe.

Marion Langley is a Sophomore at Radcliffe.

1921.

H. Franklin Williams was in the first honor group at Harvard last year.

Anna Dallinger is on the Dean's list at Smith. Harriet Lane is in the special honors group at Smith, and Martha Hooker is president of the senior class at that college.

David Gay is a Junior at Harvard.

Gardner Cox is a Freshman at Harvard.

(Continued on page 26)

Rindge 12. Cambridge Latin 0.
Russell Field, October 13, 1924.

The championship of Cambridge was decided when Rindge defeated C. H. L. S., 12-0. It was quite a contest and it found Cambridge considerably stronger than was expected. There was little question as to which had the better team, but at no moment could Rindge feel sure of the game. The Cambridge boys gave all they had and really played remarkably well against a much heavier team.

In the second period Latin was forced to kick from behind its own goal line and the ball went outside on their fifteen yard line. Steady plunges ended with Smith carrying the ball over for Rindge's first touchdown.

In the third period Rindge worked the ball to Latin's one-foot line. In the first play of the final period, Smith carried the ball over for Rindge's second touchdown. In both cases Rindge failed to make the point after touchdown.

McCusker, a new find, Capt. Pearl, O'Connell, Kroell and Nelson starred for Cambridge. Bob McCoy played well for Rindge.

Temple received a broken collar-bone and Finlayson suffered a dislocated shoulder.

Cambridge Latin	*Rindge*
Kroell, r. e.	l. e., Enquist
Pearl (capt.), r. t.	l. t., Anthony
Cohen, (Edmonds), r. g.	l. g., Donald
Murtagh, (Freedman), c.	c., Anderson
Shea, (Finlayson, O'Brien), l. g.	r. g., Battagilia
Moxham, (Noonan), l. t.	r. t., Highe
Sullivan, (Corkery, Temple, McCusker), l. e.	r. e., Elsewitz
Nelson, (Groden), q. b.	q. b., Sweeney
Rawlins, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Smith
O'Connell, (Shaughnessy, Finstein), l. h. b.	r. h. b., McCoy
Parker, (Murphy, Kenney, Nelson), f. b.	f. b., Dunphy

Summary:

Score, Rindge, 12; Touchdown, Smith 2; Referee, Bankhardy; Umpire, Burke; Head Linesman, Mooney; Time, Four 12-minute periods.

Newton 16. Cambridge 0.
Russell Field, October 18, 1924.

Newton defeated Cambridge Latin, 16-0, in a loosely played game, at Russell Field. Newton made both of its touchdowns by line plunging and making full use of the "breaks" in the first period. After the second touchdown, Newton failed to make the extra point. In the third period, Kerman scored a goal from the field, from the thirty-yard line.

Stone and Gilligan starred for the winners, while Shaughnessy and Kroell played well for C. H. L. S.

Newton High	*Cambridge Latin*
McCullough, (Fox, Hemon), l. e.	r. e., Sullivan (McCusker)
Kewsha, l. t.	r. t., Noonan (Murtagh, O'Brien)
Carver, l. g.	r. g., Cohen (O'Brien, Cook, Edmonds)
Andres, (Terkelson), c.	c., Moxham (Freedman)
Walker, (N. Johnson), r. g.	l. g., Shea (Edmonds, Fitzmaurice)
F. Gilligan, r. t.	l. t., Pearl
Adams, r. e.	l. e., Kroell (Corkery)
Wright (Rising, Spain), q. b.	q. b., Shaughnessy (Groden)
Stone, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Parker (Kenney, Hilliard, Murphy, Finstein)
T. Gilligan, (Hall), r. h. b.	l. h. b., Rawlins (O'Connell)
H. Johnson, (Kernan) f. b.	f. b., Nelson

Summary:

Score, Newton 16; Touchdowns, Stone, T. Gilligan; Points after touchdown, T. Gilligan; Goal from field, Kernan; Referee, Mahoney; Umpire, Frolio; Linesman, Scanlon; Time, Four 12-minute periods.

He: My uncle died and his last request was to die with his shoes on.

She: Why?

Oh, he was afraid he'd stub his toe when he kicked the bucket.

Wanted.

Rooters at the Football Games.
Knowledge for Freshmen.
A bookkeeper for Haskell Freedman.
Clocks set right by the faculty.
More study periods for Seniors.
More subscriptions for the Review.
(By Staff)

LATIN HARRIERS REPORT.

About fifty boys reported to Coach Smith on Monday afternoon, September 23, 1924. Cambridge Latin has one of the most promising squads of any year.

With Capt. Meuse, Maloney, Woods, Dente, and Murray, letter men last year, and Trainor, Sughrue, Adelson, and Higgins of last year's squad; the outlook is very bright for the coming season. Wilson and Beshgetur are the most promising of the new candidates.

Latin had a fairly successful season last year, winning three and losing three dual meets. Joseph Dinsmore is the assistant manager and is of great assistance to the manager and coach.

William Toomey, manager of the team for the past two years, has worked hard in arranging the following schedule:

Oct. 11 Phillips Academy at Andover.
Oct. 18 Stoneham at Russell Field.
Oct. 24 St. John's Prep. at Danvers.
Oct. 27 Harvard Fresh. at Cambridge.
Nov. 1 Harvard Interscholastics at Cambridge.
Nov. 8 Williams College Fresh. at Williamstown.
Nov. 11 Boston College Fresh. at Russell Field.
Nov. 15 Woburn at Russell Field (Pending)
Nov. 22 Springfield College Fresh at Springfield.
Nov. 27 Rindge at Russell Field.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN HARRIERS DEFEATED.

The strong Andover team easily defeated the Cambridge Harriers 16-39. The first four men, all Andover men, tied for first place. Captain Meuse of Latin was a short distance behind. Latin made a good showing in getting five of the first eleven places.

LATIN HARRIERS DEFEAT STONEHAM.

In a dual meet, held between the halves of a foot-ball game at Russell Field on October 18, the Cambridge Cross-Country team, easily defeated the Stoneham team 19-53.

Captain Meuse of Latin easily took first place over Captain Chase of Stoneham. Beshgetur, Maloney, Murray, and Trainor, all of Cambridge, finished next in order.

The time for our 2¾ mile course was 15 minutes and 45 seconds.

(CLASS NOTES — continued from page 16 and 23)

A whistle for Murtaugh.
A dictaphone for Jimmie Harrington.
A diploma for Joe Morrison.
Suburban League Championship for the team.
An "old-fashioned girl" for a regular fellow.

Teacher: What is an ex portfacto law?
Soph: One which goes into effect before it's made.

English Teacher: McCarthy, spell Mississippi.
McCarthy: (spelling) M-i-s-s-s-i-s-s-i-p-p-i.
English Teacher: Leave out one of the S's.
McCarthy: Which one?

Teacher: What part of speech is "ear".
Fresh: None, you speak with your mouth.

Little drops of wisdom,
Printed on the desks,
Make some of our pupils,
Smarter than the rest.

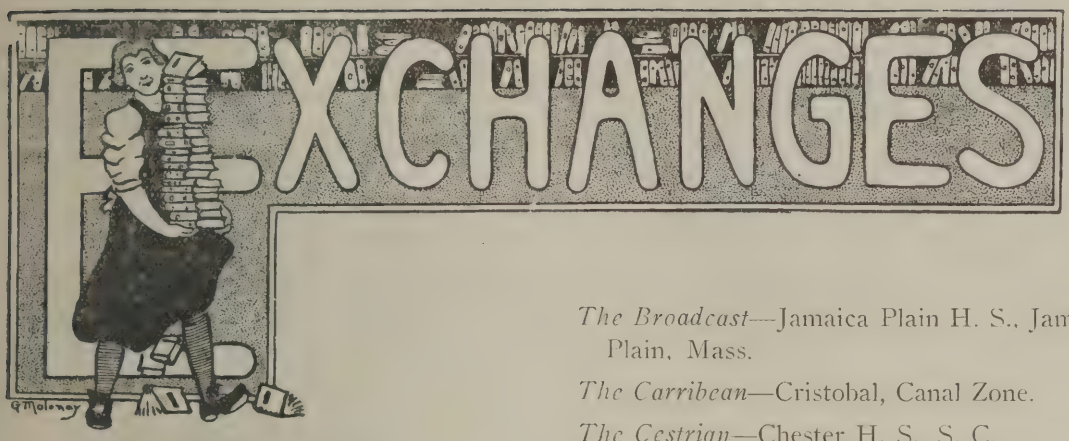
Street Car Conductor: "How old are you, my little girl?"
Ellen: "If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics.

Freshman: Any way, there is always room at the bottom.

Senior: How much is 15 times 18?
Soph: 270. Can't you do that?
Senior: Certainly, in time, but fools multiply rapidly.

Shakespeare Up-to-Date.

Freshman Year: "A Comedy of Errors."
Soph Year: "Much Ado About Nothing."
Junior Year: "As You Like It."
Senior Year: "All's Well That Ends Well."



This year our list of exchanges is longer than ever before. Besides the many high school papers from all over the country, we are now receiving regularly the publications of several colleges. We hope and expect to extend the list still more during the coming year.

The outstanding characteristic of all these exchanges seems to be the presence of school spirit. Although most of the schools are much smaller than our own, they certainly "put it all over" us in that respect. For example, there is a certain enterprising Western high school which has an enrollment of less than two hundred students. And yet they get out a flourishing semi-monthly paper. Another has a student body of about half the size of ours but manages to publish one of the cleverest and peppiest weeklies that it has been our pleasure to read. The answer to their success is co-operation. Why is it that our school, one of the largest in the country, can support only a monthly paper? The reader is left to draw his own conclusions. It must suffice to remind him that "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Complete List of Exchanges.

The Aegis—Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

The Alphian—Pillsbury Academy, Owatonna, Minn.

The Agnes Irwin—Agnes Irwin School, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Boston University News—Boston, Mass.

The Bowdoin Orient—Brunswick, Me.

The Briar—Rosebud, Mont.

The Broadcast—Jamaica Plain H. S., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Carribean—Cristobal, Canal Zone.

The Cestrian—Chester H. S., S. C.

The Durfee Hilltop—Fall River, Mass.

The Easterner—Eastern H. S., Washington, D. C.

The Grotonian—Groton, Mass.

Gulf Hi-Life—New Port Richey, Fla.

The Gleaner—Pawtucket H. S., Pawtucket, R. I.

The Haskwell School Paper—Haskwell, Col.

High School Tribune—Turlock, Cal.

Inde—Hanover H. S., Hanover, N. H.

The Imp—Brighton H. S., Boston, Mass.

Kayhitems—Ketchikan, Alaska.

The Minnewaskan, Glenwood, Minn.

The Megaphone—Franklin, Mass.

The Mountain Echo—Altoona, H. S., Altoona, Pa.

The Mountaineer—Butte H. S., Butte, Mont.

The Mirror—Dedham H. S., Dedham, Mass.

The News—Dubuque, Iowa.

The Orange and Blue—Shickley, Neb.

The Orediggér—Colorado School of Mines, Col.

Phillips Exeter—Exeter, N. H.

The Spotlight—Valley Junction, Vt.

The Shoreward Ripples—Shoreward, Wis.

The Sentinel—Dunbar Twp. High School, Leisenring, Pa.

The Recorder—Winchester, Mass.

The Red and Black—Rogers H. S., Newport, R. I.

The Roosevelt News—Seattle, Wash.

The Royon Record—Youngstown, Ohio.

The Tech Owl—East Pittsburg, Pa.

The Tautonian—Taunton H. S., Taunton, Mass.

The Unquity Echo—Milton H. S., Milton, Mass.

The Voice—Concord, H. S., Concord, Mass.

The Willow Messenger—Red Willow, Neb.

The Wilkes-Barre—Wilkes-Barre, H. S. Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Criticisms.

The Bowdoin Orient—An interesting paper. Your Athletic section is good.

The Boston University News—Your publication is certainly teeming with information.

The Roosevelt News—The school spirit displayed in your paper is admirable. The editorials are exceedingly helpful.

The Minnewaskan—Your jokes are witty and the "Who's who" a fine idea but a small Literary Section might improve things a bit.

The Argus—How do you manage to illustrate so copiously? Your paper is excellently constructed.

EXCHANGE JOKES.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone;
The first's when the joke's the teacher's,
The last's when it's your own.

John: "I wish Napoleon had been Russian.
George: "Why?"
John: "'Cause that's what I put down on my paper."

ALUMNI NOTES (Continued from page 22)

Henry Humphries has left Harvard. He intends to work for a year and then return to college.

Hamilton Allen has transferred to Harvard as a provisional junior from Durham.

Leo Maye is a freshman at Harvard.

Irma H. Reed of the class of 1920, is teaching in the Oakdale School, East Dedham, Mass.

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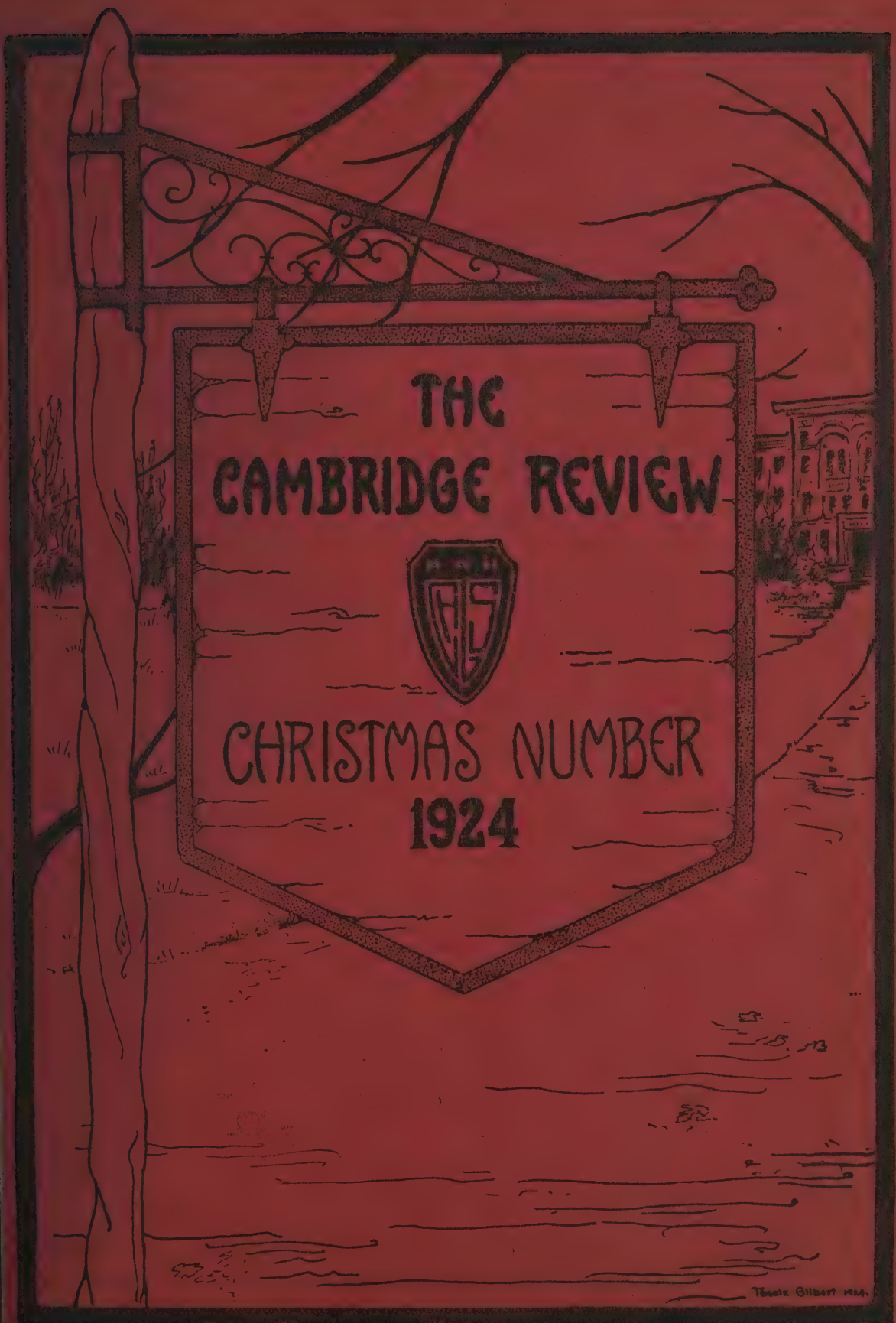
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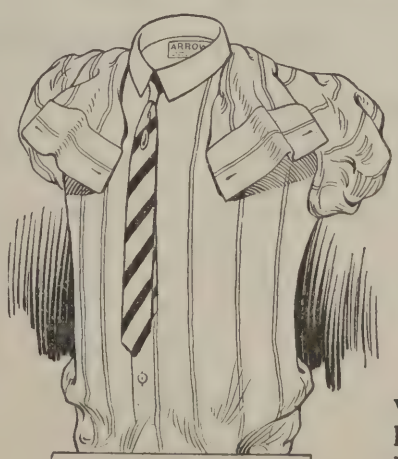
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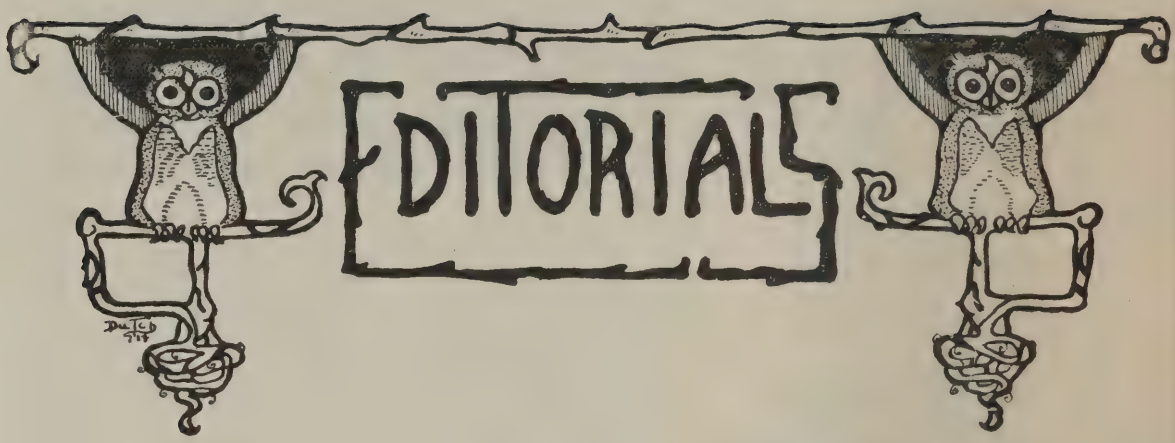
Vita sine litteris mors est.

Volume 39 Number 2

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Typed by Gilbert



THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

Christmas is close at hand. For at least a month now, many of us have been hurrying here and there making preparations for our Christmas. We have been caught in the wheel of excitement; we have turned around and around rapidly. But when that wheel stops, what lies before us to be done? Most of us are extremely fortunate in everything. We have comfortable homes, kind and loving parents. In the Christmas season it is natural for us to think of them and our friends. But why pause here? Why cannot each one of us do even one thing for somebody who is less fortunate and thus carry out the true spirit of Christmas?

On the heels of Chistmas comes the New Year. At the beginning of each new year we look back over the past, trying to forget its rough spots and then visualize the new year to come. We make resolutions; we try to keep them. Some succeed; others do not but, nevertheless, resolutions are good things because they are intentions, the beginnings of action. Let us all, therefore, on this New Year make at least these two resolutions: "I will support my school in all its activities. I will do everything in my power to make my school the best it can possibly be.

R. L., '25.

SENIOR ELECTIONS.

The seniors of the Class of 1925 showed their school spirit by the number of petitions for the various offices and committees. There were about six contestants for each office but few received the necessary nominations for election.

The election was held in the Review office of the Latin Building on Thursday, November 13. James Harrington and Raymond Pearl were the nominees for President. Hugo Nelson, Thomas Kenny and Louis Cohen were nominated for Treasurer. Barbara Adams and Grant Moxham were the only ones who succeeded in having their name appear on the ballot for Vice-President and Secretary respectively.

The results are as follows:

President, James Harrington
Vice-President, Barbara Adams
Treasurer, Hugo Nelson
Secretary, Grant Moxham

The following were the successful candidates for the Committees:

Drama Committee
Margaret Donnelly
Anna Lehane
Gertrude Manning
Lillian Keever
Frances Shea

Reception Committee
Roy Lamson
Anna Curtin
Rhea Webb
Charles Carruth
Don Whittemore

C. Grant Moxham, Sec. '25.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

The business manager wishes to thank all the students who had some share in getting the "Review" started this year. As is the case every September, there was great difficulty in securing subscriptions. However, a number of students devoted much of their time and spent a great deal of effort in clearing this obstacle. The following pupils secured twenty or more subscriptions for the "Review".

Ada Browne	James Jennison
Doris Bullen	George Larsen
Patience Clarke	John Lorenzen
Dorothy Conant	Herbert McSorley
William Flynn	Edna Rawlings
Jeannette Freedman	Mary Reise
Agnes Frost	Ira Rubin
Dorothy Gerard	Minnie Siletsky
Elizabeth Gilbert	Evelyn Stokes
Rosemary Hatfield	Elsie Summers

Honorable mention should be made of George Larsen, who secured 78 subscriptions which is one of the largest numbers in the history of the paper.

H. C. F., 1925.

PARENTS' NIGHT.

On Friday evening, November 21, 1924, a "Parents' Night" was held in the school. A well planned program similar to the one each of us uses, was prepared for each parent but these efforts were delayed for more than a half an hour by the lack of proper illumination. The parents went from class to class, meeting the teachers and gaining an accurate idea of the work which we must cover. Lunch was served in the English lunch room after the active program had been completed. A telephone exhibition, explaining all the little difficulties of telephone communication was another feature of the evening.

The results of this splendid evening are many. The foremost result is however that there now exists between parent and teacher a stronger feeling of cooperation in the work that is being done. May this good work go forward!

R. L., '25.

SCHOOL ELECTIONS.

There are minor elections and major elections in which officers are elected. Are any of you, as I hope there are not, accustomed to use counterfeits? You laugh but why, when school elections come about do you persist in electing a counterfeit, that is, your friend, who has no capacity for office and not the true representative of the school? You, when trying to get something for a counterfeit, get nothing but trouble. You when electing such an officer obtain nothing but disgrace to yourself and your school.

Think! Think when electing an officer whether you are choosing him because he is an athlete, a friend of yours, or because of his high merits. The first two motives are extremely narrow-minded, they do not give the real fellow a chance, they only discourage him, they do not increase the respect due your fellow-classmates, they only decrease it. The last motive should be the desire of all.

You think you have grown to be respected, but do not look for respect when you delight in casting a vote for your friend instead of for the most able person. You are growing up to be national voters, if you have not now learned to vote honestly, how do you expect to do it then? We cry for school spirit, how can we expect it, if we elect officers who do not promote it?

Know! Know, when electing our future class officers whether they are counterfeits, or whether they are genuine. Whether they have the proper qualifications that is whether they have school spirit, whether they support the Review, whether they respect their teachers, whether they are faithful, whether they are good doers as well as good speakers, and finally, whether they are the best leaders and representatives of the School.

John J. Lorenzen.

He whose blood is red, whose muscles are hard, whose sleep is sound, whose digestion is good, whose posture is erect, whose step is elastic, whose endurance is lasting, and whose nerves are steady has just so many resources in life.

Dr Kendall.

THE RESPECT OF SCHOOL PROPERTY.

Respect your school property!

This statement means more than it seems to mean. Many students of C. H. L. S. do not realize their responsibility as individuals in the respect of school property. They do not understand that in injuring anything in and about our building they are injuring themselves and their city.

In the first place, the person who does such a thing injures himself. People judge a person today for the most part by his appearance and by his actions. A pupil who is lazy in his care of school property will usually be slovenly in his own appearance. Likewise, the student who does not respect school equipment cannot hope to respect the property of his employer. Thus, the person who is disrespectful of school property is usually slovenly and untidy or will grow to be so.

Secondly, the city is injured. Every time you become thoughtless and disrespect school equipment someone else is bound to follow your footsteps. These numbers multiply almost in geometric progression until they affect the community and the city. This is a thing which must be stopped. Whenever you deface the school buildings or unnecessarily clutter up the school floors, and do many similar things, remember these two things: first, I am hurting myself in doing this; secondly, I am hurting others by my act.

R. L., '25.

HI-Y CLUB NOTES.

Friday, November 7, the Hi-Y Club held an induction ceremony, and three new members were admitted to the Club.

The following week the Hi-Y Club held its monthly supper in Industrial Hall at the Cambridge Y. M. C. A. The main speaker of the evening was Judge Stone, who spoke very entertainingly on the interesting subject "Law".

The big event of the season came Monday night, December 1. The Hi-Y Club gave its first football supper to the letter-men of the Cambridge Latin squad.

Mr. Bliss, who kindly acted as toastmaster of the evening, first introduced Raymond Pearl, President of the Hi-Y Club and Captain of the football team. He welcomed the guests and thanked the several members of the faculty and the guests from Harvard for being present.

The next speaker was Mr. Cleveland, who expressed his regrets at not having been able to accept invitations to be present in the past. He then spoke of the values of athletics in the building of a man's character.

Mr. MacDonald, coach of the football team, told of the sportsmanship displayed by the Suburban League teams. Finally he quoted the remarks of rival teams concerning the sportsmanship of the C. H. L. S. team and of its captain, Raymond Pearl.

"Jake" Stafford and "Dolph" Cheek were the next speakers. They each told some interesting stories which dealt with athletics.

Mr. Bramhall then told of the value of athletics in the school.

Mr. Sheehan spoke of psychology and gave a few instances relating to that subject.

Mr. Carroll Chase, general secretary of the Cambridge Y. M. C. A., wound up the evening with a few appropriate remarks.

The supper ended with the singing of one of the Cambridge High and Latin football songs.

C. L. S., '25.

HABIT.

As we become drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres, by so many separate acts and hours of work.

Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state.

William James,
"Principles of Psychology".

CLIFFORD M. HOLLAND

It is with regret that we have learned of the untimely death of Clifford Holland of the Class of 1902, Cambridge Latin School. He had become one of the foremost engineers in this country, and was an expert in the construction of tunnels. In memory of him the Hudson River Vehicular Tube has been named the Holland Tunnel. Our readers will be interested to know that he was held in high esteem by his fellow students, and one of them has written us as follows: "Undoubtedly, notice of his death was seen in the papers, and his achievements as a tunnel engineer were read by many. I remember him as a member of the Class of 1902 and as a loyal and indefatigable worker for everything that was working towards the advancement of the Cambridge Latin School.

It was my privilege to play on the football team and the hockey team both of which "Cliff" played on. In fact he was captain of the first real hockey team that ever represented the Cambridge Latin School and his sterling character, his pleasing personality, his contagious smile and indomitable will endeared him to all of us who came in contact with him.

I remember him as a fullback on the team of which I was quarterback and although he was never fitted for a plunging fullback, I can remember the enthusiasm and the hard work that he threw in to mastering that position and the success that he had. The captain of that team, Timothy Burns, will back me up I am sure in saying that he contributed in no small part to the success that that team had; which, by the way, was the first football team that the Latin School could point to with any degree of pride. His leadership on the hockey team brought him to the attention of many outside the school and I am sure that it was this leadership in no small part that contributed to the success of that team.

Surely if occasion offered the Latin School could do no greater honor than to perpetuate his name in some way, as one of its outstanding characters in school-days and successful men in later years."

F. W. T.

MARY L. DIEHL

In the death of Mary L. Diehl on Thanksgiving Day, the Cambridge High and Latin School lost one of its most loyal and enthusiastic teachers.

Although her health was always delicate, she never allowed her shortness of breath to deter her from any project that she had in mind. Traveling was her greatest delight. In the summer of 1921 she took a trip to California, a journey which furnished her with many pleasant memories during her later illness.

Two years ago, just before school opened in the fall, she suffered a collapse, which kept her an invalid for months. Never once, however, did she become discouraged. Gradually, by her indomitable courage, she fought her way back to the point where she could participate occasionally in some simple pleasure.

During all this time, her one aim in life was to get back to school. Last May she saw her fondest hope realized; she returned to the work she loved so much.

Last summer her health began to fail again, each heart attack leaving her with less resistance. The last few weeks of her life were a battle for breath; yet she never despaired. On Thanksgiving Day she quietly slipped away. She died as she had lived with a smile upon her lips.

She was a kind and loyal friend; to have known her is to miss her. May her remarkable courage and optimism inspire us, her friends, with fortitude to bear the loss her death has brought us.

SHIPWRECKED IN A SMALL BUT EXCITING WAY.

William Whipple, alias Whipporwill or Whip, with his chum, Henly Freeder, alias Henfeed or Chick, were out cruising in their yacht, the Keewak. They owned this small sloop together, having spent two summers of hard work for the necessary funds. She was a trim little vessel, and they always kept her in the pink of condition. Her neat white cabin slept two with comfort, while a third could be accommodated by swinging a hammock up in the fore-peak, where the two anchors and spare gear were stored. In the stern, a small four h.p. auxiliary motor had been installed. It was this part of the tiny vessel's equipment which caused all the trouble. Aft in the cockpit, the tiller was lashed firmly to the combing, and the Keewak was sailing along by herself through the blue water; now and then she would ship a bit of silvery spray blown by the fresh northwest breeze. The two boys were lying on their backs up in the bow, gazing at the fleecy clouds which raced across the clear, blue sky. Without warning, there came a dull explosion from in the vicinity of the engine. Running aft, they found the little auxiliary blown to bits, and a large stream of water rushing in a gaping hole in boat's side.

Chick and Whip looked at each other; then, without saying a word, they fell to work.

Such good sailors were they, that there was no need for conversation, and each did his share quickly and efficiently. The tender was first hauled alongside. Into it went; first, a small dory compass; second, a carboy of water; and third, those contents of the pantry which could be kept dry. After these more important things, came kapok cushions, bits of canvas, some rope and various other odds and ends. Then the boys shoved off, and lay resting on their oars. They watched the Keewak settle deeper and deeper into the water. There were tears in the eyes of both, and I for one, do not blame them. The sinking of any vessel is sad, and especially when it is your own which has carried you over many miles of salt water. Suddenly to Chick's astonishment, Whip jumped overboard, and swam back to the Keewak. He climbed onto the slanting deck, and dove into the cabin. He was gone quite a while. The deck was awash, and the Keewak might at any minute sink below the waves. Chick grew worried, this worry soon changed to consternation, for the little bow rose above the waves for the last time and then plunged beneath the surface with a sucking roar, carrying with it poor Whip.

Chick was frantic. He began to row in a frenzy around among the few bits of floating debris. Then, to his immense relief, he heard a splashing near by, and a choked voice saying, "Ugh! Hear I am, Chick. Row over."

He clambered aboard with Chick's aid, and sat sputtering salt water in the stern sheets.

Presently he unfolded a crumpled bit of soggy paper which he held in his hand.

"What on earth? You don't mean it's—You—what on earth is it, anyway?" stammered Chick, with a bewildered look upon his face.

"It's Barbara's picture," said Whip, with a sheepish grin. For once Chick did not grin or make any hilarious remarks concerning his pal's sweetheart. He was silent for some minutes and then said softly, "Good night!" and then again in a louder voice "Good night!"

Without more ado, they picked up the oars and began to pull for that long, green line on the horizon, which was the land. Toward nightfall they safely reached this without need of all their precautions.

Howland Parker, English IV.

A TALE OF TWO SAILORS.

"You're to blame for all this mess. If you hadn't pestered me to go gallivatin' around sightseein' in this here loonitic country, I'd'a been eatin' my hardtack with the rest of the crew; leadin' a gentleman's life like I allus does."

"You didn't have to come with me. I didn't drag you along. Shut up, will ya! You're scared, that's what's the matter with you. I enjoys the likes of this. This is adventure; what you got to expect in a place like Chiner. I———."

"You're scared as much as I am. That bloomin' slant-eyed Kwang-Su may have us electrocuted tomorrow for all you know. You needn't say you ain't scared."

"But how are we gonna get away?"

"That's just it, how *are* we, figure it out, will ya?" With that, Bill slumped down in his chair, if you would call it such, and eyed his companion in infinite disgust.

A week before this, Bill and Henry had been satisfied members of the crew of a small steamer out of San Francisco. While the ship was delayed a week at Hong-Kong for repairs, they obtained leave to investigate the mysteries of China. They had had a riotous time until they happened to visit the island of Ping-loo. This small island, tho near the line of ocean travel, was rarely visited by ships or anything else but famine. The people were little bothered by the progress of the world, but went about their daily tasks in the manner of their ancestors, centuries before them. Henry and Bill had not been on the island an hour when, in their boisterous pursuit of excitement, they violated some sacred law of the land of Confucius. Hence they were forbidden to leave the island until the absent Chih-tong, the father of Kwang-su, who seemed to be the equivalent of mayor, returned to pass judgment upon them. In the mean time the week had almost passed and their ship would soon be sailing, since the

captain could not wait very long for the two missing men.

Tsung-Li-Yamen spat out of his office window on the street of Tsai-Tse and decided to go immediately to the little island, called Ping-loo and see if it was true that his long lost cousin was living there. He had no more than arrived by way of the small boat, which formed the only communication of the island with the main land, when he learned that two Americans were prisoners there. Having lived in America for several years, Tsung-Li-Yamen proceeded to look them up.

"Well if it ain't Charlie!" yelled Henry in delighted astonishment as he jumped up and vehemently shook the hand of the bewildered Tsung.

"Who zat?" asked Bill suspiciously.

"Why, this is the Chink what usta do my cloes back in Frisco", said Henry.

The light of understanding broke over the erstwhile laundryman's face.

"Crookee nose man. Veree dirtee shirtee," he beamed.

"Atta boy, Charlie," said Bill rising. "Mebbe he can help us out, Henry."

Henry explained in detail their situation, and *beseeched* Charlie to take a message to Hong-Kong for them, but it developed that Charlie had a strong aversion to the vicinity of Hong-Kong; since the numerous family of one of his countrymen, who had been a bitter business rival in his block at San Francisco, lived there. They then suggested that he take a letter to the mainland and mail it to the captain. Charlie shook his head and explained that after having visited them, he would be searched for some such communication before going ashore. They argued, pled, and threatened for an hour, and at last Charlie agreed to make the attempt. Taking the precious missive and their only hope, Charlie departed.

The crucial moment arrived, Charlie was searched, and the letter was found. Charlie was brought before Kwang-su. Kwang-su's interpreter attempted to read the letter but failed, as would anyone not well versed in American slang. At this juncture Charlie took the letter and asked permission to read it. If Charlie had been born an American, he would have been made either a lawyer or a wild cat stock salesman, and here his genius rose and shone. With great volubility he explained to Kwang-su that one of the prisoners would soon go blind if he did not get his spectacles. He even showed Kwang-su the exact word in the letter which meant spectacle. He also inadvertently mentioned that the Government of the United States would be very angry if he allowed one of its subjects to go blind. At last Kwang-su was prevailed upon to let the letter pass. Three nights later a steamer anchored off the shore of Ping-loo, and a motor launch full of armed sailors rescued Bill and Henry.

Bill and Henry are still comrades on the little steamer, and there are not two sailors living who stick closer to the ship then they when in a foreign port.

Edwin Brown.

ELECTRICITY.

Everyone knows that electricity is very useful, but few realize to just what extent it may be developed, I know well; I have been to Electerville.

I went to visit my friend, Electra Electron, who is a very nice girl but almost too much a live wire to suit my quiet ways of life. I took the electric cars to within a block of her house and walked the rest of the way. It was evening, and I noticed especially the electric street lights because I bumped into them all. They didn't work.

I was slightly dilapitated when I reached the house. They say that the best thing in life is to come into contact with people, but I have never heard that statement made about lamp-posts. Anyway, they didn't do me much good.

I was welcomed cordially—those Electrons always were ful of vitality. I wish they had been cordial in the other direction and thrown me out of the house, for my troubles were just beginning. I was not well acquainted with electricity and even in the simple act of going upstairs I stumbled over a cord leading to some electric atrocity and fell on a bell which immediately summoned the butler. Electra said something mean about clumsy people in general and I resolved then and there to leave the place as soon as possible. To have left before I arrived would not have been too soon!

The next morning my troubles began in real earnest. I had no sooner stepped into the shower than I and it were moved at an alarming speed into Electra's room. To say

that I was surprised is quite mild. Electra apoligized saying she had thought I was still asleep and that she always liked to roll right out of bed into the shower. I accepted her apology with very bad grace and was taken back to my room where I immediately dressed, hoping that they could not spirit my clothes away with their old electricity.

On my way down to breakfast I stepped on half a dozen buttons which caused little tracks to jump up through the floor all over the place. Electra explained they were used to run things on from one part of the house to another. Indeed, I almost collided with Mrs. Electron's breakfast going up to her room and with the wash-basket going down to the electric laundry. I wondered why the electric laundry wasn't travelling up to the clothes basket.

Breakfast was a meal of astonishments. The food came in on the inevitable tracks and was spilled all along the way. I didn't object to that but I can't say that I was overpleased when the food was automatically picked up and put back on the plate. Moreover, I disliked having electric fingers interfere when I spilled something into my lap.

The day was one long tale of horror, too sad to be told in detail. Suffice it to say that all unwittingly I summoned to me everything under the sun from the police department to a tube of Colgate's toothpaste. That house was one from the Arabian nights—and the Arabian nights, I am fully convinced, were worse than the fiery furnace. By lunch-time I was desperate—and so was the family. At every step they danced frantically around, begging me not to bring the furnace into the parlor a fifth time. I could not even sit still without contriving to bring in Mr. Electron's shaving set or the bathtub. Lunch brought no respite. It came on the table in the form of a live turkey which was killed, cooked and almost eaten electrically in no time.

"Dear me!" I thought. "What are we coming to? If life moves so quickly, it's time I was dead long ago."

A few minutes later I wished I was dead. For behold me sitting bewildered on the hall floor, three bells ringing violently underneath, me and the kitchen sink, the hat-tree and the fire department looking at me in disgust.

I am now living in the Sahara desert, four hundred miles from anything faster than a donkey. I am at home in my tent on Sunday afternoons to anyone who doesn't know what electric means and never carries a watch.

Alison Marks.

A MINUTE OF DARKNESS.

Edward Lowe was a gentleman crook; so was his companion, James Rice. His valet, chauffeur, and man-of-all-work, Phelps, was just an ordinary crook; not a gentleman. That is to say, Lowe did the thinking and all the unusually clever work. Rice dressed nicely, was an interesting talker, and sort of information bureau for Lowe, while Phelps was always sure to have the car in the right place at the right time, and was very keen on other little matters of vital importance.

There was going to be a banquet at one of the wealthy homes of the city and Miss Cordelia Crane, the owner of a very famous set of pearls, would be there (with the pearls), so of course Lowe and Rice would be there too.

The affair was in full sway and Lowe was quite as popular as anyone there. At dinner Lowe was placed two chairs away from the Crane pearls. Suddenly all the lights went out. There was a little excitement, a few exclamations of surprise, and they came on again just as suddenly. Things were beginning to take on a natural aspect again, when there came a sudden cry, "My pearls!" In those few brief seconds of darkness the pearls had disappeared.

A detective, hired for the evening, stepped forward and took charge of the situation. A thorough examination of the floor showed that they had not fallen there. There was nothing to do but search everyone present.

Suddenly, however, the detective called attention to a large bowl of punch, some of which was splashed on the table. "Wonder

what happened to that," he muttered. "Did any one of you shake the table enough to do that?" he inquired. No one remembered even jarring it slightly. He fished around in the bowl for a minute, and triumphantly brought forth the pearls. They were dried, and returned to the owner, but the incident had spoiled the whole evening, and soon afterwards everyone left.

Rice and Lowe were riding home when Rice said, "Well! If you weren't the boob to let that fly-cop put it all over you." With a slight laugh Lowe put his hand in his pocket and drew out the pearls.

"What the deuce are those!" came the surprised exclamation.

"Why, just what we went after."

"Then what did that guy haul out of the punch?"

"My dear boy," came the cool answer, "did you never hear of imitations? When I put my hand up to my mouth, and looked toward the window, Phelps disconnected the wires for about a minute. I got what I wanted, and threw those jokers into the punch in half that time. Phelps will get rid of these for us tomorrow."

Julia Sweeney, '26.

KEEP FIGHTING.

How much like life is a football game
With its smash and crash and drive;
Where some drink deep from the cup of fame
And others—they never arrive.

It's much the same in the game of life,
We all can't wear a crown;
But no matter how hard or rough the strife
We can fight till the final down.

There's a goal for all in the game we play,
A line that we seek to cross;
And those who fight will find a way
Past the tackle that means a loss.

So let's fight hard as we drive downfield,
In the quest of wealth and fame;
Make each play count and do not yield
To those who would spoil your game.

—Anon.

MY TREASURY.

A book, I have, within my heart
Of old and richest vellum bound,
Its pages numbered each apart
With inlaid letters golden-crowned.

Though few are written there as yet,
Each page lies open wide to hold
The names of those my soul has met
And found to be of life's true gold.

Rose McGirr.

ALUMNI NOTES

Any news concerning the graduates of this school will be gladly received by the Alumni Editor. Please specify to which class they belong.

1924.

"Dick" Grover is attending the Boston Latin School.

Paul Hanson is at Exeter.

Stan Gans rowed on the second Freshman boat last fall.

Mary Gass is at Miss McClintock's School in Boston, and Nancy Dabney is at Miss Haskell's.

Fred Cole, especially remembered for his work in the Senior Drama, is at Dartmouth.

John Kelly is at Tabor Academy.

Beatrice Allen is working at Fiske's in Harvard Square.

Ruth MacNaugher is at Bradford Academy.

Joseph Corkery is a Freshman at Boston College.

Fred Lorenzen is a Freshman at Harvard.

Florence De Chant has transferred to St. Johnsbury Academy in Vermont.

Ruth Titus is at Simmons.

Irving Flax has decided to work a year before entering Harvard.

"Sid" Roche is working with the Esterbrook Co.

Grace Small is training to be a nurse at the Cambridge Hospital.

Edith Madden is now attending Fisher's Business College.

"King" Hooker has decided that there's no place like home. He is back at Latin School—a P. G.

Joseph Lovejoy, '24, is a cadet at West Point.

1923.

Jack Leahy is now a Freshman at M. I. T. He is a member of the "Tech Tunesters" and the Tech Mandolin and Banjo Club.

Rose Freedman and Mary Sheibel are working in the office of the George Close Co.

Elizabeth Putnam is at Miss Leslie's.

Elizabeth Rice is at Smith.

Joseph Guertin has transferred from Boston University to Technology.

Paul Depew is a midshipman at Annapolis.

Edith Pailey, who had received a scholarship, sailed in October for Italy to study music.

Louise Hall was a member of the College Government House of Representatives at Wellesley last year, sings in the College Choir, and has recently made Glee Club.

Catherine Usher was out for crew this fall at Wellesley.

Eleanor C. Hopkins is a Sophomore at Wellesley.

1922.

John Field, Irving Small, William Berkley, and Richard Carrol are Sophomores at Technology.

Margaret Perea is a Sophomore at Radcliffe.

Esther P. Read is a Sophomore at Wellesley and a member of the archery team.

Margaret and Rosamond Lane are two so-called Wellesley granddaughters, a group of girls whose mothers graduated from Wellesley. Margaret is a Junior, and Rosamond, who took a P. G. before entering college is a Sophomore.

Constance Bailey, a Junior at Wellesley, had charge of decorating one of the floats for Float Night last June, and served on the committee which published the Freshman directory this year.

1921.

Hazel Madden is a stenographer at J. W. Brine's, Boston.

Jane Adams is a private secretary for McDonald Brothers' Detective Agency.

Miriam Putnam, Mary Campbell, and Alice Johnson are Seniors at Radcliffe. Alice Johnson is Song Leader.

Isabel K. Hall is a member of the Senior class at Wellesley.

1920.

"Tony" Dopkewitz is a Sophomore at Tech.

Harriet W. Allen graduated from Wellesley with honors in June.

Lillian Gleason has returned in order to do special graduate work in preparation for Normal School.

George McLaughlin is assistant coach of the Boston University Championship Debating Team.

1919.

"Bill" Sayward played tackle for Brown University.

Maurice Duchin is now at the University of West Virginia studying medicine.

Dorothy Ramsay is teaching in Dudley, Mass.

Richard Gerould is a student at the Harvard Law School.

Joseph Kozlowsky was captain of the Boston College football team this fall.

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN ALUMNAE WIN HONORS AT RADCLIFFE.

Radcliffe College, through its scholarship committee has recently awarded scholarships to ninety-one students. Among these we find many alumnae of C. H. L. S.

Awarded by classes the C. H. L. S. recipients are as follows:

Senior class—Scholarship awarded annually to a graduate of C. H. L. S., Myrtle Graves of Cambridge.

Junior class — Whitney scholarship, Evelyn Hotson, Cambridge.

Austin scholarship, Grace Fair, Cambridge.

Scovell fund, Anita Carley, Cambridge.

May scholarship, Amy Lindahl, Cambridge.

Barnard scholarship, Elizabeth Lewis, Cambridge.

Sophomore class — Barr scholarship, Helen McNabb, Cambridge.

Cantabrigia Club scholarship, Mary Williams, Cambridge.

Freshman awards—Stone scholarship, Ethel Jones.

Graduate awards—Ruth Holden scholarship goes to Janet Graustein of Cambridge, A. B., Mt. Holyoke, 1915, for research in Botany.

R. L., '25.



Latest Books—Just Out.

The Little French Girl—Yvonne Goyette.
Confusion—Adelaide La Long.
The Home Maker—Shirley Greyson.
The Show-Off—Rusty Simple.
The Plastic Age—Ed Murtagh.
Empty Hands—Joe Morrison.
The Roughneck—Roy Mosher.
Peacock Feathers—Marge Gerould.
Syncopated Rhythm—Roy Lamson.
Sunlight and Song—Louise Gallagher.
Cross Word Puzzle—John Darrow.

Miss Lyons: "Name a candidate for President."
Pupil: "La Fayette is the Democratic candidate for President."

The history period is a matter of forty minute's imprisonment at hard labor each day for most of us. How many agree?

Teacher: "How many natural magnets are there and what are they?"
Doris Bullen: "Two kinds—blondes and brunettes."

For the girl's benefit by Jo. Harrison.

Any girl can be gay in a classy coupé
In a taxi they all can be jolly
But the girl worth while,
Is the girl that can smile,
When you're taking her home in the trolley.

Miss Lyons: "What is the Child Labor amendment?"
Rose: "That a girl under sixteen can not help her mother wash the dishes."

Miss Browning: "Write in French, Has the man a wife?"
Pupil: "L'homme a-t-il."
Hesitating, she turned to the teacher and asked: "Is man masculine or feminine?"

English.

Miss Parker: "What is a thought?"
Priscilla Sage: "A thought is made by thinking."

Teacher giving a class lecture on "gravity". "Now pupils," she said, "it's the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth."
Pupil: "How did we stick on before this law was passed?"

When Noah sailed the well-known blue,
He had his troubles same as you,
For days and days he drove the Ark,
Before he found a place to park.

History Prof.: "Why are the Middle Ages known as the Dark Ages?"
Wise Fresh.: "Because there were so many knights."

"What's in a name?"
"There's a lot in Launcelot."

Spanish translation by Gibson: "Cristina fijaba sus hermos os ojos en Fermando.
Cristina fixed her brother's eyes on Ferdinand.

Mr. S.: "What school did you come from?"
Fresh.: "I came from the Grammar School."

Latin II.

He seized the small hands of the serpent.

A little rhyme, that was made by a "Freshman," after his first class in Latin.

"Boyibus kissibus sweet girlorum;
Girlibus likibus; wanti somorum;
Fatherus hearibus sweet kissorum—
Kickibus boyibus out-of-the-dorrum."

Teacher: "I am tempted to give you a test."
Elsie Summers: "Yield not to temptation."

The chief objection to Zane Grey's stories is that, although they contain oceans of description, they will not hold water!

Teacher: "When is the penult long?"
Pupil: "When the antepenult isn't!"

Some people are convinced that:
The zebra is a sport model of the jackass.
That it is so cold in Canada that the polar bears come right into the dining room and pick up the crumbs.

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key to the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy,
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head what jewels are found?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth,
The nails on the end of his toes?
Can the crook in his elbows be put in jail?
If so, what did he do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'm sure I don't know do you?
Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hands?
Or beat on the drum of his ear?

Teacher: "What's going to happen a week from Friday?" (meaning parents' and teachers' meeting).
Pupil: "Seventh period."

Mr. Coolidge to Miss Parker's IV year normal English class: "Anyone in here got a match or toothpick?"

Pupil reciting: "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears."
Voice in back of room: "Do not keep them."

English class, with the following instructions on the board: "Write on one of these topics, Y. M. C. A., Hi-Y, etc.
Bright boy proceeds to the board and writes a few words across one of the topics.
"How's that?"
Entering teacher: "Plenty. I'll see you after school."

"I didn't see you in the lunch room today, Peany."
"No, I ate the sixth period."
"Some digestion for a little boy."

Teacher, drilling in grammar: "Give me a concrete example of a loafing place."
Pupil: "The steps in front of the school."

"Your money, or I'll throw you off the cliff," demanded the robber in the woods.
The millionaire Keegan smiled, for it was only a b-l-u-f-f.

Jockoe: "Sally looks pretty good tonight. Her gown, I think is a poem."
"No, when it's that short it can't be more than an epigram."

A. C.: "There's a lot in that fellow when you know him."
T. D.: "Must be a vacant lot."

For Sale.

Any amount of noise. (Room 49.)
A large quantity of English themes. (Miss Ball's Room).
Two seventh periods. (Personal).
Single copies of the Review's at the office, 20c.
Red Finlayson's football jersey (Can be bought at a very low price as there is a slight hole in the shoulder.)
Do you know the heavenly twins, Esther and Marion?

English teacher: "When you recite, begin at the beginning, then take the middle, and end with the end." How odd!

Teacher: "Who can describe a caterpillar?"
Freshie: "I can teacher."
Teacher: "Well, what is it?"
Freshie: "An upholstered worm."

Senior: "Those Freshmen remind me of 'The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers'."
Sophomore: "They don't parade."
Senior: "No, but they're wooden!"

Mr. Donovan to pupil: "Who has just broken a test tube? As a chemist Parker, you're a good musician."

English IV.

Miss Parker: "Who is Chaucer?"
Pupil: "He was in 'Haleck' last year."
Miss Parker: "Well, I hope he is still in there this year."

Miss Hartigan: "What is meant by the midnight sun?"
Bright Pupil: "That's where the sun always shines at midnight."

One Senior to another: "What is your favorite poet and which one of his works do you like best?"
The Other: "Oh, I like Kipling's Feet ("Boots") better than any other poem.

Miss Sharkey: "Who was the best marathon runner (meaning DeMar).
Class in unison: "Frank Merriwell."

A whistling sound is heard in Mr. Cain's room.
Mr. Cain: "Who made that noise?"
W. Cohen, innocently: "I think it was a bird on the window-sill."
Mr. Cain: "No, it was a bird in here."

Geometry.

A point is an imaginary spot.
A surface is a plane with smooth faces.

Spanish.

Pupil: "Teacher, teacher, Miss ———."
Teacher: "Sí señor."
Pupil: "I don't see I want you to show me."

All About Nothing.

What is that which we fear more than death, love more than life, the rich man wants it, the poor man has it, the miser spends it, the spendthrift leaves it, and we take it with us to our graves?

You give it up? It's nothing. We fear nothing more than death, love nothing more than life, the miser spends nothing, the spendthrift leaves nothing, and we take nothing with us to our graves.

Who's Who.

Best All Around—Ray Pearl.
Most Popular—Jimmie Harrington.
Ladies' Man—"Red" Finlayson.
Best Athlete—Hugo Nelson.
Best Natured—Moxham.
Class Humorist—Cohen.
The Blond—Clyde McArdle.
Most Pious—Howard.
Class Optimist—Barry.
The Jazzhound—Bob Daley.

Songs of the Day.

Chic Machin—Innocent Eyes.
Margie Johnson—Hard Hearted Hannah.
Lennie McLean—A Smile Will Go a Long, Long Way.
Jewel L. McArthur—Alice in Wonderland.

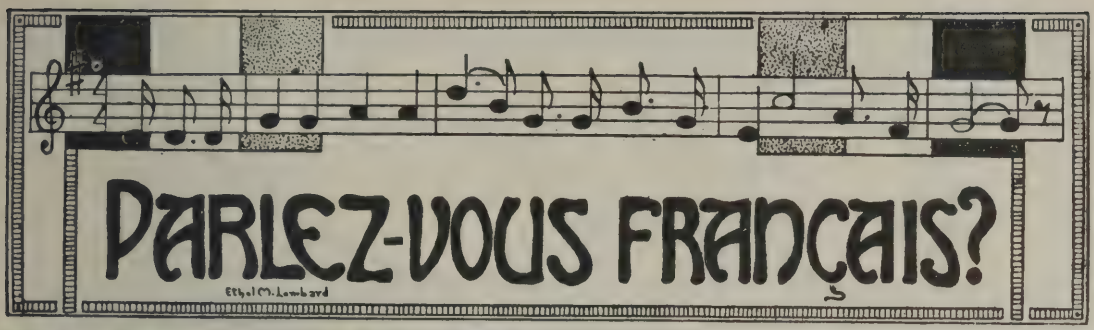
Mr. MacD.: "Why didn't you do your arithmetic?"
Pupil: "Well, my pencil wore down doing shorthand."

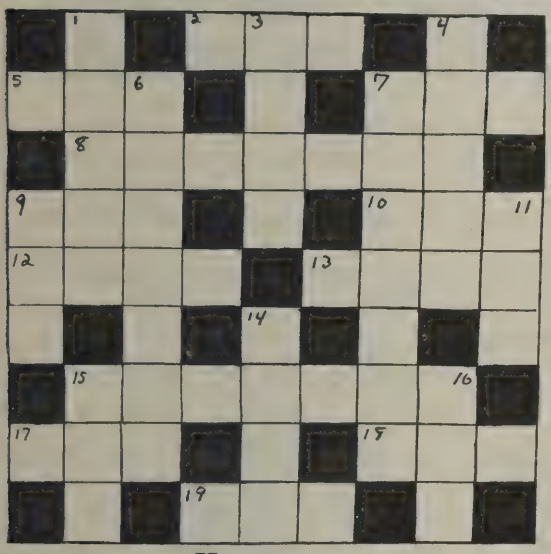
Heard in corridor.

Teacher: "Stop that running—and what's your name?"
Pupil: "Oh, gosh, I didn't see you there."

Chem. Teacher: "What's a precipitate?"
C. T.'s Victim: "Something that sinks to the bottom."
C. T.: "Would you be a precipitate if you jumped into the water?"
Voice from rear: "Eventually."

Miss Morse to pupil explaining proposition: "Stand on your head and look at it plainly."





HORIZONTAL

2. où l'on danse.
5. de l'eau.
7. un ustensile à cuire.
8. un breuvage.
9. ce qu'on e'appelle.
10. article indéfini.
12. forme du verbe "être."
13. forme du verbe "oser."
15. celui qui vote.
17. forme du verbe naître.
18. place pour les voítures.
19. nom générique pour la peinture, la sculpture, etc.

VERTICAL

1. soulièr de bois.
3. synonyme de content.
4. une servante.
6. pièce de théatre pour faire rire.
7. presser.
9. forme du verbe naître.
11. forme du verbe être.
14. préposition.
15. adjectif démonstratif.
16. adjectif négatif.

R. G. DAVIS,'25

LES CHATEAUX DE LA LOIRE

(Commes nous les avons vus)

Au bord de la Loire, il y a beaucoup d'anciens châteaux. Montés en bicyclette, peutêtre la meilleure façon de les voir, nous les avons visités. Tous ces châteaux, étant situés au dessus des villages, ont une très belle vue. Nous avons passé par presque tous les châteaux de cette région, mais, car a ce moment-là, j'étais petite, je ne me rappelle que les plus grands et interessants, comme Blois, Chenonceaux et Loches. Il y a bien des autres, chacun avec son histoire.

Blois était le premier. C'est un grand château avec une longue cour. D'un côté de la cour il y a un grand escalier. On entre par la porte de la cour et monte un large escalier de pierre. A chaque étage il y a une porte d'entrée. En verité c'est un escalier du dehors. Ce château a été très beau en dedans, en son temps, avec des murs couverts de tapisseries, magnifiques. Mais, maintenant, quand les tapisseries n'y sont plus, lemmieux qu'on pouvait faire, c'était de peindre tous les dessins, si menus et brillants, sur le vrai mur de bois. C'est dommage qu'on puisse ruiner d'un telle manière un château si grand, vieux, et noble.

Nous avons passé par de petits chateaux, comme Ambroise et Chaumont, ou demeurent encore des familles. Alors, Chenonceaux, le plus comfortable et charmant, est bâti dans la rivière même. Mais malheureusement, c'est un homme entendu aux affaires. M. Menier qui a originé un chocalat très célèbre partout dans la France, qui le possède. Il n'y demeure pas, ni fait aucun effort pour le maintenir. On passe sur un pont-levis et entre dans une très belle petite maison.

(Continued on page 18)



SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

Entre los lugares de España interesantes pero poco visitados por americanos se halla Santiago de Compostela situada en el sur de Galicia al término de una línea ferrovaria llamada De Santiago a Carril y Pontevedra.

A medida que el trens e desliza de Pontevedra hacia Santiago se contempla ya la campiña verde y la huerta frutífera, ya las sombrías arboledas, ya la serie interminable de montes ceñidos por pequeñas y frondosas colinas. Es éste un trayecto en el que la madre Naturaleza se ha mostrado franca y esplendidamente pródiga como en casi la totalidad del suelo gallego.

Santiago de Compostela es una ciudad de unos 25,000 habitantes en cuyo recinto hay 46 iglesias, 288 altares, 114 campanas y 36 cofradias.

En tiempos antiguos fué un sitio a donde fueron en romería cada año multitud de peregrinos de todas partes del mundo.

Su catedral es uno de los más hermosos monumentos de estilo románico que posse España. Dícese de la Catedral que después de degollado en Jerusalem el apóstol Santiago, por orden de Herodes, sus discípulos condujeron el sagrado cuerpo a Galicia donde permaneció ignorado hasta ocho siglos después cuando se descubrió el sepulcro en el sitio que hoy ocupa la Catedral. Una leyenda popular dice que Santiago, montado a caballo, fué a la cabeza de los santiagueses contra los moros. Todavia la grita de guerra por toda Espana es la de los Santiagueses antiguos "Santiago y cierra España."

El retablo del altar mayor de la Catedral tiene magnífico tabernáculo de jaspe, mármol y plata, y en este, en vez de la vírgen, puede contemplarse una buena efigie del apóstol, adornada esplendidamente con una esclavina de plata y el resto con piedras finas de gran valor. Cubre el tabernáculo una colosal píramide, que sostienen cuatro angelones, coronada con la figura de Santiago a caballo y adornada por estatuas de reyes.

Debajo del altar hay una cripta donde reposan en rico cofre de plata los restos del Santo apóstol. Esto dicen los españoles. Todo el mundo puede ver el cofre bien cerrado con llave y formar su opinión propia en cuanto a lo contenido.

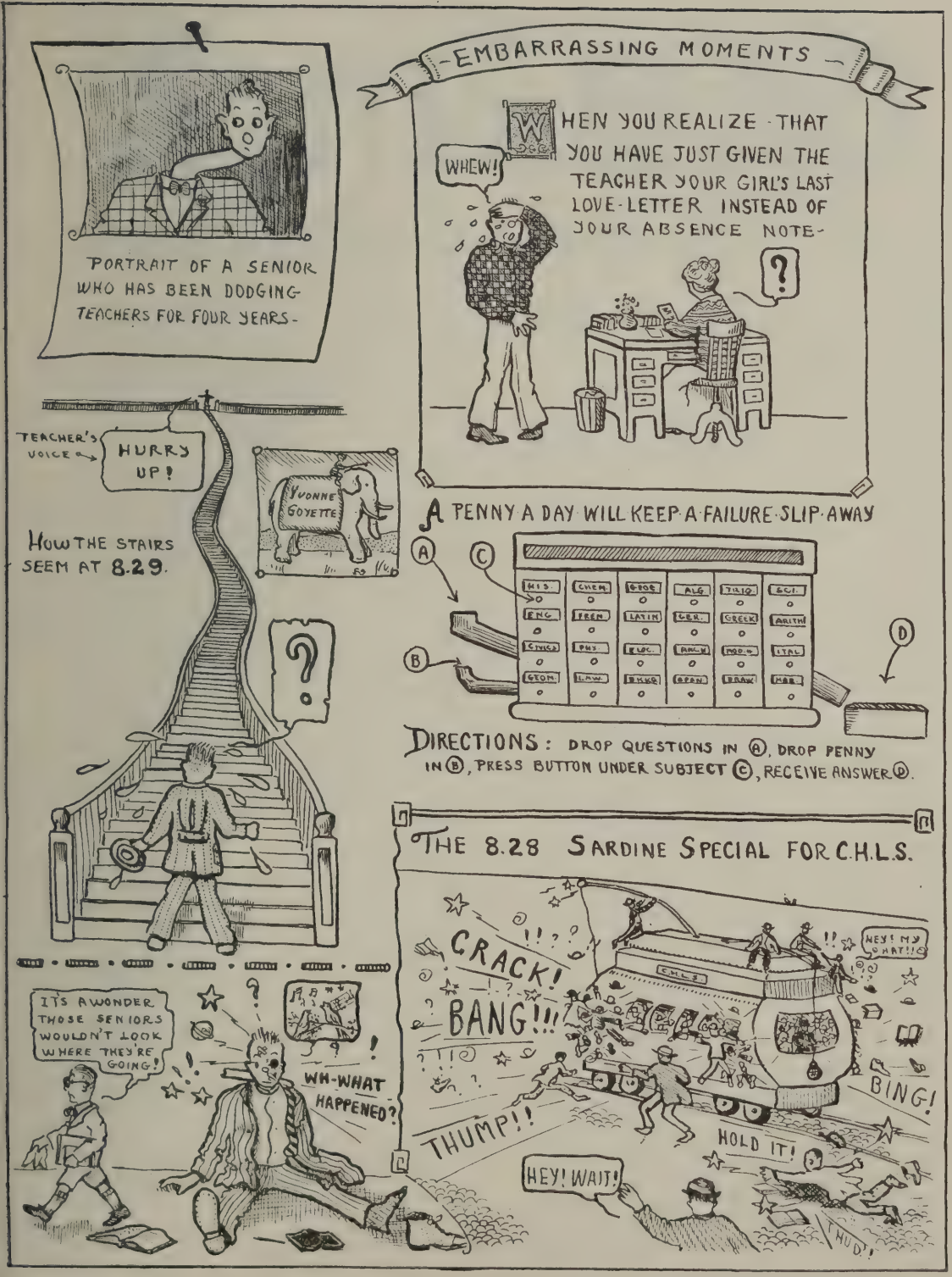
(Continued from page 17)

Le reste du château est une grande longue salle, dont il y a quelques étages. C'est un château vraiment charment et criste.

Après quelques autres, pas de grande importance, nous sommes venus à Loches. Celui-ci est un grand château, farouche et épais dans sa construction. Il a des donjons dans lesquels soufrirent et moururent plusieurs prisonniers de la noblesse et quelques réyèques tres célèbres. Les donjons n'ont que quelques rayons du soleil pendant deux ou trois heures de la journée. Les murs ont douze pieds de largueur et quelque fois ils en ont quinze. Dans quelques uns des donjons il y a de grands trous très profonds dans lesquels tombaient les prisonniers. Il y a aussi des salles de torture et des cages de Louis onze, qui avaient beaucoup d'usage.

Les châteaux étaient très interessants et sont encore majestueux et sombre comme autrefois.

H. Hocking, Class of '27.


PORTRAIT OF A SENIOR WHO HAS BEEN DODGING TEACHERS FOR FOUR YEARS-
EMBARRASSING MOMENTS
WHEN YOU REALIZE THAT YOU HAVE JUST GIVEN THE TEACHER YOUR GIRL'S LAST LOVE-LETTER INSTEAD OF YOUR ABSENCE NOTE-
WHEW!
A PENNY A DAY WILL KEEP A FAILURE SLIP AWAY
DIRECTIONS: DROP QUESTIONS IN Ⓐ, DROP PENNY IN Ⓑ, PRESS BUTTON UNDER SUBJECT Ⓒ, RECEIVE ANSWER Ⓓ.
TEACHER'S VOICE
HURRY UP!
HOW THE STAIRS SEEM AT 8.29.
YVONNE GOYETTE
THE 8.28 SARDINE SPECIAL FOR C.H.L.S.
CRACK!
BANG!!!
THUMP!!
BING!
HOLD IT!
HEY! WAIT!
THUD!
HEY! MY HAT!!!
IT'S A WONDER THOSE SENIORS WOULDN'T LOOK WHERE THEY'RE GOING!
WH-WHAT HAPPENED?



The qualifications needed for debating are few, while the advantages gained are numerous. To debate, one needs first of all the proper spirit for debating. "Where there is a will there is a way." With the willingness or spirit in debating, one can become an accomplished debater.

To those who know little of debating, I will give the following piece of information:

A debate is a formal, friendly argument upon a current event. There are two teams consisting of three men on each team with one man on each team taking care of the rebuttal speech, which is a speech made up during the recess and spoken briefly afterwards.

Let us look at debating from a football viewpoint.

There are two teams lined up with their speeches ready, listening eagerly for the referee's whistle. (The chairman commences the debate.) The captain gives his men a final word of encouragement and then the battle starts. The battle wages evenly back and forth, first one side, and then the other side gaining the advantage. Then they prepare for the final speech, the rebuttal. The captain comes forward and like a football player shatters the opponent's defense, breaks up their line of attack and scores the touchdown or winning arguments. Then the judges, like the referee, promptly give the award to the winning team.

Yes, that is debating, truly as exciting as football.

W. F., '26.

DEBATING NOTES.

The Debating Class is now well under way, and much progress is all ready noticed by the teachers and students. The interest taken by the debating class seems to be unlimited and before long the interest will spread to the other students for interest in debating is contagious.

The class started Thursday, November 20, 1924, in Miss Hartigan's room the sixth period and extended through the seventh period. The class is under the care of Mr. Donahue, who is endeavoring to develop debating material that will represent Cambridge High and Latin School as successfully as the debating teams of the past years have done. Mr. Donahue could not take care of all the students who wished to join the class and was obliged to disappoint from fifty to seventy-five students.

The Freshman-Sophomore series of debates will commence shortly, a little earlier than last year's series of debates. Of course the Sophomores will be the favorite, as the material in the Freshman class is unknown but predictions in this series of debates are valueless. For the last two consecutive years, the Freshman overwhelmed the Sophomores, although the Sophomores had a year's experience backing them up.

The debating council will be selected shortly, and it will hold its initial meeting promptly in order to plan the debating schedule.

Any questions or suggestions pertaining to debating will receive prompt attention in this department.

Do you realize that:

Cambridge Latin has not lost a debate since 1290?

Mr. Donahue has not coached a losing team in his career at Cambridge Latin School?

If the debating material in Cambridge Latin does not assert itself, Cambridge Latin will be forced to cancel the annual debates with Somerville and the other high schools with the exception of Rindge?

Mr. Sullivan of Rindge has all ready challenged Cambridge Latin to a debate for a date near next January 9, 1925?

Cambridge Latin needs your support to defeat Rindge for the third consecutive year in the coming debate?

Cambridge Latin will inevitably break its long list of victories in debating unless you give it your support?

W. F., '26.



The first meeting of the G. A. A. was held on October 30th.

The Monogram System was mentioned. On November 1, one might start working for a monogram or numeral. Particulars will be given later.

The Freshman Party was also mentioned. It was to be held on November 15. The costumes were to be those of the eighteenth century. The costumes might be from any country, might be peasant or nobleman, woman or man, boy or girl.

The new members were then initiated. It surely was a fine initiation. I am sure all the Freshmen enjoyed it.

The Freshman Party.

The Freshman Party was held on November 15. Was it a success! It surely was. Everybody had a fine time. The costumes for it were to represent the costumes worn in the eighteenth century. They were very pretty and colorful. When everybody had arrived in the Gym there was a Virginia Reel which was very pretty.

Then, while the people grouped around the Gym, a stage coach robbery and hold up was staged. A coach drawn by three prancing horses came into the Gym which held an English lady and a little English gentleman. Suddenly robbers came upon them who took all the valuables on the coach. This was very funny and amusing and caused much laughter.

Then came the Grand March for prizes. Teachers and past officers of the G. A. A. were the judges. It surely was pretty to see all these ladies and gentlemen, and also robbers marching around the Gym. From there we went to the hall.

First was the awarding of prizes. Ileen Barrett got a prize for the prettiest. She surely had a lovely costume. Marion MacArthur received one for the cleverest. Marion's costume surely deserved the prize.

A Ukelele Duet was next, by Irene Loomer and Harriet Moulton. It was very enjoyable.

An Armenian song, A New Lullaby by Mary Boyajian was very delightful.

Next was a Nightmare. This was in charge of Ethel Dansie, who made a success of it. The cast was as follows:

Child—Bertha Boulton
Mother—Gertrude Doyle
Ghost—Hester Hocking
Horse—Emily Theme
Witch—Edith Robinson

It was very amusing and it was enjoyed.

Saw Music was the next feature. Saw Music! Real music and just a common saw. Dorothy Carroll was so kind as to play for us. It was wonderful. Everybody marveled at her wonderful skill.

The Lady or the Tiger next appeared. This was under direction of Leila Campbell. The cast is as follows:

Princess—Fannie McLean
Lover—Eunice Nelson
Tiger—Irene Braithewaite
King—Catherine Corcoran
Mourners—Margaret Backman, Irene Loomis, Eleanor Adams, and Harriet Moulton
Court Ladies — Marion MacArthur, Doris Hoyt
Lion Trainers—Lillian Hershon and Christine Manning

It was very funny and was enjoyed by all.

Merton of the Movies was very enjoyable. This also Leila Campbell had charge of. Marion MacArthur read the story, while it was acted out by:

Buck Benson—Margaret Backman
Snake Le Vasquez—Irene Braithwaite
Estelle St. Clair—Hester Hacking

It surely was very amusing. I must say the horses were very lifelike, and could clatter beautifully.

(Continued on page 30)



Cambridge 15 **Somerville 7**

Somerville, October 25, 1924.

In the first three periods, Somerville was outplayed but they staged a fine comeback in the final quarter.

In the first period, Somerville, kicking within the shadow of their own goal posts, made an offside kick, going off on their 20 yard line. Cambridge rushed the ball to the ten yard line and then Nelson drop kicked for the Cantabs first tally.

At the close of the first half, Somerville, by a series of forward passes, had the ball on Latin's 10 yard line.

In the third period, O'Brien blocked a punt on Somerville's 10 yard line. Murphy then circled the end for a touchdown. The point after touchdown failed.

Again in the third quarter, a forward pass, Kroell to Nelson, and line plunges ended with Nelson carrying the ball over for another six points. No point after touchdown.

In the fourth period, Somerville completed many forward passes. A long one to Kelson gave Somerville six points. They succeeded in the attempt for goal after touchdown.

Nelson, Fitzmaurice, Shea, O'Brien, and Capt. Pearl starred for Cambridge, while Carter, Kelson and Breen played well for Somerville.

Ray Parker received a slight concussion of the brain.

Cambridge	*Somerville*
Fitzmaurice (McCusker, Sparks)	l. e.
	r. e. Balboni
Pearl (capt.) l. t.	r. t. Bowlby
Shea (Walsh) l. g.	r. g. Carter
Moxham (Freedman, Murtagh) c.	
	c. Talbot
Edmonds (Cook, Cohen, Papoli) r. g.	
	l. g. McGovern
O'Brien (Noonan, Hayes) r. t.	
	l. t. Pickford
Sullivan (Corkery, Gibson) r. e.	
	l. e. Kelson (Griffin)
Nelson (Groden) q. b.	q. b. McCarthy
Murphy (Kenney, Nelson) l. h. b.	
	r. h. b. Wilson (Hogan)
Parker (Finstein, Hilliard) r. h. b.	
	l. h. b. Coffee
Kroell f. b.	f. b. Breen

Summary:

Score, Cambridge 15, Somerville 7; Touchdowns, Murphy, Nelson, Kelson; Points after touchdown, Billings; Field Goal, Nelson; Referee, Gilroy; Umpire, Bond; Linesman, Lowe; Time, four 12-minute periods.

Cambridge 13 **Lawrence 12**

Lawrence, November 1, 1924.

Although Lawrence High used the forward pass to great advantage, Cambridge Latin gave Lawrence their first taste of defeat this season.

In the first period, Graney fumbled and Nelson picked it up and ran forty yards for the Cantabs first touchdown. The point after touchdown was blocked.

In the second period a long forward pass to Christian made the score 6-6.

In the fourth period Cambridge started a march by line plunging and forward passes. Nelson finally carried the ball over for Latin's second touchdown. Murphy then added one to the Cantabs tally.

In the later part of the fourth period, a long pass to Hewett made the score 13-12. After both Lawrences' touchdowns, Giles failed in the attempt at point after touchdown.

Nelson, of Cambridge Latin, played superb throughout the whole game. Capt. Pearl, Fitzmaurice, O'Brien and Sullivan also played a very fine game for the victors.

Hewitt, Christian, and Cadogan played well for Lawrence.

Cambridge	*Lawrence*
Fitzmaurice l. e.	r. e. Corradina (Cappelano, Owens, Klier)
Pearl (Capt.) l. t.	r. t. Turner (Pash, Flynn)
Shea l. g.	r. g. Giles
Murtagh (Moxham) c.	c. Hagen
Cohen (Edmonds) r. g.	l. g. Baldwin (McCarthy)
O'Brien r. t.	l. t. McCarthy (Turner)
Sullivan (McCusker) r. e.	l. e. Christian
Nelson q. b.	q. b. Graney
Lennon (Murphy, Kenney) l. h. b.	r. h. b. Gay (Happy)
Gibson (Lee, O'Connell) r. h. b.	l. h. b. Cadogan (Bresnahan, Gay)
Kroell f. b.	f. b. Hewitt

Summary:

Touchdowns, Nelson 2, Christian, Hewitt; Points after touchdown, Murphy; Referee, Gilroy; Umpire, Bond; Linesman, Lowe; Time, four 12-minute periods. Score, Cambridge 13, Lawrence 12.

Cambridge Latin 22 **Brookline 10**

Brookline, November 8, 1924.

Brookline High was beaten by Cambridge High 22 to 10. The game was scarcely a minute old when Meegan fumbled a Cambridge punt on his own 15 yard line and it was recovered by Cohen of Cambridge. A few plays later a forward, Kroell to Nelson, netted a touchdown for the Cantabs. The extra point failed.

In the second period, long end runs by O'Connell, Nelson, and Rawlins brought the ball to Brookline's 20 yard line, where Murphy kicked a field goal. On the kick off following this play Nelson ran the ball back 25 yards.

In the third quarter, Kroell blocked a punt on the Brookline 20 yard stripe and was downed on the three-yard line. On the next play, he went over for a touchdown. The extra point failed.

The second tally of this period came when Murtagh intercepted a forward pass in midfield. On the next play Rawlins swept the end for 48 yards and six points. Murphy made the extra point.

In the final period, Philips of Brookline recovered a Cambridge fumble on the Cantab's 20 yard line. Meegan carried the ball for first down, and a play later went over for Brookline's only touchdown. Gentle annexed the extra point.

Brookline then opened up a very successful if lucky aerial attack. Two forwards, Mahoney to Hossely, brought the ball to the visitors 40 yard marker. The Cantabs held and an exchange of punts proved nothing. A forward pass brought the ball to the Cambridge 25 yard line. Gentle, with the wind against him and from a difficult angle, then did a fine piece of work when he hoisted the ball between the posts from the 35 yard line.

Rawlins, Nelson, Kroell and Pearl starred for Latin while Meegan and Gentle played well for Brookline.

Cambridge	*Brookline*
Fitzmaurice l. e.	r. e. Maguire (Philips)
Pearl (Capt.) l. t.	r. t. Vachon
Shea l. g.	r. g. Jerome
Moxham (Murtagh) c.	c. Moore (Gleason, McField)
Cohen (Edmonds, Cook) r. g.	l. g. Pond (Stein)
O'Brien (Hayes) r. t.	l. t. McGillan
Sullivan (Murphy, McCusker, Finstein) r. e.	l. e. Gentle
Nelson (Groden) q. b.	q. b. Grennan
O'Connell (Rawlins, Shaughnessy, Nelson) l. h. b.	r. h. b. Mahoney (Goodale, Fogarty)
Gibson (Parker, Kenney) r. h. b.	l. h. b. Meegan (Hossely)
Kroell f. b.	f. b. Gleason (Boles)

Summary:

Score, Cambridge 22, Brookline 10; Touchdowns, Nelson, Kroell, Rawlins, Meegan; Points after touchdowns made by Murphy, Gentle; Goals from field, Murphy, Gentle; Referee, Steve Mahoney; Umpire, Fahey; Head Linesman, Leo Daley; Time, four 12-minute periods.

Medford 7 **Cambridge 6**

Russell Field, Cambridge, Nov. 15, 1924.

Although the visitors were outplayed, Medford took the Cambridge team in tow by the score, 7-6. In the first three periods, the ball rallied back and forth, mostly in Medford territory. In the third period Cambridge blocked a punt on Medford's 15 yard line but the ball sailed back into the kicker's arms. On the next play he kicked out of danger. In this same period, Shaughnessy received two broken ribs and had a muscle torn off his back.

In the fourth period and three minutes left, Mander blocked a punt on Latin's 30 yard stripe. McDonald finally crashed over the line for Medford's touchdown. Herb kicked the goal.

With less than two minutes to play, Cambridge started a series of forward passes. Five in succession ended with a touchdown. The passes were all made by Kroell to Nelson, Sullivan, Nelson, McCusker and the final one to Nelson.

The thousands of spectators in the stands cheered wildly at this exhibition of excellent football, but the extra point, which would have tied the score was blocked.

Moxham, Nelson, Capt. Pearl, Shea and Sullivan starred for the Cantabs, while Capt. Mander, Hormell and Ellis played well for Medford.

Cambridge	*Medford*
Fitzmaurice (Murphy, McCusker) l. e.	r. e. Mander (O'Connor)
Pearl l. t.	r. t. Richardson (Noells, Colwell)
Edmonds (Shea) l. g.	r. g. Dincolo
Moxham c.	c. Egan (Marshall, Chalmers)
Cohen (Edmonds) r. g.	l. g. Mulkerin (Sullivan, L. Sullivan)
O'Brien r. t.	l. t. Nichols
Sullivan r. e.	l. e. Wind (Sherman)
Nelson q. b.	q. b. Ellis
O'Connell (Shaughnessy, Parker, Kenney, Lennon) l. h. b.	r. h. b. Hormel (McDonald)
Parker (Gibson) r. h. b.	l. h. b. Surrette (Michelson)
Kroell f. b.	f. b. Kerb (Sporford)

Summary:

Score, Medford 7, Cambridge 6; Touchdowns, McDonald, Nelson; Point after touchdown, Herb; Referee, Metivier; Umpire, Moore; Head Linesman, White; Time, four 12-minute periods.

Cambridge 0 **Everett 0**

Cambridge, November 27, 1924.

The Everett-Cambridge Latin game, played at Russell Field, before a capacity crowd of 5000, was stubbornly contested all the way. The Cantabs thoroughly outclassed the visitors in every way and in every period, but lacked just enough punch to put the ball over for a score. The ball was in Everett territory constantly, and on only one occasion did the visitors have a chance to score. In the third period, they were held for downs on Latin's 15 yard line.

Cambridge used the over head game to good advantage, at one time completing four in succession. Rawlins, the fleet Cambridge halfback, was the individual star of the contest, both offensively and defensively. He made several substantial gains through the Everett frontier, which kept his team on the offense most of the time. On one occasion he carried the ball 50 yards and on another, he made 40 yards before he was overtaken and downed.

During the last quarter, the Cantabs, in vain attempted to score, made two tries at the goal from the field. Murphy made both attempts but from distances and angles which seemed impossible.

The result of the game gives Everett undisputed right to wear the gridiron crown of the Suburban league.

Rawlins, Sullivan, Moxham, Capt. Pearl, and Nelson starred for the Cantabs, while Convrey played well for the visitors.

Cambridge	*Everett*
Fitzmaurice (Murphy) l. e.	r. e. Redmond
Pearl l. t.	r. t. DeVenuti
Shea l. g.	l. g. Landri
Moxham (Murtagh) c.	c. Convrey
Cohen (Edmonds) r. g.	l. g. Lewis
O'Brien (Hayes) r. t.	l. t. Peterson
Sullivan (McCusker) r. e.	l. e. O'Hara
Nelson q. b.	q. b. Kelley (Harrington)
Rawlins (O'Connell l. h. b.	r. h. b. Griffen
Parker (Gibson, Kenney) r. h. b.	l. h. b. Giacobbie
Kroell f. b.	f. b. Taylor

Summary:

Referee, Metivier; Umpire, Lake; Head Linesman, Noble; Time, four 12-minute periods.

Bits About the Players.

Left End—"Dick" Fitzmaurice: A good hole-opener and he did a fine job backing up the line. Graduates.

Left Tackle—Capt. Ray Pearl: A good steady player who could be relied upon at any time. A bear on the defense. A good punter. A fine leader. Graduates.

Left Guard—"Sperry" Shea: He might be termed the "Rock of Gibralter." He got many plays behind the line.

Center—Moxham: He played a whale of a game, especially on the defense. He stopped many plays thruogh his hole, and other places in the line. Graduates.

Right Guard—"Willy" Cohen: A good hard football player with plenty of "scrap". Graduates.

Right Tackle—"Judge" O'Brien: Called upon to take Toothaker's place and he did it fine. A good hole-opener. Graduates.

Right End—"Jerry" Sullivan: He is always there, tackles low and hard. A fast man down the field under punts.

Quarter Back—Hugo Nelson: He has a clear head and ran his team well. A fine receiver of forward passes and excellent ball carrier. When Murphy was not in the line-up he could be relied upon to do the drop kicking. A fine punter. Graduates.

Left Half Back—"Buster" Rawlins: A good defensive player and a good man on the offense. Time and time again he tore off big gains—some of them forty or fifty yards. He has been described as "Cambridge's sturdy and fleet half back". Graduates.

Right Half Back—"Ray" Parker: He is a fine line-plunger and he did a splendid job on backing up the line.

Full Back—"Don" Kroell: A good number one back and one of the best forward pass hurlers in the league. Graduates.

End—"Fudge" Murphy: A very fast end who covered punts like a veteran. His kicking toe was death to all opponents. Graduates.

End—"Uie" McCusker: He was sent into the Rindge game and turned out to be a wonder. Fine on both the offense and defense. A good receiver of forward passes. Graduates.

Tackle—"Went" Hayes: Steady and reliable. Good on the defense. Graduates.

Guard—"Bill" Edmonds: A fine charger on the offense. Steady and reliable. Graduates.

Center—"Ed" Murtagh: A fine passing pivot; good roving center. Could be called upon to play guard or tackle also. Graduates.

Quarter Back—John Groden: A very brainy quarter back. Groden ran back punts well and made good interference.

Back—"Joie" O'Connell: A light, fast, shifty back. He tore off long gains off tackle and around the ends. A good broken-field runner. Dependable punter. Graduates.

Back—"Stubby" Kenney: He hits the line and hits it hard. A strong tackler and a plucky player. Too bad he isn't a foot taller. Graduates.

Back—"Hoot" Gibson: Backs up the line well and is a fine line plunger.

SICK LIST:

Right Tackle—Ray Toothaker: He was a fine player and threw forward passes very well. He received a broken collar-bone in the Salem game.

End—John Temple: A good end who received a broken collar-bone in the Rindge game.

Back—"Red" Shaughnessy: A fast, light, and slippery back. A bear on the defense. He received two broken ribs and had the muscles torn off his back in the Medford game. Graduates.

Guard—"Red" Finlayson: Rough, tough and nasty, and twice as ragged. He was missed a lot. He received a dislocated shoulder in the Rindge game.

Athletic Ineligible List.

When the first report cards came out Oct. 24, the following players were lost to the squad:

Center—"Hutch" Freedman: A reliable substitute center. Always under the pile. Graduates.

Back—"Ruddy" Hilliard: A slashing back, who always gained ground. Has three more years.

End—"Lee" Corkery: A fast end, always in the opposing team's backfield.

Athletic Notes.

After the Lawrence game the referee remarked that Ray Pearl was one of the finest captains in scholastic football in the Boston district. This was said on account of the splendid sportsmanship exhibited by Ray.

There was a fine crowd at the Cambridge-Everett football game on Thanksgiving day. Latin school has shown an increase of school spirit this year.

Now comes hockey! Under the leadership of Capt. Hugo Nelson, the team ought to have a very successful season.

Don't overlook the swimming team! It has very many veterans back and has a fine schedule.

Perhaps you would like to know the final standing of the Suburban league and the number of points each team has. Well here it is!

Teams	*Won*	*Lost*	*Tied*	*Points*
Everett	4	0	2	10
Medford	4	1	1	9
Rindge	4	1	1	9
Cambridge Latin	2	3	1	5
Newton	2	3	1	5
Brookline	1	3	2	4
Somerville	0	6	0	0

Lawrence was supposed to have one of the best teams in the State. However, they fell before C. H. L. S.

The football team has played in some hard luck this year losing a few games by small scores. They outplayed many of the teams that beat them and also outplayed the champions who managed to hold the Cantabs scoreless.

When the report cards were issued Oct. 24, the Capt. of the Cross-Country team was found ineligible. Joe Maloney was elected to fill his place.

Let's see a big crowd at the hockey games this winter. Also the swimming team desires a larger attendance.

Watch for notices of the hockey and swimming practice.

Maloney Elected Captain of Cross Country.

At a meeting of the letter-men on November 7, Joseph Maloney was elected Captain in place of Fred Meuse who was unable to run for the rest of the season.

Maloney is a Junior and an honor student at the school.

Latin Harriers Defeat St. Johns Prep.

The Latin Harriers defeated St. Johns team 20-48 in a dual meet, held at Danvers, October 24. Captain Meuse of Latin won the race in 19.20 which was good time for the 3.3 mile course. The Latin men finished in the following order: Murray 3rd, Maloney 4th, Dente 5th, and Trainor 7th. The St. Johns men: Baker 2nd, Cronin 6th, Beatty 11th, Brady 13th, and Hogan 16th.

Latin Harriers Defeat Harvard Freshmen.

In a dual meet at Soldiers' Field, the Latin Harriers defeated the Harvard Freshmen 19-43.

Captain Meuse of Latin won, followed by his team-mates Murray and Beshgetur. Dente, Maloney, and Trainor, all of Latin got 6th, 7th, and 8th places respectively.

The time for the 2½ mile course was 14.33.

Latin Harriers Second Massachusetts High School Harvard Interscholastics

Although seriously handicapped by the loss of Captain Meuse and Beshgetur, the Latin Harriers showed great power in being the second Mass. High School in the Harvard Interscholastics. Arlington High was the team that defeated the Latin Harriers. The Latin men finished in the following order: Murray, Maloney, Dente, Trainor and Adelson.

Latin Cross-Country Team Defeated by Williams Freshmen.

The Williams Freshmen defeated the Latin Harriers 18-37 in a dual meet at Williamstown on November 8.

Gaskell, Worth and Shepler, of Williams took the first three places followed by Murray of Latin, Austin, Williams, Maloney Latin and Memmott, Williams finished next in order. Eighth place was taken by Dente followed by Woods, Trainor, Adelson and Higgins of Latin.

B. C. Freshmen Defeat Latin Harriers

The Boston College Freshmen easily defeated the Latin Harriers 15-44 in a dual

(Continued on page 28)



Exchanges continue to flood in on us from all parts of the country. Indeed it would not be exaggerating to say that the Exchange department is the only department which has on hand an excess of material. Which brings us to a favorite topic and, while it is not the business of this column to solicit contributions to the paper, yet it does not seem out of place to say a few words concerning the latter. Probably a good many students noticed that the last issue was considerably thinner than usual—but how many considered at all the reason for this? When you come to think of it, of course the reason is obvious and needs no explanation. It is to be feared that our last issue would not invite favorable comparison with some of our Exchanges but, as a defense against a possible charge of pessimism, we will conclude by saying that we confidently expect this fault to be rectified in the near future.

Complete List of Exchanges.

The Aegis—Beverly High School, Beverly Mass.

The Alphian—Pillsbury Academy, Owatonna, Minn.

The Agnes Irwin—Agnes Irwin School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Boston University News—Boston, Mass.

Bowdoin Orient—Brunswick, Me.

The Briar—Rosebud, Mont.

The Broadcast—Jamaica Plain H. S., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Carribean—Cristobal, Canal Zone.

The Cestrian—Chester H. S., S. C.

The Durfee Hilltop—Fall River, Mass.

The Easterner—Eastern H. S., Washington, D. C.

The Eskridge High School Reveille—Eskridge, Kansas.

The Bulletin—Watertown, Mass.

The Grotonian—Groton, Mass.

Gulf Hi-Life—New Port Richey, Fla.

The Haskwell School Paper—Haskwell, Col.

The Hermiad—Hingham, Mass.

High School Tribune—Turlock, Cal.

Inde—Hanover, N. H.

The Imp—Brighton H. S., Boston, Mass.

Kayhitems—Ketchikan, Alaska.

The Minnewaskan—Glenwood, Minn.

The Megaphone—Franklin, Mass.

The Mountain Echo—Altoona H. S., Altoona, Pa.

The Mountaineer—Butte H. S., Butte, Mont.

The Mirror—Dedham H. S., Dedham, Mass.

The News—Dubuque, Iowa.

The Orange and Blue—Shickley, Neb.

The Key—Battle Creek H. S., Michigan.

The Lafayette Light—Lafayette H. S., St. Joseph, Missouri.

The Nobleman—Noble & Greenough School, Dedham, Mass.

The Pilgrim—Plymouth H. S., Mass.

The Oredigger—Colorado School of Mines, Col.

Phillips Exeter—Exeter, N. H.

The Radiator—Somerville, Mass.

The Shorewards Ripples—Shoreward, Wis.

The Spotlight—Valley Junction, Vt.

The Stylus—Clark School, Hanover, N. H.

The Sentinel—Dunbar Two. H. S., Leisenring, Pa.

The Recorder—Winchester, Mass.

The Red and Black—Rogers H. S., Newport, R. I.

The Roosevelt News—Seattle, Wash.

The Royon Record—Youngstown, Ohio.

The Tech Owl—East Pittsburg, Pa.

The Tauntonian—Taunton, Mass.

The Unquity Echo—Milton, Mass.

The Voice—Concord, Mass.

Westward Ho!—Western H. S., Baltimore, Maryland.

The Willow Messenger—Red Willow, Nebr.

The Wilkes-Barre—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Criticisms.

Westward Ho!—A very attractive paper! You certainly illustrate splendidly.

The Sentinel—Couldn't you improve your EXCHANGE department?

The Pilgrim—Your cover design is neat and your editorials helpful.

The Stylus—You have made a fine start. We shall watch your progress with pleasure.

The Key—An enthusiastic, well managed paper.

The Clarion—Your paper is fine. The Class Notes are interesting. A few more cuts would help.

Exchange Jokes.

Teacher: "What's the Union Act?"
Student: "Marriage."

—The Hermiad.

He: "Shall we take a bus?"
She: "Oh, Bill, isn't it too light now?"

—The Stylus.

Mother: "Willie, what are you reading?"
Willie: "Whizz Bang, mamma."
Mother: "Oh, all right, dear. I thought you had gotten hold of one of those magazines of college humour."

—The Stylus.

(ATHLETICS—continued from page 26)

meet held at Russell Field. Joyce, Russell, and Healy, of B. C. tied for first place and were followed by Coulter and Herlihy. The Latin men finished as follows: Murray 6th, Maloney 8th, Dente 9th, Higgins 10th, Squires 11, and Adelson 12.

Wood and Trainor, of Latin, did not run on account of illness.

The time for the 2½ mile course was 15.30.

Latin Harriers Defeat Woburn.

The Latin Cross-Country team easily defeated Woburn 18-43, in a dual meet held at Russell Field, on November 15. Captain Maloney of Latin won the race, followed by Murray of Latin and Haggerty of Woburn. Trainor, Dente, Adelson and Higgins of Latin followed next in order. Woburn got 3rd, 8th, 9th, 10th and 14th places. The time for the 2½ mile course was 15.56.

Latin Harriers Defeat Springfield Freshmen.

In a dual meet, held at Springfield on November 22, the Latin Harriers defeated the Springfield Freshmen 27-28. Murray of Latin won the race. The other Latin men finished in the following order: Capt. Maloney 3rd, Wood 6th, Dente, 8th, Trainor 9th, Adelson 11th, and Higgins 12th.

Springfield took 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 13th and 14th places.

The time for the 2½ mile course was 14.08.

Latin Cross-Country Team Defeated by Rindge.

In a dual meet, held between the halves of Latin-Everett football game at Russell Field, Thanksgiving morning, Rindge Harriers defeated Latin 49-56. This was the letter meet for both schools, the first seven on each team being awarded letters. The order at the finish was as follows: 1st Capt. Goodwin—R, 2nd Messina—R, 3rd Murray—L, 4th Carlin—R, 5th Capt. Maloney—L, 6th Adelson—L, 7th Clarke—R, 8th Trainor—L, 9th McSorley—R, 10th Wood—L, 11th Sughrue—L, 12th Qualls—R, 13th Dente—L, 14th Woodland—R.

The time for the 2½ mile course was 15.49.

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G. A. A. (Continued from page 21)

Next Marie Naucson sang a lovely song, which we all enjoyed very much. Her voice is very sweet and it was a joy to hear her.

"A Box of Monkeys" directed by Lorraine Langly was next. The cast was as follows:

Edward Ralston—Elizabeth Runkle
Chauncy Oglethorpe—Dorothy Groden
Mrs. Ondegho Jhones—Agnes Frost
Sierra Bengaline—Frances Nanson.
Lady Guinivere Llandpoore—Ruth Melnick

It was a play of two acts. It was very well acted. It was very funny and everybody enjoyed it. Marie Naucson was so kind as to sing for us between the acts.

Refreshments were served when we came down from the hall. There was more dancing and then the party broke up. The cheers which were given with a right good will were for the G. A. A., Miss Brown, Ethel Dansie, and the teachers who had come.

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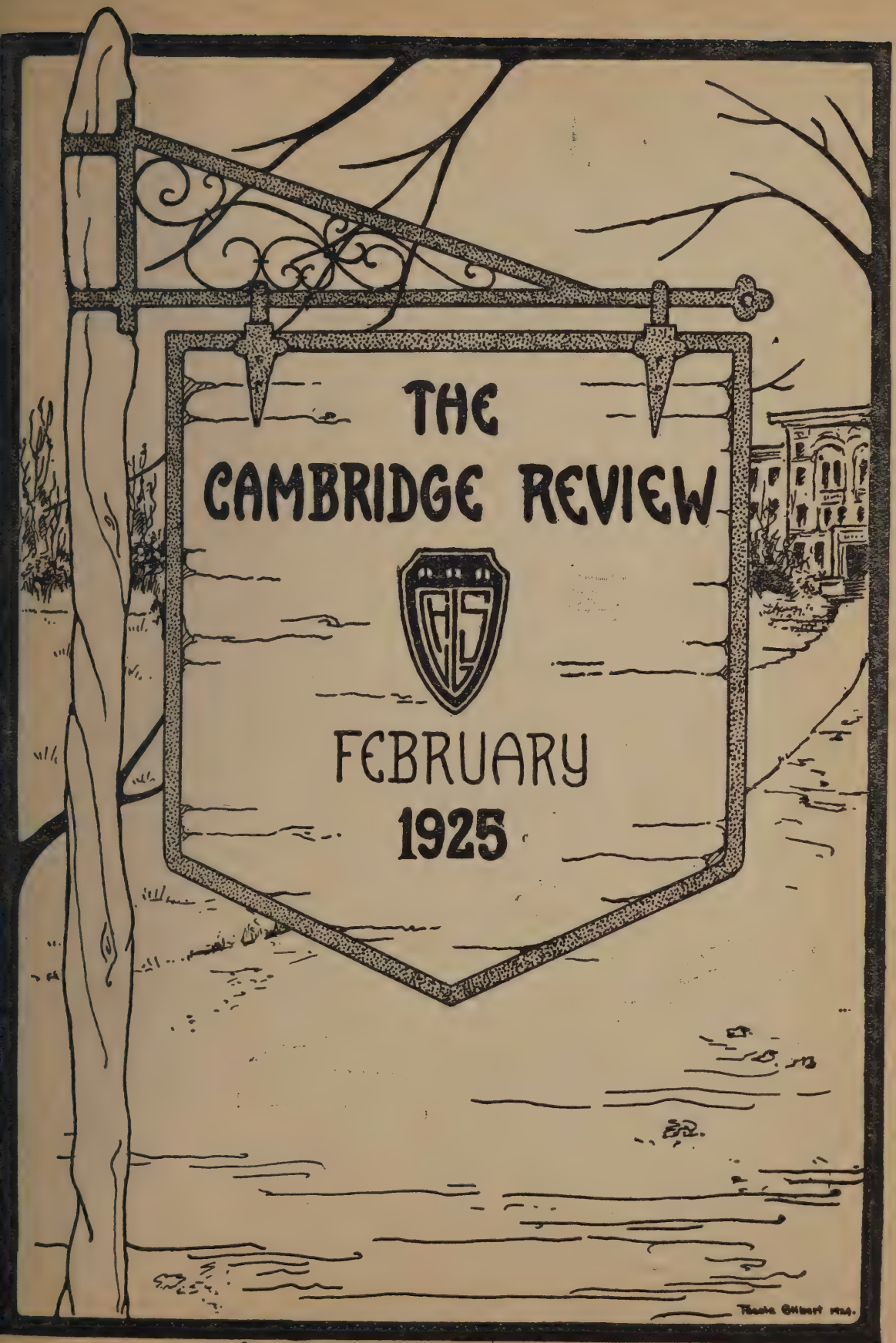
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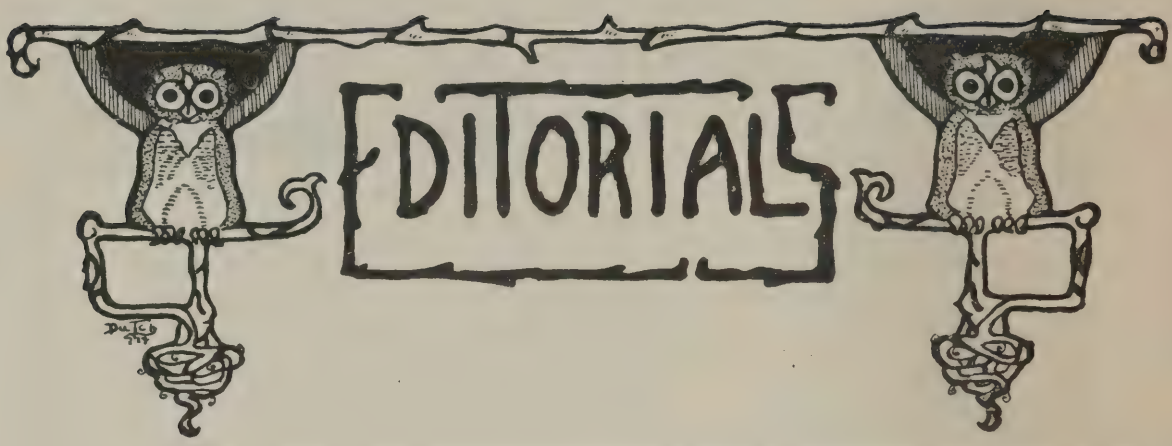
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Vita sine litteris mors est.

Volume 39 Number 3

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THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS

WHAT IS A SCHOOL?

Webster defines a school as an institution for instruction in any branch or branches of knowledge. This definition, although it is accurate, does not give me a full comprehension of what a school is. The school today means more than a building, books, and instructors. The educational institution occupies a more important place in the world than it ever has in the past.

First, however, let us consider the present-day school as merely an institution for learning. The school we think of first is the public school like our own. The public school has free tuition allowing all classes and races to attend. In the school, subjects fitted to the pupils are taught. Only the most competent instructors and masters are provided. The work of the school is done in a complete, systematic way. Thus we see the school primarily as a great institution for learning. In this light the school is a decided success.

Now, let us consider the life training a school gives us. We study some subjects merely to get a knowledge of them. Now, there are many subjects which we study of which the actual knowledge gained will probably never help us to be great lawyers, doctors, or business men. But these subjects, such as Geometry, Latin and Greek do one great thing for us: they teach us to think clearly.

In the next place the school, where the average boy and girl spend a great part of their early life, is an institution to develop good character in its students. Never in the history of the United States have our public schools and school systems upheld anything that was tainted the least in its moral value. Instructors in our schools are men and women of high moral character who have given their lives to their work. The great personal influence which teachers exert over pupils is shaping the course of our nation. In a word the moral standards of education in the school are very high.

Finally, the school is an institution which will tear from our country its prejudice in race and creed. It is an established fact that people learn most rapidly in their youth. In a public school we are brought face to face with nearly every race and creed. These associations bring us closer to the other fellow's point of view better than any other means could do. Thus, if we learn to respect our fellow man, whoever he may be, when we are young the impression is sure to last. What will be the result? The result will be that slowly but surely our prejudices in race and creed will die out and we will become a race and nation which recognizes the humanitarian principle of existence.

What then, is the school? The school is one of the most necessary things in the correct development of the modern youth. The school is an institution primarily for mental education; yes, but in its deeper significance one of the greatest agents for moral development.

R. L., '25.

"BEAU BRUMMEL."

The twentieth and twenty-first of February will go down as important dates in the history of the Senior Class for on these days the Senior Drama will be staged in Brattle Hall. Precedent has always been a valuable aid in predicting the outcome of related events. If precedent holds true, then, our Senior Drama should again be the highest and most complete type of high school dramatics. But leaving precedent aside, our drama should be a success in every way because of its carefully selected and competent cast, coached by one of the most successful, and resourceful of coaches.

The play itself is a most interesting one. It is a drama in four acts, written by Clyde Fitch, and portrays life in the English court. The story or plot is concerned with the exploits of a captain in the army of the Prince of Wales, who, although he possesses neither wealth nor position, becomes a favorite of the court. The action of the play presents many features of court life which may be new to us.

The cast of the play is as follows:

Beau Brummel.....Edward Murtaugh
Prince of Wales.....Hugo Nelson
Richard Brinsley Sheridan.....Don Kroell
Lord Manly.....Grant Moxham
Reginald Courtenay.....Ray Pearl
Mortimer.....William Clopton
Mr. Abrahams.....Edward Walsh
Simpson.....Louis Cohen
Bailiffs.....1st Daniel Shaughnessy
2nd Louis Cohen
Prince's Footman.....Daniel Shaughnessy
Mr. Oliver Vincent.....Murdock Finlayson
Marianna Vincent.....Alice Guertin
The Duchess of Leamington.....Florence Ricker
Lady Farthingale.....Janette Hershon
French Lodging House Keeper.....Ellen Small
Mrs. St. Aubyn.....Rosemary Hatfield

The entire play is under the direction of Miss Hartigan, through whose skill in dramatic interpretation and inspiration of personality the Senior dramatics of past years have been raised from an otherwise amateur standard to a plane approaching the professional. Miss Hartigan is assisted by the following committee: Anna Lehane, Frances Shea, Lillian McKeever, Gertrude Manning, and Margaret Donnelly. Dancing will follow the drama each night.

DON'T MISS THE SENIOR DRAMA!
GET YOUR TICKETS NOW.

R. L., '25.

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB.

The Home Economics Club began its second year early in October.

The new officers are:

Mary Houlihan—President
Mary Creedman—Secretary
Rae McLaehlan—Treasurer

Each month the club has held one meeting and visited some place having to do with home economics.

In October, members went to see the Food Fair and the Beautiful Homes Exhibit. In November we visited the ice cream department of H. P. Hood & Sons. The trip in December was to the George Close candy factory, where the girls spent an interesting afternoon seeing candy made in large quantities. Before leaving, the girls received novelty packages of hard candies. On January 21st, the Club went out to Newton Centre to see the Priscilla Proving Plant. In this plant, which is really a modern, up-to-the-minute home, every imaginable sort of home commodity is tested.

Every article tested must stand up to hard, every-day use before it can receive the seal of approval from this plant.

Manufacturers are grateful to this Proving Plant because it helps worthy articles to be sold; homemakers are grateful because it helps to eliminate any faulty purchases which help to drain the family purse.

The next trip of the Home Economics Club will be to Hathaway's Bakery.

CLASS DUES!

Elections have taken place in both the Senior and Junior classes. The officers elected are planning their programs of class activities. But in order that the class may have a solid financial foundation there must be a class tax. In the past no activities have been undertaken until their existence was assured by the payment of dues. These dues are not compulsory but are a pledge of your support. In the Senior class the dues paid are subtracted from the price of the year book at the close of the year. Pay your dues now and make the work of the committee lighter.

R. L., '25.

BE CAREFUL!

Newspaper reports bring to our attention every day the increasing number of accidents caused by carelessness in coasting. Our attention was still more closely called to these amazing circumstances when a member of the freshman class of our school was injured in an automobile accident and crippled for life. We cannot be too careful. Some complain that the motorists are lax in driving but in most every case the accidents have been the fault of coasters and pedestrians. Let us cut down this surprising increase in accidental injury and death by being more careful and going at least half way with the motorists in taking the greatest care. It is your life that is beyond value; so be careful of it!

R. L., '25.

ROBERT BURNS' PROGRAMME.

At the special morning senior assembly a program was presented to celebrate the 166th anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, Scotland's famous poet. This program was the result of a request for a Robert Burns' program by the girls of Room 70, candidates for Normal School. The program was as follows:

Bible Reading and Lord's Prayer
Mr. Cleveland

Solo—"John Anderson, My Jo" *Robert Burns*
Janice MacKinnon
Accompanist.....Alice Freeman

Reading—"My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose" *Robert Burns*
Margery Gerould

Song—"My Heart's in the Highlands" *Robert Burns*
The Choir

Reading—"A Man's a Man for A'That" *Robert Burns*
Joseph Curtin

Song—"Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled" *Robert Burns*
The Choir

Solo—"Auld Lang Syne".....*Robert Burns*
Alice Guertin
Accompanist.....Leroy Anderson

ALUMNI NOTICE.

It is the purpose of the "Review" to publish in the next issue a very large alumni section. We intend to secure alumni notes from graduates who have been out of school for a long time. The "Review" will be glad to receive any such notes at any time. Send them to the school or drop them in the "Review" box.

We have a good hockey and swimming team this season. Their schedules are posted on all the bulletin boards. Attend their games and meets.

We wish to announce that Room 86 has the greatest percentage of pupils passing in work, necessary for graduation; and also the least number of tardy pupils since September, in proportion to their number.

R. L., '25.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS.

On December 18, 1924, the following special Christmas program, arranged by Miss Harrigan, was presented in the hall.

1. Selection.....N. C. 4
 The Orchestra
2. "Silent Night".....*Gruber*
 The Class
3. Bible Reading and Lord's Prayer
 Mr. Cleveland
4. "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing" *Mendelssohn*
 The Class
5. "Oh, Holy Night".....*Adams*
 Mr. Whoriskey
6. "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" *Willis*
 The Class
7. Christmas Text, St. Luke ii. 8 to 17
 Mr. Bramhall
8. "Adeste Fideles".....*Porto Gallo*
9. America
 The Class

JENNIE S. SPRING SCHOLARSHIP FUND.

A committee of alumni of the school, headed by Mr. A. Ingham Bickneil, 1902, is striving to raise $6,000 as a scholarship fund in memory of Miss Jennie S. Spring, late head of the Latin department. The annual income is to be awarded to a girl graduate of this school to help her in her college course, probably in the Freshman year. An appeal has been sent out to graduates of the school, and it is hoped that other friends of Miss Spring and of the school will also contribute. Any who are interested can gain further information from Mr. Derry, the treasurer of the fund. Something over $1400 has now (Jan. 21, 1925) been received.

HI-Y NOTES.

The afternoon of December 19, was an important one for the Hi-Y Club. A "kiddies" party was held in Industrial Hall at the Y. M. C. A. The club gave its second annual Christmas party to the youngsters of the Cambridge Welfare Union.

A supper to the members of the cross-country teams of the two schools was given by the Rindge and Latin Clubs on the night of January 15. About fifty-five persons were present.

The subjects of the several speakers of the evening, for the most part, dealt with cross-country running. The first speaker to be introduced by Mr. Bramhall, who acted in the capacity of toastmaster, was Mr. John Wood, Principal of Rindge "Tech". He told of the values of running, and then spoke about the new running track, situated in the rear of C. H. L. S.

Mr. Lynch, faculty manager of Rindge spoke briefly on the subject, "Running".

Mr. Bramhall then told of the hardships which the school-boy athletes were forced to endure when he was a member of the student body of C. H. L. S.

Mr. Smith, coach of the cross-country teams of the two high schools, after speaking on the values of athletics in the schools, related incidents which occurred during the running season.

Mr. Bramhall then praised Mr. Wardle, the leader of the Latin Hi-Y Club, for the fine work which he has accomplished with the Club.

Mr. Gomes of Rindge and Mr. O'Leary of Latin wound up the list of scheduled speakers.

"Clint" Goodwin, as captain of the Rindge team, expressed the appreciation of the team for Mr. Smith's work and then presented the coach with a fine pair of fur gloves.

"Joe" Maloney then praised his team-mates and the Rindge team.

"Bill" Toomey, after thanking Mr. Smith for his coaching presented him with a wonderful travelling bag in behalf of the Cambridge Latin cross-country team.

The evening ended with the several speakers being cheered with such energy that the ceiling shook.

C. H. L. '25

JUNIOR ELECTIONS.

A step for the better was taken this year when a rule was passed by the faculty stating that only pupils who were in their third year, who had a sufficient number of credits, and who had a passing mark in their studies would be allowed to run for any office.

There were a great number of petitions for the various offices taken out and most of the pupils desiring nominations received the required number of seventy-five names necessary for nomination.

The results were as follows:

President, John Groden
Vice-President, Kathrine Martin
Treasurer, David Dudley
Secretary, Joseph Maloney

Pin Committee.

Helen Dunbar
Frances Donovan
Lea Leahy

Joseph Maloney, Sec., '26.

EVENING.

An opalescent blue,
A tinge of orange bright,
A glowing bit of crimson,
And a mystic shade of night.

A yellow, faint, yet playful,
A salmon lightly lined,
With a silver glowing softly
In the gentle evening wind.

A landscape that is cooling
With green and blue and brown,
With a fleecy mist that rises
From the meadows far, far down.

Amid this fairy splendor
The weary sun retires
And leaves the moon as guardian
To keep celestial fires.

She soothes where he has ruffled,
She calms where tempests brew,
She brings back winger memories,
And wakes lost dreams anew.

She bears the cherished slumber,
To those who seek her face,
She seeks to be the bearer
Of peace, in Life's great race.

Barbara G. Everett, '25.

MUSIC SENSE.

Elsie Field, '25.

I have often marvelled what there is in music that makes it so essential to human beings. The pre-historic people already had their type of music, even if it was only the whoop of a wild animal falling on its prey. In his wild, fantastic war dance around the blazing stake, or in his mystic weird hymns to the rising sun, the primitive Indian vented his emotions in harmonies not, after all, so unlike our modern music. Sound in general is an expression of emotion, be it a cry of pain which, as man grew toward maturity, developed into those despairingly sinister and foreboding bass notes in which Tschaikowsky found an outlet for his feeling, or the cry of joy which is expressed at its fullest and sublimest in Beethoven's ninth. Music is the best communication from man to man, from nation to nation, from one century to the other. It bridges chasms wrought by death, changes of custom and idea, and racial, national, and social differences. It is the Esperanto, the common language of all humanity. Nearest to universal understanding is music. In it there is something that everyone may call his own. He need not understand music theoretically; but he will, being human, react to sound and rhythm. There is nothing so marvellous in its simplicity or so overwhelmingly high and full in its complexity as sound.

Music is the chief key which will open hearts, unlock souls, and spring the seals to happiness, to truth, to God. Church services may provide for prayers with pre-arranged words of comfort or rejoicing, words which, through their generality, can scarcely awaken serious thought. Music, on the other hand, through its spontaneous, all-comprising sympathy, imparts to each one the comfort, the peace, or the exaltation his soul is yearning for. Church services apply to a certain state of mind only, while music applies to all needs. The one is limited; the other universal.

The more I find myself enveloped in that gigantic volume of sound, the more I realize that the music does not enter me, but that I enter the music. It is, therefore, an exteriorization, not of energy, as in the obscure science of occultism, but of emotion. That full and superb, almost maddening union of sound and feeling seems to wrench some part from me and leaves me empty, crushed, and in bitter loneliness.

A WORK OF ART.

James Stanley Jennison, '26.

M. Henri Dechaur was a dealer in curios and paintings; he was the dealer, for that matter. His establishment was patronized by the most elite of New York society. The fact that any rare old painting or work of art had been purchased at Dechaur's greatly enhanced the value of the object in the eyes of the world. His name was a sign of originality, of great value, and, of course, of a fabulous price. Indeed one could buy nothing but originals at Dechaur's, nothing but the finest examples of art, or the most singular curios, and finally, no one could ever buy anything at a bargain in the aristocratic establishment of M. Henri Dechaur of Paris and New York.

Now into this famous show place, or I might more properly say selling place of art pieces, on the day upon which our narrative opens came "The Beggar", a very rare work, by Reynolds. M. Dechaur was on hand to supervise the handling of this very valuable painting. He could be seen here and there exhorting his assistants to be very careful with the famous picture. A very short, stout man with an abundant crop of jet black hair, M. Dechaur presented the figure of an artist and that he might well be called if not for his having ever executed any work of art, because of his ability to recognize true art. He saw his latest purchase safely placed on the most prominent stand in the art gallery; and then sending away his assistants, he sat down to re-examine the fine details of this truly remarkable work of Reynolds.

It was one of the best things he had ever handled, and one which had cost him over a million francs. But the best part of it was, thought he, that no one in New York was yet aware of the presence of this grand objet d'art in the gallery of M. Henri Dechaur. How it would surprise New York when the announcement was made! That announcement would cause such a surprise that the picture's value would naturally be exaggerated. Therefore,

the very announcement would enhance the value of the picture. So reasoned M. Dechaur who was an astute business man.

Finally, having satisfied himself with all the details of the newly acquired picture, the great art dealer left the gallery highly satisfied with his purchase, and with himself. He first went to the office of his chief salesman and gave instructions for a mark-down sale on the rare old pewter which he wished to dispose of within the week. To be sure it would be a sale merely in name, but then even that excited the interest of the public, and, of course, M. Dechaur, like the commonest tradesman, wished to "sell the public" as the saying goes. From there, he proceeded to his private office which was a luxuriously appointed room on the upper floor of his establishment. Here he ensconced himself in a wonderfully soft and comfortable armchair and commenced the (it might safely be said rare) mental process commonly called thinking. He was thinking of the various customers on his very select list who were desirous of obtaining a famous picture either for its fame or its artistic value and who in conjunction with such a desire would and could pay the price that he would feel disposed to set upon "The Beggar".

Having carefully considered all his prospects, he decided that there were three who stood out as the most promising on the list. They were the following: Mr. Henry Osborne Barker, a retired banker who was fast spending his millions in decorating a building which he called, childishly I suppose, his "Earthly Paradise"; Mr. J. B. Choctonstone, a wealthy club man, one of the foremost art collectors of the world; and Mrs. George F. Frasden, a widow who was bent upon acquiring just such a work as "The Beggar" to donate to some large museum as a memorial to her husband. This was quite dear of her, thought Dechaur, and quite opportune for it would put up the price of "The Beggar" a few thousand dollars —yes, quite a few! Women are such a help, sometimes!

Two days later it was quite generally known that there was a very valuable and very famous painting in Dechaur's gallery. However, no one knew what the picture was, so the newspapers played upon the story all the more. Where the rumor originated was equally a mystery; but, of course, the reader may have suspicions which no one in New York would entertain. M. Henri Dechaur was literally besieged by customers who, to put it in their own words, were "just dying to see" what it was. But M. Dechaur held his ground and gave out the story that this particular painting was not for sale as a certain well-known person had bought an option on it. Maybe later if the option were not taken up This stirred up more interest besides raising the price of the picture some more thousands of dollars. Indeed, M. Dechaur was a master of business tactics.

The first of the three prime prospects to come in answer to M. Dechaur's very polite invitation to call at his establishment was Mr. J. B. Choctonstone. He was a tall, heavy-set man of about sixty years of age who showed his army training to the most casual observer. A peasant, outspoken fellow, he was just the type of person that M. Dechaur liked to encounter in his business, especially this particular business. Upon his first glance at the painting, Mr. Choctonstone exclaimed, "Why, Dechaur, it's a beauty! It's marvelous!"

The visibly pleased art dealer said nothing. This was not business talk; merely the usual preliminaries.

After a very careful examination of the picture, Mr. Choctonstone turned to Dechaur and asked the question which opened the business conversation.

"What do you ask for it, Dechaur?" he inquired.

Now with the ladies M. Dechaur was decidedly French. His English was continually broken by French colloquialisms and idioms. That pleased the ladies very much—of course, else why would M. Henri have done it? With the men, it was very different. They cared nothing for his French affectations. They spent money for the particular work of art in question not for the atmosphere of art created by the seller. Their deals were straight business, that is most of the time they were. Occasionally a man was found who could be influenced by the atmosphere and M. Dechaur could always tell just how to treat his various customers. Therefore, M. Henri Dechaur's English when dealing with the great majority of his male custom was perfect, even to the colloquialisms and idioms. Accordingly, with Mr. Choctonstone, M. Dechaur was a business man in speech and actions.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Choctonstone", began M. Dechaur, "I can't sell just

now. You see, a gentleman, whose name I won't mention, has an option on this particular picture." Mr. Choctonstone's face fell. "But I don't think he'll buy," added M. Dechaur hastily. "The option expires in one week so I thought that I should have a gentleman like you, one whom I particularly desire should have such a picture as this, in a position to buy right off. No doubt you know the excitement this picture has caused even while it is still unknown—no one knows what it is. Imagine what the excitement will be when it becomes known that this picture is none other than the famous "Beggar".

"Yes, surely, I understand exactly," interrupted Mr. Choctonstone. "But what will you want for the picture if this man does not buy? I must have a price, you know."

"Certainly, Mr. Choctonstone. You shall have a definite price set." Then M. Dechaur hesitated over the price which he had been determined upon stating for two days. "I should say, sir, that the price would be one half of a million dollars, five hundred thousand."

"Rather a staggering price," declared Mr. Choctonstone, "but I fancy this piece is well worth it. I'll pay your price, Dechaur."

"Very good, sir. I'll see that your interests are well taken care of."

"Yes, keep me in touch with events, won't you Dechaur? That's fine. I'll see you soon, then. Good day to you."

Altogether M. Henri Dechaur was very much pleased with the results of the first visit. Very much pleased indeed! Everything was running along smoothly. He looked forward to the best of results.

That same day only a few hours later M. Dechaur received a visit from Mr. Henry Osborne Barker. Mr. Barker was very much like Mr. Choctonstone in his attitude toward the purchasing of "The Beggar". The conversation was nearly the same as that of the visit of Mr. Choctonstone except for these very important details; that M. Dechaur placed the price at six hundred thousand dollars; and that Mr. Barker refused to consider such a sum but would pay a half of a million willingly. This refusal caused Mr. Barker to sink from a very fair chance of purchasing to a very poor one. Of course he was enthusiastic to buy such a great painting but his enthusiasm was not great enough for M. Dechaur's purpose. Hence the drop in Barker stock.

The following day at about noon, a very luxuriously appointed limousine drove up before M. Henri Dechaur's famous establishment and out of it stepped a very simply but well dressed lady. She was the widow of the late multi-millionaire and society leader, George Lawrence Frasden. A very polite, and politic footman immediately stepped forward and ushered the distinguished woman to the private office of M. Dechaur. That worthy was prepared for this visit. He had decided that Mrs. Frasden being a rather level-headed woman not subject to flattery or the influence of atmospheres, he would be as American as if she had been one of his male customers. Indeed, it was in this that M. Dechaur displayed a veritable ingeniousness, for Mrs. Frasden would have been driven away by his affectations. It had happened elsewhere. Surely Madame Lucille Bonne, the great dressmaker, had lost Mrs. Frasden's custom for no other reason than that her affectations had sickened the lady. Yes, truly, Mrs. Frasden was quite level-headed; but she was also determined upon purchasing a really great painting with which to commemorate her late husband.

M. Dechaur explained to Mrs. Frasden that he had asked her to his office that she might see the masterpiece which he had lately acquired. He also explained the same circumstances concerning the picture that he had explained to Mr. Choctonstone and to Mr. Barker. The next step was to show "The Beggar" to the now interested lady. She was enraptured with the beauty of the painting. At this stage of affairs M. Dechaur announced that five hundred thousand dollars had been offered by a customer who would buy if the gentleman holding the option did not.

"Five hundred thousand dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Frasden, rather taken aback by the amount of the sum. "Really? Well, that's quite a large sum but I'm willing to give fifty thousand more than that."

By this time they had returned to M. Dechaur's office. It was at the doorway to that sanctum that Mrs. Frasden had made the declaration which signified a desire to outbid competitive purchases. The estimable art dealer was quite naturally overjoyed. However he was about to reply, a very appropriate

reply no doubt, when Mrs. Frasden added, "If you have a better offer, Dechaur, let me know."

"Yes, certainly, madame," answered M. Dechaur in a remarkably calm voice. I'll see that your interests are well taken care of," he promised.

"All right then," concluded Mrs. Frasden. "Good day, Dechaur."

Everything was running like clockwork in perfect condition. Two days after this visit of Mrs. Frasden's, M. Henri Dechaur communicated with Mr. Choctonstone. That very amiable and understanding old gentleman was informed that a certain customer of M. Dechaur's had seen the painting and had offered five hundred fifty thousand dollars for it. Of course M. Dechaur would only be too pleased to sell to Mr. Choctonstone for their set price but business is business. Indeed business and sentiment must not be mixed.

Mr. Choctonstone, always graciously intelligent, understood perfectly. He was no stranger to business.

"I'll give you five hundred seventy-five thousand," he declared, "but not a cent more. Even that is a ridiculous price."

According to custom, M. Henri Dechaur acquainted Mrs. Frasden with the new offer on the following day. That is, he acquainted her with the amount of the offer. M. Dechaur never did two important things on the same day of his own volition. He considered it bad luck and bad business. That is why I write, "According to custom, etc."

"I'll give you six hundred thousand dollars," was Mrs. Frasden's extremely pleasing reply. M. Dechaur was in the highest state of joyfulness. He promised the picture to Mrs. Frasden providing, of course, that the gentleman whose name was best unmentioned did not take up his option.

Four days later the newspapers featured Mrs. Frasden's purchase. M. Henri Dechaur, as the dealer in the transaction, became nationally known. He and his establishment were "written up" by feature writers all over the country. His praises for his knowledge of art were most flattering as were the praises for the work of art which he had sold. Of the two, Reynold's painting and Dechaur's business method, we wonder yet which was the greater work of art?

DANGERS OF A DIPLOMATIST.

Austin Southard, '25.

I was the valet of a very noble Italian gentleman, l'onorevole Duca di Acustuzzo, in the years 1910 to 1914, and during that time I did a great amount of travelling. The Duke would come home some quiet spring evening from an audience with the King or an interview with some high minister, and say, "Doman' partimo per Egitto," that is, "Tomorrow we leave for Egypt"—or Cape of Good Hope, or Sweden or Bithynia. The worst voyage was to Krasnoyarsk, Siberia, to chat with an exile that boarded there. The natives of that place keep dogs that are half bears; and when they come at you the only thing to do is to fire a thirty inch artillery-piece, and if you haven't that, jump down their throats and choke them. But to return to the narration in point. On August twenty-first, 1913, the master came home in a great bustle and worry, rang for me and told me to pack up a valise for each of us, and be ready in an hour to catch a steamboat for Marseilles. Thence we were to proceed to Paris, and there make plans for a little sojourn in each of the following countries: France, England, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Spain (these countries to be arranged by the travellers in alphabetical or any other order), Poland, Russia, Servia, Esthonia, Brazil, and Heligoland.

We passed through France, Spain, and Belgium in two weeks, and came to England. Here, we landed at Dover, stopped a night in London, and made a bee line for Edinburgh where we stopped for business. While the Duke was preparing in his chamber to call on the Lord High Mayor and the Kleagle of the local club, I went down to the first floor of the hotel for a drink. As I was stepping into the saloon, a man was pushed heavily into me. With profuse excuses he led me to a table, seated me there, sat down himself, and called for wine. His conversation follows.

"Beastly scoundrels, those! That man could neither see nor stand up, ye know, and so he must needs fall onta me, and I onta you, and

you onta the floor, ye know, like a bally house of cards! (This with a pronounced Hinglish accent.) I was sauntering in to inspect their stock, you know,—I am a city inspector (showing a button), and that's the way we have to do—just saunter in and ask for a look at their drinks any time it's least expected, you know, so's to get their number. What's your trade, if I may ask?"

I answered that I was a nobleman's valet, stopping here a few days. As I looked at him I saw he had dark blue eyes in a round red face, with yellow mussed hair and a quick, attentive look.

"So ye're a nobleman's valet!"—Then suddenly with an idea—"Can he be the Earl of Clarence, who has come to see the mayor?"

I said that he was not, that my employer was an Italian gentleman. He asked no more about the Duke's name or quality, but wondered why an Italian should be coming way up here for a few days,—surely he must have other business in the country.

I saw no reason why anyone should suppose the Duke was doing anything but travelling. It seemed to me that this man might be trying to "pump" me; particularly since I knew that when information is wanted of a nobleman, the first source tried is his valet. I said therefore he was travelling; and immediately the man asked if he would visit Denmark; for he himself intended to spend a fortnight at Copenhagen, and perhaps he could see me there. When I replied in the affirmative, he departed rejoicing, saying that he would surely see me there.

Indeed, on my arrival at Copenhagen, I went one night to the theatre; and as I left the building some one plucked me by the sleeve. I turned and saw my Edinburgh friend. We went to a restaurant together; and this time he seemed to be quietly and acutely searching for information. I told him the truth on every matter with which he might already be acquainted, but deceived him or told him I did not know about every other point. He left me, and I did not see him again in Copenhagen. Probably, thought I, he believed he knew all that he could learn from me; but not much later an event occurred which made me certain my suspicions were correct.

As we entered the city of Christiania, now called Oslo, in Norway, I saw on a street corner this man. Though I practically knew he was following us, I did not tell the Duke, but determined to look out for him myself. I saw him enter a taxicab, which started down the street in the direction of our automobile; and when we stopped at our hotel, I grasped my first opportunity of going out to find the man. I saw him enter a second-rate lodging half-way down the block. I looked in, and as he mounted the stairs I walked in, and found the last name on the register "Jacob Stearns, London, Room 46."

Satisfied, I walked in the park for an hour, and returned to the Duke's apartments. What was my horror to find the hotel in consternation, the servants in commotion, and the Duke himself yelling "Corpo di bacco!" and "Sangue d'un cane!" at the top of his voice, and running hither and thither in wild excitement. I found from a servant—for the Duke could not notice me—that a packet of invaluable papers had been taken from his pocket by a man who had called on him, and whose trail sleuths were now following. Just then two policemen entered with a poor wretch between them, and another such trio was visible up the street a short distance. Then the Duke called me; I ran up to find that if those papers came into the hands of a certain ex-minister of the government of Norway, the Duke would in no time be either in great trouble or actually assassinated, and Italy would be seriously compromised. Without hearing another word, I rushed downstairs, called two policemen from those who held the wretches, and running to the other lodging, tore to room 46. There we stopped two men, one my Edinburgh acquaintance, and the other a man whom the Duke identified as the thief of the papers. The packets secured, I had both the men committed to prison, one for larceny and the other for aiding, abetting, and conniving at the same. Thus the Duke and his country were saved from trouble at the hands of these men, who appear to have been spies of an opposition to the government of Italy's project. They could only be convicted for the charges I have given above, that is, to six months' imprisonment.

PEDRO.

Taylor Gay.

Pedro is not what one would think he is. He is not a Mexican, a horse, or a dog. In fact, he is nothing that he should be, and he does nothing that he should. He is a parrot. Before Pedro was given to me, I had formed several ideas concerning parrots. I thought they talked unceasingly, and that they "swore like a trooper". I also thought that their voices were high and harsh. On receiving Pedro, however, I found that I was mistaken in every detail. He talks, but he only says about one word a week. He never swears, and his voice is softer and lower than any woman's. It is almost a whisper, and at times I have to strain my ears to hear what he says. I have never heard of a parrot that was pugnacious before, but Pedro fights anything and everything. The cat is afraid to come into the house, and the dog always stays under chairs and tables. If he comes out, Pedro immediately makes a swoop at him from some advantageous position, and peeks him in the back. This is another trait that I never knew parrots possessed. I supposed that they always remained on their perches, but Pedro flies around like an eagle. I have been told that his wings should be clipped, but I know of no one equal to the job of doing it. If he is put into a cage, he screeches and beats his wings until he is let out. Then he will bite whoever does finally open the door of his cage. I have tried putting salt on his tail, but it has no effect on him; and I believe that some one is secretly feeding him raw meat. He is sitting in front of me now, hunched up on a back of a chair like a falcon. He is the very picture of peace, but his small eyes are flashing like small rubies, and I pity the person who disturbs him. He has been a great disappointment to me. I have read in various places the witty sayings that parrots and children are supposed to have made, but Pedro is as witty as a mummy. He never says "hello" when you want him to, or rather, he never says anything when it is required of him. When no one wants him to talk he becomes more loquacious than a small-town politician. A few mornings ago, at three o'clock, he began to whistle a tune over and over again that somebody had played on the Victrola; and this morning he gave a poor imitation of "Annie Laurie."

I have had Pedro for two years, and during this time, I believe that I have learned everything about a parrot that there is to know. My advice to anyone who is going to buy a parrot is to invest their money in a cage of lions, or a box of rattlesnakes, or some other sane investment, but by no means in a parrot. I have given Pedro away twelve different times, but he is always returned like a bad penny. I have faith that the thirteenth time will be unlucky for the receiver; so I am waiting for some unsuspecting lover of animals to come my way.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Any news concerning the graduates of this school will be gladly received by the Alumni Editor. Please specify to which class they belong.

1924.

Jean Sanford is attending Miss Niel's Kindergarten School.

Joseph Coyne, James Burns, and Otis and Paul Jones are studying at the Suffolk Law School.

Montressa Harding is doing excellent work at the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy.

Evelyn Allen is working at the University Bookstore.

John Delaney is Vice-President of the Freshman Class at Boston College. Eugene Fitzgerald and Joseph McKenna are also freshmen. Fitzy is sub goalie on the hockey team.

Martha Baker is working in the Catalogue Department of the Widener Library.

Catherine Hayes is working for the New England Telephone Company.

Anna M. Kieda is Laboratory Technisian at the Eye and Ear Infirmary in Boston.

Veronica Kochanska and Avis Clarke are attending the Salem Normal School.

Tessie Gilbert entered Massachusetts Normal Art School this fall and has the distinction of being the only freshman to be given space in the recent students' exhibition at the School. She has also the special honor of being placed in upper class work.

1923.

Arthur Foster is working in the Merchants National Bank.

Pierce Fitzgerald is a sophomore at B. C., and is a forward on the hockey team. Jerry Sullivan is a sophomore, too.

Merril Kidder is working for the F. W. Woolworth Company in Springfield.

Doris and Phyliss ('26) George are playing on Keith's Circuit.

Nancy James is at Sargent.

Eleanor Groden and Katherine Connel are at Emmanuel College. "Carrots" is Vice-President of the Class of '28.

Ethelyn Bill is working at the Commercial Union Insurance Co., in Boston.

Barbara Sowthers is working at the Schmidt Music Company, Boston.

Lester King has been awarded a Buckley Scholarship at Harvard.

Catherine Fischer is attending the Cambridge Latin Night School.

Sarah Concannon is at present working for the Massachusetts Bonding Company.

Edith M. Martin is a stenographer with the General Adjustment Bureau, Boston.

James Dudley is at Andover preparing for Harvard.

James McRae is a member of the Reference Librarian's Staff at the Widener Library.

Ruth Dennis is working in the Catalogue Department at Widener.

Gladys Gallagher is now engaged.

Max Katz is attending the College of Business Administration at B. U.

1922.

"Sid" Rudman is a sophomore at Harvard.

Richard Wetherbee is studying at the College of Osteopathy in Kirksville, Missouri.

Betty Eldridge was married to Hurlburt Russ on November 1, 1924.

Donald Bradley, David Gay, Eliot Spaulding, and Luther Macnair are juniors at Harvard.

Vivian Farrell is attending Miss Wheelock's.

Catherine Rokicki is working in the Automobile Registration Department at the State House.

Helen Zulizinski is teaching the third grade in the Roberts School.

1921.

"Sunny" Foley is one of the stars on the B. C. Hockey Team.

Jack Purcell is a sophomore at Harvard.

Louise Hawkins is a senior at Radcliffe.

John Flynn is a freshman at Hebron Academy.

James Flynn is working in the office of the Boston and Maine Railroad Company.

1920.

The engagement of Lillian Buckley to Mr. Ray Meade, Tech '24, of Ensley, Alabama has been announced.

Jack Crowley has been elected Captain of the Holy Cross football team for 1925.

Alexander Rokicki is now completing his five year course at Tech.

Fred Kitz Kelley is a junior at Harvard.

Margaret Gass will graduate from Radcliffe in February.

Gladys Farrell is engaged to Paul Clark.

Caroline Humphries is playing with a Stock Company in New Bedford.

1917.

George B. O'Connor is working in the main office of the North Packing Company, Somerville.

1886.

Mr. Wellington Wells has been elected President of the Massachusetts State Senate recently.

1856.

It is with regret that we announce the death on January 15, 1925, of Mrs. Charles Noyes (Mary L. Hyde). She was the oldest living graduate of this school.

Howard Hart, who was a P. G. in this school last year, is a freshman at Harvard.

Radcliffe classifies as students of marked excellence the following girls from this school:

Grace Fair
Emma Gilbert
Myrtle Graves
Helen MacNabb
Mary Williams


VICTIM OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE FIEND
(WATCH YOUR SHIRT!)
HOR.
VER.
GRUMPH!
HELP!!
HELP!
HELP!
GRUMPH!!
HELP!
VERBS
PREP.
ADV.
CLAUSES
NOUNS
THE NIGHT BEFORE THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENTAL TEST
SAY DAD! CAN YOU WRITE YOUR NAME WITH YOUR EYES SHUT?
CERTAINLY!
Brother
WHAT TH-?
BELL BOTTOM
Meanwhile
Sister
JUST FITS ME! THIS IS GREAT.
THAT'S SWELL— SIGN MY REPORT!
PLOP!
BUGHOUSE FABLES
AS THERE IS A GREAT DEAL OF SKATING, I WON'T GIVE YOU ANY HOMELESSONS!
FLOP!



NUESTRA BIBLIOTECA

La biblioteca española de nuestra escuela se coloca in el piso bajo del edificio inglés, cerca de la sala de clase número veinte tres. Esta biblioteca es muy util para obra especial, porque todos los libros necesarios se encuentran alli.

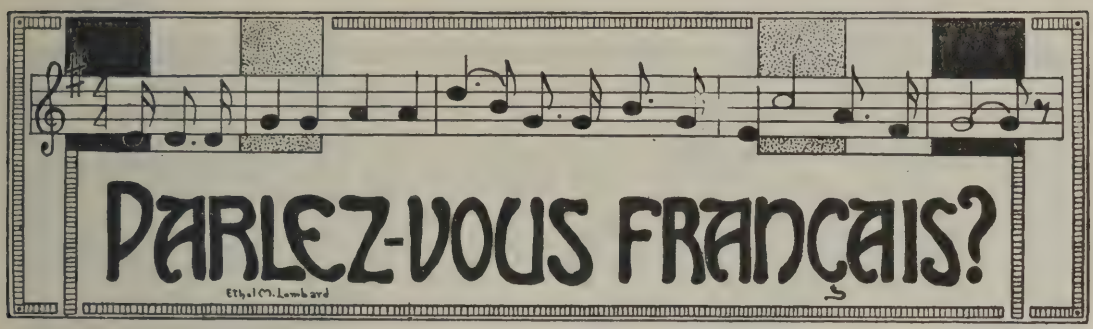
La bibliotecaria principal y algunas auxiliares se escogen por los socios de las clases de español. Su deber es hallar los libros que busquen los alumnos. Cuando ellos han acabado de usar los libros, la bibliotecaria los devuelven al armario.

La biblioteca es bastante pequeña, pero está adornada atractívamente con cuadros. En el centro de la sala está una mesa grande donde estudian los alumnos. Hay otra mesa al cabo de la sala para la bibliotecaria. Al lado derecho hay cuadros do España y al otro, de todas los paises de habla española, tales como Cuba, Méjico, Argentina, y otras regiones de Sud América. Entre los cuadros Españoles hay la bandera, el escudo de armas, pinturado con colores, y el rey. Hay muchas buenas vistas del palacio real en Madrid, y algunas escenas hermosas de Granada, Sevilla and Córdova. Al otro lado están los banderos de las varias regiones y algunos cuadros de cada una.

Los libros se retienen en los armarios y los especiales en la mesa de la bibliotecaria. Hay periódicos españoles también que los alumnos usan muchas veces en sus obras. Cerca de los periódicos hay algunos mapas en que los alumnos pueden colocar las regiones de España, Cuba y Méjico.

La parte más interesante de toda es un gabinete en que se hallan muchos recuerdos de España. En una cajita está una colección de moneda española. Hay un brasero de cobre en que se usan carbón de leña, y un abanico con que lo hacen quemar. Hay una boina que llevan los jovenes en España y un pañuelo que las aldeanas usan. Hay algunos botones de marfil vegetal que se hacen en Sud América y una cintura a Méjico. Hay también una batidora que se usan para chocolate. Tiene un libro pequeño de tarjetas postales con hermosas vistas de Covadonga. Nuestra profesora, Señora Moulton, lo llevó consigo, entre muchos otros recuerdos, a España.

JULIA SWEENEY



LE MONT ST. MICHEL

Le Mont St. Michel, île sur la côte de Normandie, un des lieux les plus intéressants qu'on puisse visiter!

C'est vraiment un rocher énorme qui se lève au milieu de la baie St. Michel, celle-ci une partie de La Manche. Autrefois ce rocher était entièrement entouré d'eau, mais en 1879 on bâtit une grande digue, longue de 1500 mètres et cette digue le relie a la terre, si bien que ce n'était plus une île, parcequ'on y arrive assez foulement à pied. Le nom St. Michel est à la fois au rocher et à la petite ville là-dessus.

La gloire de ce lieu, c'est la belle église, bâtie au sommet du rocher, au onzieme siecle. St. Aubert fonda l'église en 708, St. Michel était venu à lui pour lui dire de faire cela. Le bon St. Aubert ne bâtit qu'une petite église de bois, mais plus tard le roi se mit à y construire une magnifique cathédrale de pierre.

On y voit de nombreux escaliers cachés dans les murs, des cellules où l'on retenait de temps en temps les prisonniers, et de petites salles auxquelles on arrive par des passages bas et étroits. Dans une de ces salles se trouve une grande roue dont se servaient les prisonniers pour monter leurs provisions.

Un d'eux y entrait, se promenait un peu, et à mesure que la roue tournait, voilà que montait un char plein des choses dont ils avaient besoin.

En arrivant la veille, les touristes se sont demandé si, peut-être, voir le mont valait la peine d'un voyage tellement long et pénible; mais, maintenant, vu de Pontorson où ils avaient passé la nuit—tout était changé!

Le grand rocher, haut de 165 pieds s'élevant majestueusement du milieu de al baie, les petites maisons, qui s' y cramponnaient, l'église historique au sommet—la flêche qui reluisait dans les rayour du soleil—faisaient un spectacle des plus merveilleux. Quoiqu'ils en eussent vu bearcoup de photographies, et lu des descriptions sans fin, la réalité les éblouit.

En entrant dans l'île ils passaient par la petite rue, la seule sur le rocher, aux marches de l'escalier de pierre qui conduit le touriste à l'abbaie célèbre. Aussi ravissant en dedans qu'à l'extérieur l'église les charma—la nef, le choeur, le cloître, tout était délicieux.

Apres être descendus de la plate-forme d'où ils ont joui d' une vue superbe de la baie St. Michel, ils mangèrent une omelette et une côtelette chez "Veuve Poularde," établissement fameux partout dans le monde, même si la bonne femme n'y est plus depuis bien des années.

Pour mettre comble à une parfaite journée nos touristes restèrent sur le rocher jusqu'à sept heures du soir—pour regarder le coucher du soleil et la marée montante. Tant qu'ils vivront—toujours ils se souviendront du Mont St. Michel!

(composition) traduction



Wanted.

More Class Notes—Dot Gray and Pat Clarke.
A Constant Reminder. (Personal.)
A pair of sound proof ear muffs for Miss Cox.
A Clean Report Card. (Student body.)
A snappy crew—"Red" Finlayson.
More unprepared nights.
More good listeners in Science 35.
A dozen more Gym lockers.
A dozen more good looking Coeds—C. H. L. S.
A large quantity of PEP!
Better food in the lunch room.
Shorter periods.
The right to dance in the hall. (Students.)

A certain girl thinks "Ray" Toothaker is "Just the cutest thing."
Look out Raymond!

Mr. Richard Siebert: "Mr. D———, when does the boys' G. A. A. begin?"

Teacher: "Name some large bodies of water with no outlet?"
Pupil: "Fresh Pond!"

In an English class a certain senior on being requested to spell circumstance did so in the following way:
S-u-r-c-u-m-c-t-a-n-c-e.

History teacher asking pupil to tell about the National Bank: "Now young man, very quickly, run right through the National Bank."

Heard in French.

Pupil: Dantes looked through his eyes naturally.
P. S.: We wonder how that feels.

An apple a day keeps the doctor away, but an onion a day keeps everybody away.

Miss K.: "If this circle were a pie what part of it would you take?"
Pupil: "All!"

They took him to the sanitarium moaning feebly: "Thirty-nine, thirty-nine."
"What does he mean by that?" the attendant inquired.
"It's the number of buttons on the back of his wife's new frock," the family doctor explained.

"Your teeth are like the stars," he said,
And pressed her hand so white,
And he spoke true, for like the stars,
Her teeth came out at night!

Jake: "I smoke a new kind of a cigar."
Mike: "What's the name of them?"
Jake: "O. P."
Mike: "O. P.? What does that stand for?"
Jake: "Other people's."

Mr. Whorisky: "What is your name?"
Pupil: "er-er Collit."
Mr. Whorisky: "Call it what?"

Seniors.

As they see themselves

Silent - Earnest - Nifty - Independent
Optimistic - Reliable - Studious

As the teachers see them

Saucy - Egotistical - Nonentities - Imbeciles
Ornamental - Rude - Simple

As We Like It.

You see a beautiful girl walking down the street. She is of course feminine. If she is singular, you become nominative. If she is not objective you become plural. You walk home together. Her mother is accusative and you become imperative. Her brother is an indefinite article—You walk in and sit down —you talk of the future—she changes to the object. Her father becomes present and you become the past participle.

That's all.

Heard in Bookkeeping Room.

Teacher: "What is the difference between single entry and double entry?"

Bright Pupil: "Single centry is one hundred years, and double centry is twice that."

Revised version—He who laughs last is usually the dumbest.

Did He Can It?

"What's the matter?"

"Why, I wrote a long, flowing article on milk—and the editor's condensed it."

Jo.: "You should see the new altar in our church."

Dot: "Lead me to it."

Getting Out a Paper.

Getting out a paper is no picnic.

If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.

If we don't, they say we are too serious.

If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety.

If we publish things from other papers we are too lazy to write.

If we stay on the job, we ought to be out rustling news.

If we are rustling news, we are not attending to business in our own department.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.

If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.

Like as not some fellow will say we swiped this from an exchange.

So we did.

Teacher: Gravitation is the attraction of one body to another. You boys and girls don't know what attraction you have for each other.

Widower: "I've always said that if I married again I should choose a girl who is as good as she is beautiful."

Miss Willing: "Really, this is very sudden, George; but I accept you, of course.

Heard in Cicero Skippers.

Miss B-s: (After an unfortunate attempt at translating a passage): "I don't know how to start it."

Mr. Derry: "I'm sorry—you will have to get a self-starter."

Hot Stuff.

Miss Butler: "I can't accept this poem. It isn't verse at all, merely an escape of gas."

Pupil: "Oh, I see; something wrong with the meter."

Q.: Who are the best bookkeepers?
Ans.: Persons who never return books.

Q.: What changes a pear into a pearl?
Ans.: The letter "L"—Pearl.

Teacher: Who was Apollo?
Pupil: The King of chocolates.

What Some People Should Wear.

1. The Letter Carrier—a coat of mail.
2. The Butcher—a cutaway coat.
3. The Miller—a sack suit.
4. The Banker—a check suit.
5. The Restauranteur—an Eaton coat.
6. John D.—oil skins..
7. The Tobacconist—a smoking jacket.
8. The Convict—a striped suit.
9. The Autoist should "dress to kill."

"Oh I bought a slicker so bright, so bright,
And it ain't gonna rain no more!
It hangs in my closet outta sight, outta sight,
'Cause it ain't gonna rain no more!"

"Little bits of funniness,
Little words of sass,
Put them all together
And you have the Freshman class."

With apologies to the Freshmen.

A. E. C., '25.

The other day we noticed Eddie Grueby wore a very feminine looking sweater.

Who is the "Dear One", Eddie?

Miss B. (to pupil): G——, go to my closet and get "The Vicar of Wakefield".

———— says she does not care for Shakespeare because here are too many quotations in it.

M-ir-c-a-t (reading Virgil): "Staret equus-er-er- staret equus——"

Miss B. (after a long pause): "Yes, the horse stopped, but you mustn't."

Teacher: "Sedentary work tends to lessen the endurance."

A wise youth: "In other words, the more one sits, the less one can s and."

Teacher: "Exactly, and if one lies a great deal, he loses his standing completely."

Heard in Latin III.

Miss B.: "What is the meaning of 'laus'?"

R-n. (after some deliberation): "I've got it in my head but I don't know it."

Mr. McDonald: "In what course do you hope to graduate?"

Pupil: "In the course of time."

Teacher: "Do I see Little?"

(Voice from back of the room): "You see too much."

English Teacher: "What punctuation would you use there?"

Pupil: "Punctuation marks."

Teacher: "Where's your books?"

Pupil: "In my desk."

Teacher: "Why aren't you with it?"

Heard in English IV.

Pupil reciting: "The dog had shrunk into an angel (angle) of the wall."

Alas!

Oh! term—end time has come again,
With all its exam. freaks
My papers were full of space b'gosh,
My brains were full of leaks.

Pupil: (in elocution) "Open the window, I want to throw out my chest."

"The Rivals"—Helen Dunbar and Alice Patten.

"Peter Pan"—Alice Mutch.

"Black Beauty"—Doris Bullen.

"China Rose"—Peg Landry.

"Earl Carroll's Vanities"—Mae McCloskey.

"The Best Seller"—Cambridge Review.

Forbidden Paradise—Larch Road Bungalow.

The Perfect Flapper—Esther Borjeson.

Why Boys Leave Home—Lea Leahy.

Davis: "Why do you think S———— is stupid?"

Dawes: "He does say a clever thing quite often."

Davis: "That's just it,—he should say it only once."

Mr. W.: "What was the matter with that selection?"

Fresh.: "She sang it."

J.—in English: "We do not correct the man we hang; we correct others by him."

Miss R.: "If this circle were a pie what part would you take?"

D. G.: "All."

Grandfather had a chair,
Bobbie had a pin,
Father had a slipper,
Bobbie's pants were thin.

Teacher: "When was Rome built?"

Pupil: "In a night."

Teacher: "Where did you learn that nonsense?"

Pupil: "Well, you said it wasn't built in a day."

Mother: "What is this drawing supposed to be?"

Thomas: "A train, mother."

Mother: "But where are the carriages?"

Thomas: "Oh, the engine draws them."

Suggestion for the Freshman-Sophomore debate. To Mr. Donahue:

"When a house is burnt, does it burn up, or does it burn down?"

This is sure to be a warm debate.

Shocking Tale.

What are you reading about?
Electricity.
Current Events, eh?
No, light fiction.

Why did the little busy bee,
Alight on Freddie's nose,
It was no flower, of that I'm sure,
And yet I think it Rose.

I quite agree with you that putting a pin on a person's chair is a very old and silly joke, but IT HASN'T LOST ITS POINT AS YET.

Although one swallow does not make a summer, it is very true that one grasshopper makes many springs.

Figure This Out.

One day I saw a duck swimming across a river, and a cat on its tail.

I say, hasn't Johnnie got large feet?

Yes, but he takes great pains to conceal the fact.

How's that?

Well, he wears shoes two sizes too small for him and if that isn't taking great pains, I'd like to know what it is.

Teacher: "Why didn't Booth shoot General Grant?"

Pupil: "Booth was frightend away, after seeing Grant's face in the window."

Heard in French II.

Pupil in Liverpool: "Is pool modified by liver?"

Current Periodicals.

The Literary Digest—Miss B——ll.
The American Boy—Ray Toothaker.
Smart Set—Margie Johnson.
Adventure—Charlie Good.
Puck—Sperry Shea.
The City Gentleman—Don Greer.
Snappy Stories—English IV Themes.
The Modern Priscilla—Wilma Cannon.
The Frozen Truth—The Review.
Popular Science Monthly — Raymond Mosher.

Heard in Algebra.

Miss C.: "Is ML unknown?"
Pupil: "Who?"

R. B.: "Is there an opening here for a bright, energetic young man?"
Ans.: "Yes, and close it as you go out."

Teacher, drilling in grammar: "Give me a concrete example of a loafing place."
Pupil: "The steps in front of the school."

John: "Why is Napoleon like a broken leg?"
George: "You've got me. Why?"
John: "Because he's Bonapart."

Teacher: "Supposing you saw the sun, moon, and stars all set in the west, where would you think that you went after death?"
Pupil: "I'd hate to tell you."

English III.

"Where does a lobster go to change its shell?"
Pupil: "The dressing room."

Speaking of Prohibition.

It seems that C. H. L. S. is sympathetic. All the fountains have gone dry.

In the Lime Light.

Gertrude Dunbar—"The Only Woman."
Ellen Smith—"The Little French Girl."
Evelyn Frost—"The Romantic Lady."
Pat Neilson—"The Dear Pretender."
Jim Harrington—"Romance."
Alvin Hart—"Rugged Waters."
Kingsley Hooker—"The Man Who Came Back."

Brilliant Soph.: "Say, where's the Swanee River?"
Freshman: "Far, far away!"

Miss Parker: "In what kind of poetry was the Fairie Queene?"
Voice from back of room: "Prose."

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new" and Billy Beers and Bob Swezey of '24, have resigned their positions as "the cutest things in C. H. L. S." to John Mather and Charlie Carruth of '25.

Eng. Teacher: "Is Westminster Abbey a church or a graveyard?"
Pupil: "Neither. It's a cemetery."

Sr.: "Did she accuse you of appropriating something?"
Fr.: "No she said I stole it."

Geography.

Miss C.: "What do we get from trees?"
Student: (thinking hard) "Sap."
Miss C: "Not all saps come from trees."

Student's Defense.

Teacher: "Why did you not study the French lesson I set for you?"
Tommy: "To tell you the truth, sir, my throat was so sore that I could scarcely speak English."

Taking Him At His Word.

Gibby was telling her about the members of his football team.

"Now there's Parker," said he, "in a few weeks he will be our best man."

And then she lisped, "Oh, Gibby this is so sudden."

Teacher: "This is the third time that you have looked on Smith's paper."

Student: "Yes, sir, he doesn't write very plainly."

"A great poet met an ironical fate the other day."

"How?"

"Starved to death with a volume of Bacon in his lap."

Polly: "Speaking of insects, how are your aunts?"

Wog: "Speaking of insects, how are you?"

Cheer Leader: "All right now, let's have a siren for the team."

Sub. (on the sidelines): "Hey! make it a blonde, will you?"

Hunky: "Who was the best track man that ever lived?"

Dory: "Give up."

Hunky: "William Jennings Bryan. He ran for thirty years without a stop.

Moxham in History: "Napoleon was aided by his brother."

Mr. Sheehan: "What was his name?"

Moxham: "I don't know but I think it was Cleopatra."

"Then They Slew Him."

Oh, chemist of skill, investigate—
Answer this query of mine;
I think I know what Carbonate—
But where did Iodine?

Mr. Cain answering the telephone.

Mr. Cain: "Hello! Please speak a little louder.

Willie Cohen: "You ought to have a loud speaker installed."

Mr. Cain: "No need of that. We have one already."

He: "You've made a monkey out of me."

She: (sweetly) "Don't blame me for nature's little jokes."

Teacher: "What is Density?"

Harrington: "I can't define it but I can give an example."

Teacher: "The example is fine, sit down."

Law.

Mr. C.: "What do you think of a pupil that keeps saying 'I don't know' day after day."

Voice from rear: "He's an honest guy."

Student: "Papa, what do they mean by college bred? Is it different from any other kind of bread?"

Papa: "My boy, college bread is a four years' loafer."

MacDonald: "You know we won three games last week but we aren't going to this week.

Class: "Why?"

MacD.: "Because we only play two."

Do You Know These and

????

Girls.

Many—Boys—Treat.
Enlighten (us)—By—Smiles.
Males—Love—Dreams.
Rare—Heavenly—Humor.
Atractive—Girl.
Prominent—Boy—Catcher.
A—Pretty—Dear.

Boys.

Clever—Cakeater.
Forever—Foolish.
Much—Feet.
Happy—Cheerful—Funny.
Rouged—Lips.



On December 2, there was a G. A. A. meeting in the hall.

First, Catherine Corcoran, Secretary, read her report which was voted satisfactory. Treasurer's report was next read by Leila Campbell, which was also approved.

Marion MacArthur was praised very highly for her hard work on the Tennis Tournament Committee.

Mr. Cleveland expressed his regrets at not being able to attend the Freshmen Party. He praised tennis as a sport and also as a good game to give one teamwork.

Then he presented the Tennis Cup to Elizabeth Runkle who had won the Tennis Tournament.

Ethel Dansie explained the points required for a Monogram. One must be a member of the G. A. A., pass in three major subjects, have an average of E in Gym, and be at least in two sports. If one is in the Gym Exhibition or Meet, it will count for a Monogram.

The Thanksgiving Baskets were a great success for it gave three families a good Thanksgiving dinner.

There is some idea that the G. A. A. will petition to have No Man's Land, in back of the school, fixed for us. Have it smoothed down, and probably a track made there.

Christmas Meeting.

The Christmas meeting which was held on December 22, was directly followed by the regular Christmas Party. At the business meeting, Ethel Dansie, president, presiding, the Monogram System was again mentioned and explained. The Christmas baskets were also mentioned. Then the meeting was adjourned by popular vote.

The Christmas Party.

The Christmas party held in the hall on December 22, was surely a grand success.

The business meeting being over, Leila Campbell led the girls in singing Christmas carols.

First was Bertha Frazer, who danced excellently. Marguerite Battelli certainly is a little wonder at the piano. Both were very much enjoyed by all.

But the hit of the afternoon was the old, old, story, "The Bird's Christmas Carol", directed by Lorraine Langly and with Eleanor Adams as stage manager. It was a fine cast and did excellent work. Marion MacArthur as Mrs. Ruggles deserves the most praise for her wonderful acting. The cast was as follows:

Marion MacArthur—Mrs. Ruggles
Mary Stubbs—Elfrida
Hilda Norman—Uncle Jack
Fannie McLean, Mary Rooney, Dorothy Groden, Miriam Greene, and Catherine Carney as the little Ruggles's.

As the applauding for this fine play ceased, Santa Claus appeared on the stage and after a few words he presented everybody with a lollypop. In a short while Santa left leaving everyone blissfully sucking lollypops.

For a short time after this we had a social period. Then we went home after a very enjoyable time.

Be sure and be on hand at the next meeting to hear the report and to talk it over with others besides your personal friends. Attend the meetings as well as the parties. Do *your* bit for the G. A. A.! Don't let the officers do all the work!!

Executive Meeting.

On Monday, January 12, there was an Executive meeting. They decided that the week January 19-23 would be for persons to join the G. A. A. if they so wish.

The Girl Dance will be held on the 30th of this month. Irene Braithwaite is chairman of the Refreshment Committee and Eleanor Adams of the Door Committee.

(Continued on page 27)



As in the past few years, the debating schedule for Cambridge Latin School is much the same. Owing to the lack of good, reliable debating material, Cambridge Latin may only debate Rindge Technical School, but yet there is another debate to be held in our own back yard, the debate named in honor of Mr. Durrell, which is always full of action, and welcomed by the students. At a Durrell Debate, one can always expect a full house, and of course at a Rindge debate, a vacant seat is regarded as a miracle, but all the students desiring to attend these debates will be furnished with tickets.

This year the material is unknown. A year ago we could easily foretell who would be on the platform both in the Durrell and Rindge debates, but this year it is an entirely different matter. The question passed around is "What are our prospects?"

The only possible answer to that inevitable question is "It is entirely up to the students of Cambridge High and Latin School."

Another fact brought before my attention is the wonderful spirit taken by the under classmen in debating. They have gathered good teams together and have debated each other twice thus far, splitting the two awards. Having attended both debates, I feel sure that both teams are to be congratulated for the fine spirit they have shown.

Don't overlook the Liberty Prize Speaking Contest in the near future! It may occur in April or May. All the debaters and pupils of the Elocution Classes make it a point to try to be a finalist in this event.

Freshmen and Sophomore Debates.

The debating season at Cambridge High and Latin School was inaugurated last December 12, 1924, when the first debate of the annual series of debates between the Freshmen and Sophomores took place.

On the whole the debate was good. The subject was "Resolved: That the President of the United States should be elected by popular vote." To decide which was the winning team was a hard problem for the judges, but at last, after holding two sessions, they finally agreed that the Freshmen had presented the better arguments and therefore were entitled to the award.

A summary of the debate:

Freshmen	*Sophomores*
George Foley*	Hyman Buller*
Milton Talent	Robert Appolonio
John Hughes	Samuel Fishman

*Rebuttalist.

The second debate was a repetition of the first debate except in the fact that the Sophomores won this time.

It was held on December 19, 1924.

With an entirely domestic subject, "Resolved: That the City of Cambridge should control its system of illumination", to debate upon, the Sophomores clearly presented the better arguments and by an unanimous decision of the judges, they were awarded the debate, thus making the series even.

The summary:

Sophomores	*Freshmen*
Hyman Buller*	George Foley*
Robert Appolonio	John McLaughlin
Samuel Fishman	John Hughes

*Rebuttalist.

DEBATING NOTES.

Mr. Donahue's class in debating is progressing rapidly. All the fine points of debating are handled carefully by the class and considered from all points of view. They have held little debates and court sessions in their class periods. Strangely enough, the class total numbers thirteen, and yet, they have met with good success thus far.

(Continued on page 28)



CAMBRIDGE LATIN HAS GOOD PROSPECTS FOR ICE SEASON.

With a wealth of hockey material, Cambridge Latin expects to have a good season. Coach Leander MacDonald has the happy faculty of developing any talent which his pupils may possess. Such stars as Izzy Zarakov of Harvard, Jack Culhane, "Sonny" Foley, "Red" Groden, "Tubber" Cronin, Jack, Walter and Pierce Fitzgerald and Garrity of Boston College and Walter Gautreau of Holy Cross are a few of his products.

The Cantabs ought to have a very successful season with such veterans as Capt. Hugo Nelson, Leon Fitzgerald and Gibson, on the defense; while in the forward line O'Connell, Joyce and Groden return. Others who shape up well are: Harlow, Cullanane, Schoolnick, Clancy, Pearl, Mahoney and N. Fitzgerald.

Leon Fitzgerald, goal-tender, is a brother of Jack, who captained one of the speediest ice teams that ever represented Boston College, and who is also a product of the MacDonald system. He possesses much of his brother's cleverness in turning away potential goals.

Capt. Hugo Nelson was regarded as one of the best defense men in scholastic hockey circles last season. He is a football player of note and opposing forwards will experience difficulty in getting by him. Gibson acquires much the same agility as Nelson.

O'Connell and Joyce are capable performers and team up well together. They both are fast skaters and handle their sticks with all the agility of born players.

Groden, who received his letter as a substitute last year, will fill the other position. He played nearly all the games last year and more than one occasion held his own with the speediest forwards in the league. He is a brother of "Red" Groden, star performer of B. C. for the past few years and also brought to light by MacDonald.

CAMBRIDGE 6; RINDGE 2.

Cambridge, January 15.

The Cambridge Latin ice sextet defeated their old rivals, Rindge, by a safe margin of 6-2. Latin outplayed their opponents in every period of the game.

The first goal came when Gibson passed to Joyce and the latter shot the goal. A pass-out, Groden to Clancy added another to the tally. Joyce skated through the entire Rindge team, including the goalie, for another point. Gibson also shot a goal. Nelson made two goals, both on long, hard, pretty drives. Dunphy scored both goals for Rindge.

Latin's defense was impenetrable and the Rindge forwards had hard work to pierce it.

The Cantab's lack of pass work was the main drawback of the team. There were many chances for them to pass which they did not take.

The stars for Cambridge were Capt. Nelson, Joyce and Gibson, while Dunphy played well for Rindge.

Summary:

Score: Cambridge 6; Rindge 2. Goals made by Nelson 2, Joyce 2, Clancy, Gibson and Dunphy 2. *Umpire*: Mooney. Time 3 twelve-minute periods.

Cambridge Latin		*Rindge*
Joyce, Harlow	l.w.	Harolw
Gibson, Cullinan	c.	Dunphy
O'Connell, Groden	r.w.	Ericson, Kelley
Nelson, Gibson	l.d.	Croker, Trodden
Schoolnick, Clancy	r.d.	Anthony
L. Fitzgerald, Mahoney	g.	Dever, Corcoran

CAMBRIDGE 5; BOSTON LATIN 1.

Cambridge, January.

Cambridge Latin proved its superiority over the Boston Latin School hockey team, when they trimmed them 5-1 at the Russell Field rink. The ice was not in very good shape which slowed up the play but regardless of that, it was a good, hard-fought game.

Groden, O'Connell and Nelson starred for the Cantabs.

Cambridge Latin	*Boston Latin*
Groden, Cullinan r.w.	l.w. McGrath, McGuiness
O'Connell, Harlow c.	c. Neal
Joyce l.w.	r.w. Donaghy
Nelson, Pearl r.d.	l.d. Wilson, McNanara
Schoolnick l.d.	r.d. Martin, Faxon
Fitzgerald g.	g. Sullivan

Summary:

Score: Cambridge Latin 5; Boston Latin 1. Goals made by: O'Connell 2, Joyce, Nelson, Groden, McGrath. *Referee*: Jones. *Goal Umpires*: Shea and Keefe. Time: 3 12-minute periods.

CAMBRIDGE VS. BELMONT.

On the best ice that has ever been on the Russell Field rink, Cambridge High and Latin defeated Belmont High, 7-2, in a league game.

The first period ended with the Cantabs on the long end of 4-0. O'Connell and Nelson worked together for the first three goals; and Clancy on a nice piece of individual work, scored the fourth for Cambridge. In the final period, Clancy, O'Connell and Joyce tallied for Latin and the subs finished the game for Cambridge.

Secor scored both goals for Belmont. O'Connell, Clancy, Nelson, Joyce and Gibson played well for Cambridge, and Fitzgerald gave a good account of himself in the Cantab meet.

The Line-up:

Cambridge	*Belmont*
O'Connell (Cullinan, Groden) r. w.	r.w. Morris
Gibson (Harlow) c.	c. Russell
Joyce (Schoolnick) l.w.	l.w. M. Secor
Nelson (E. Fitzgerald) r.d.	r.d. L. Secor
Clancy (Fay) l.d.	l.d. Grady
Fitzgerald (Mahoney) g.	g. Farrell

CAMBRIDGE 1; POMFRET 0.

Pomfret, January 17, 1925.

Playing on a rink where the ice was covered with five inches of water, Cambridge Latin defeated Pomfret by a score of 1-0. The only goal was made during the first few minutes of play when Joyce of Cambridge knocked in one.

Before the contest was under way five minutes, every player was drenched. Perhaps they should have hired the swimming team to take their places.

Nelson and Joyce starred for the Cantabs, while Morrison and Carr carried the honors for Pomfret.

Cambridge Latin	*Pomfret*
O'Connell r.w.	r.w. Carr
Joyce, Harlow l.w.	l.w. Libby, Lasell
Gibson c.	c. Morton, Ripley
Nelson (capt.) r.d.	r.d. F. Thayer
Clancy, Schoolnick l.d.	l.d. R. Thayer, Snead
Fitzgerald g.	g. Morrison (capt.)

Summary:

Score: Cambridge Latin 1; Pomfret 0. *Goals*: Joyce. *Umpire*: Unger. *Referee*: Gaffey. Time: 3 12-minute periods.

CAMBRIDGE VS. ST. MARKS.

Cambridge met its first defeat of the season at the hands of St. Marks School, Southborough, by a score of 3-1.

It took the Prep. School Boys four overtime periods to win and then both of the goals were protested against.

The rough ice made team work and dribbling impossible and both teams resorted to long shots. Joyce scored the first point of the game and a St. Marks player soon tied the score.

The game was won in the last of four overtime periods.

SWIMMING MEET.

Cambridge Latin 31; Boston English 27.

The Cambridge Latin Swimming Team defeated Boston English Swimming Team 31 to 27 in a hotly contested meet at the Cambridge "Y".

Tom Kenney, Ed. Murtagh, and Charlie Foskett featured for Cambridge.

Tom Kenney took first in two events besides swimming on the winning relay team. The summary:

20 Yard Dash.

Won by—Kozol (E.), Murtagh (C.), Second; Steavens (C.), Third.

40 Yard Dash.

Won by—Bencks (E.), Murtagh (C.), Second; Kozol (E.), Third.

100 Yard Swim.

Won by—Kenney (C.), Bencks (E.), Second; Hamilton (E.), Third.

200 Yard Swim.

Won by—Kenney (C.), Ullman (E.), Second; Goldenburg (C.), Third.

Plunge.

Won by—Foskett (C.), 60 ft.; Rubin (E.), 56 ft.; Conneley (E.), 55 ft.

160 Yard Relay.

Won by—Cambridge Latin.

(Murtagh, Neville, Foskett and Kenney.)

Boston Herald, Jan. 17, '25.

FOOTBALL.

Jerry Sullivan, who played right end for the Cambridge Latin football team this fall, was chosen leader of the 1925 eleven. The following were awarded letters: Capt. Pearl, Capt. Elect Sullivan, Cohen, Edmonds, Finlayson, Fitzmaurice, Gibson, Groden, Kenney, Kroell, Moxham, Murphy, McCusker, Nelson, O'Connell, Parker, Rollins, Shaughnessey, Shea, Temple, Toothaker, and Mgr. Dudley.

CROSS COUNTRY.

Joe Maloney was elected to captain the 1925 Harriers. The following were awarded letters: Joseph Sugrue, Joe Trainer, Joe Maloney, Charles Murray, Henry Adelson, Patsy Dente, Rusty Wood and Mgr. Toomey.

G. A. A. (Continued from page 23)

Basket Ball Practice.

The Sophomores will practice for the games with the Freshmen on January 16th, 23rd, and 30th, and February 4th and 5th. The first game will be on February 11th. Then the Sophomores will practice again on the 19th. The second game will be on the 18th and the Sophomores practice on the 19th.

The Freshmen practice on January 23rd, February 6th, 13th, and 20th.

The quarters will be from 8 to 10 minutes with 4 minutes between the quarters and 10 minutes between the halves.

The Committee has voted to give a C. P. E. which stands for Cambridge Physical Education to girls who cannot come out for athletics but who have E in Gym.

G. A. A. Meeting.

On January 19th there was a social and a business meeting in the hall directly after school.

Ethel Dansie spoke about the Girl Dance which will be held on the 30th. Then Miss Brown took it up and explained it more in full.

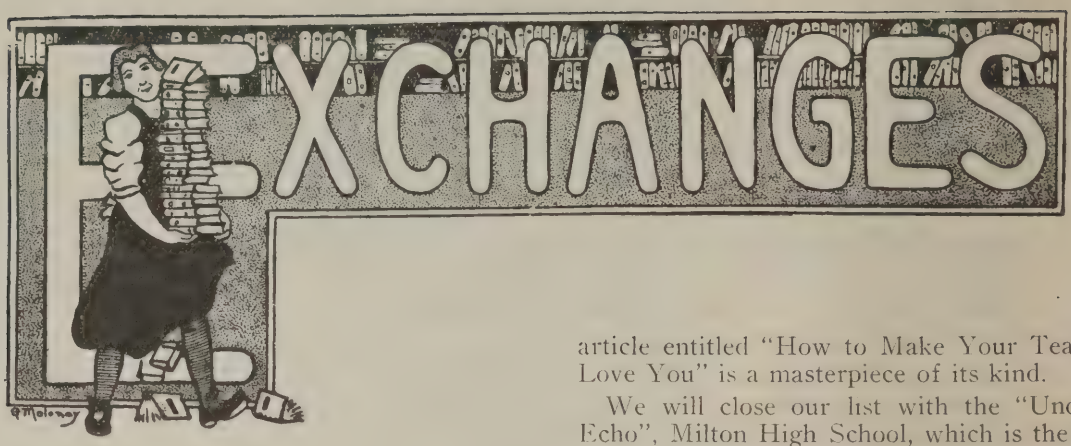
They spoke about the games and we must have good cheer leaders. There could be volunteers. Cambridge G. A. A. girls are going to play Newton later. Dorothy Carroll and Mildred Perkins led the cheers.

Then some of the girls sang the songs.

The swimming which we have at the Y. M. C. A. was spoken of. The swimming will start and the practicing for teams.

Dorothy Carroll played on the saw again and some of the girls sang songs.

Then the meeting broke up.



In this issue we have deviated slightly from the usual manner of arranging and preparing this column in the hope that we may at least add variety to the paper. The method followed is not original with us but seemed to offer a better opportunity for development than the one previously adhered to.

We have before us such a bewildering number of exchanges this time that it would be impossible to review each accurately in the limited space. However, we will take them as they come and try to do justice to a few at least.

The first in line is a gorgeous and impressive appearing publication known as the "Nautilus", from Grenville, South Carolina. It certainly is handsomely gotten up and the reading matter is as attractive as the cover.

A screaming yellow magazine (not "yellow magazine"), fittingly entitled "The Imp" and issued py Brighton High, next "demands" our attention. On inspection, it proves to contain an excellent Literary Section with some interesting poetry.

Our near neighbor, the Somerville "Radiator" is of a particularly neat appearance and clever composition.

We arrive at an especially delightful paper, "The Irwinian" published by the Agnes Irwin School. It is intriguingly original in design and "copiously illustrated". The whole magazine shows surprising talent.

The "Rayen Record" from Youngstown, Ohio, shows considerable school spirit and versatility.

Another rather clever paper is "The Owl" gotten out by the Woodbine High School. An article entitled "How to Make Your Teacher Love You" is a masterpiece of its kind.

We will close our list with the "Unquity Echo", Milton High School, which is the first one we have come across that contains a specimen of the latest prevalent specimen of weak-mindedness, i.e., the cross-word puzzle. It sees high time to conclude, although apart from the aforesaid *?§/!--**, the magazine is admirable.

(DEBATING NOTES Contining)

Two of our interscholastic debates last year were upon the same topic, the World Court. When Cambridge Latin debated Somerville, our school took the negative of the question and won. When Cambridge Latin debated Rindge, our school took the *affirmative* of the question and *triumphed again*. It all goes to show that no matter what the circumstances may be, there are always two sides to a story.

Be sure and watch the debating and speaking program of C. H. L. S. this year. In order that you may compare this year's results with those of last year, I shall give you a summary of last year's events. They are, in the order in which they appeared, the following:

Freshman-Sophomore Series of Debates—won by Freshmen.

Somerville Debate—Won by C. H. L. S.

Durrell Debate—(On Immigration Restriction) Won by Affirmative team composed of Messrs. Nightingale, Wolcott, and McLaughlin.

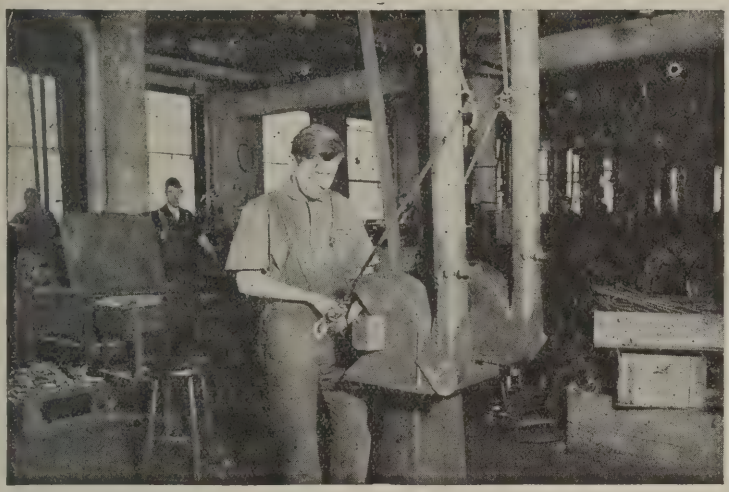
Rindge Debate—Won by C. H. L. S.

Liberty Prize Speaking Contest—(Boys) Won by Joseph Curtin, (Girls) won by Bernadette Carney.

Any questions or suggestions pertaining to debating will receive prompt attention in this department.

W. F. '26.

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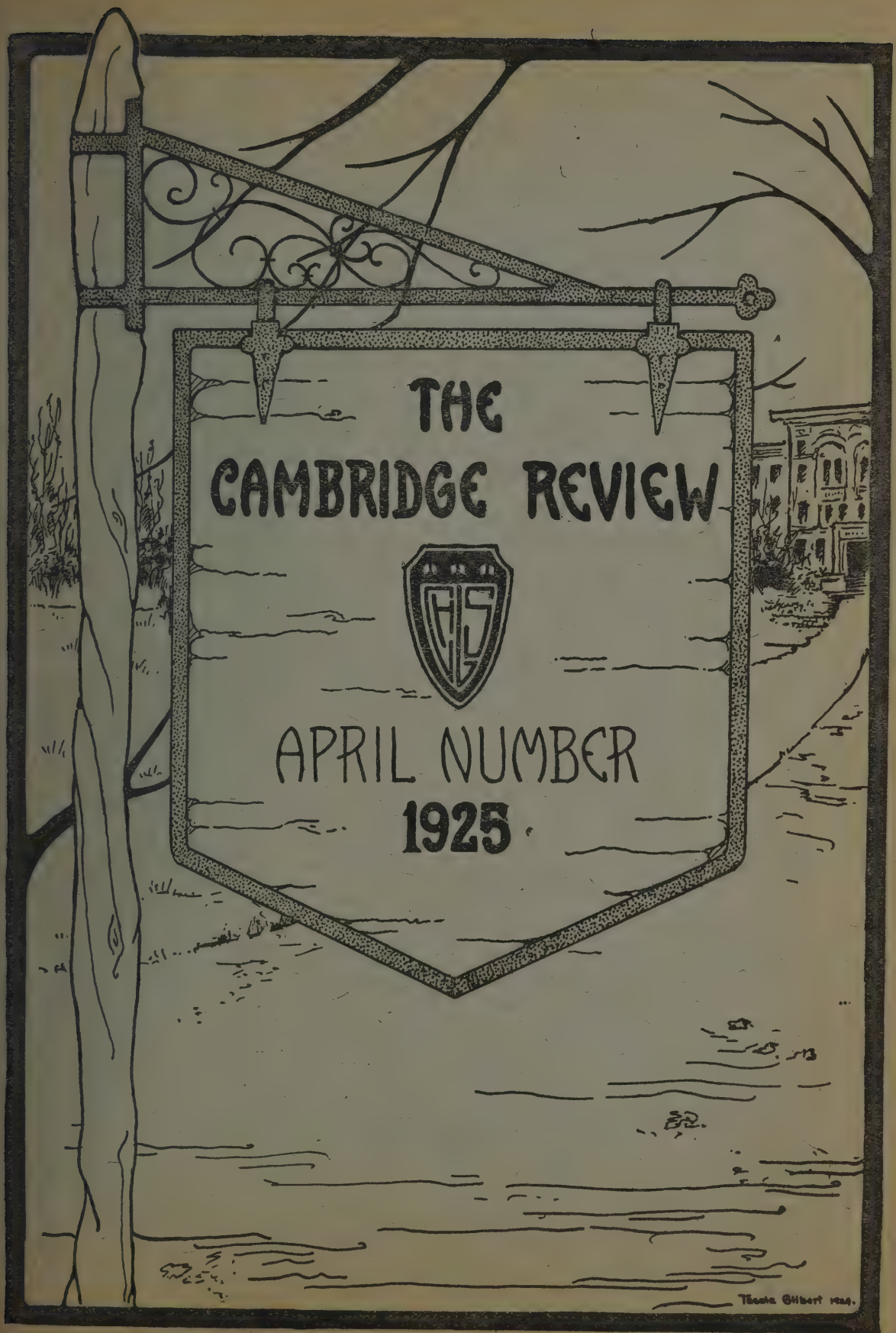
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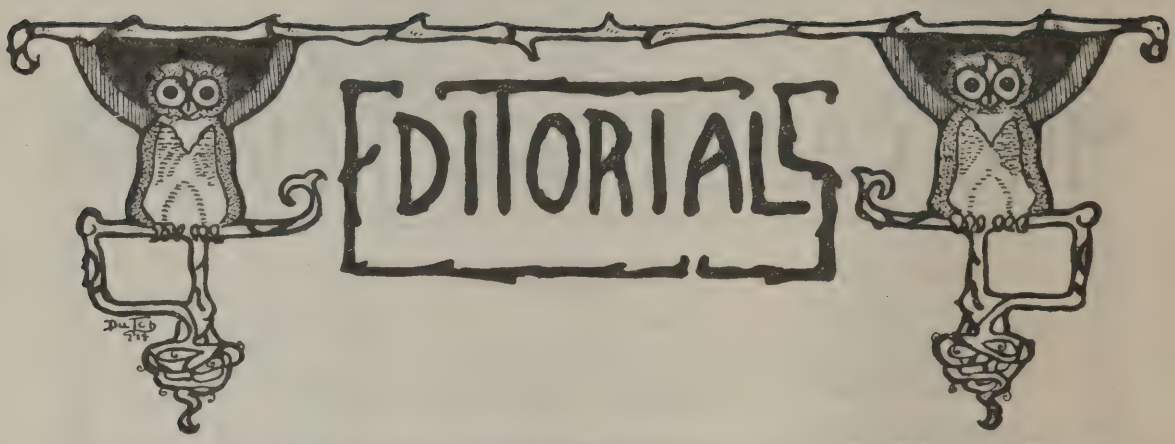
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Vita sine litteris mors est

Volume 39 Number 4

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THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS

BEAU BRUMMEL.

On February 20th and 21st, the whole school received a gift, and a challenge from the Senior Drama. It received as a gift a production bearing no ear-marks of amateurism, the result of painstaking, skillful work; as a challenge the Senior Drama offered an incentive to every underclassman to equal the production of those memorable nights.

The drama, new to us, but well known to the public of forty years ago, was a relief to all of us from the common type of present-day drama. The play itself represents the best work of Clyde Fitch and portrays for the most part the life of the English court.

The program was delightfully opened each night by the school orchestra, under the direction of Mr. John B. Whoriskey. The curtains parted as curtains of mystery. Most everyone present was wondering; few, I believe, were acquainted with the story.

Then came the drama. We were first introduced to Mortimer, better known as Grant Moxham, the intelligent and sympathetic valet for Beau Brummel. Grant played a wonderful representation throughout the play and especially, expressing in the last act with accurate and human expression the valet's confused emotions of pity, sympathy and fidelity. Simpson was played by Louis Cohen, a fellow who showed himself equally well at ease in his two parts: that of a stately doorman, and of a bailiff. Edward Walsh portrayed Mr. Abrahams, a man of not an inviting appearance but financially interested in Mr. Brummel. Mr. Abrahams was a most pleasing money-lender as Walsh so carefully pictured him. One cannot forget Kathleen, played by Gertrude Reardon. Her peculiar accent, her pretty attire, and her pleasing manner made us feel that Kathleen was a well-trained maid even if she were inclined to have amorial feelings for Mortimer.

The audience did not see Edward Murtagh; they saw Beau Brummel. At no time could we feel that Edward Murtagh was not Beau Brummel himself. Murtagh was Beau Brummel in every action, in every word. One cannot speak too highly of Beau's work in the whole play but anyone who saw the drama will never forget the last act in which Murtagh was supreme. Every mind in the audience was on Beau Brummel; every ear was eager to hear his words; every eye was anxious to view his action. When the play was finished some people sat as if struck dumb. They had been so closely brought back to the time of the court, that they could not "come back to earth". Our football captain, Ray Pearl, took on new laurels when he played the part of Reginald Courtenay, the successful suitor for the hand of Marianna, the charming leading lady as played by Alice Guertin. Lawrence Gibson was a stately, dignified footman for the Prince of Wales. With Louis Cohen he did double work and portrayed also the character of the first bailiff. His manner as a bailiff was true to the character, and his little song struck a responsive chord in everybody. Mrs. St. Aubyn, played so success-

fully by Jeanette Hershon, was a difficult villainess to interpret. Her ambitious but revengeful manner was swept away in the last scene. Jeanette Hershon put herself into the character and made one of the most difficult characters one of the most successful. Florence Ricker, the Duchess of Leamington, made us feel that she had always been a duchess. Her little quarrels with Mrs. St. Aubyn were very realistic. Don Kroell played a very good interpretation of Richard Brinsley Sheridan or "Sherry" the friend of the Prince. And the Prince of Wales! Who could have made a better Prince than Hugo Nelson our football and hockey star? "Well, well, well, well," here's Oliver Vincent formerly Murdock Finlayson but now the loving and ambitious parent of Marianna. Murdock's action, carefully planned and not overdone, kept the audience in a happy mood throughout the play. Oliver Vincent's daughter, Marianna, was played by Alice Guertin. Alice's pleasing manner and quality of voice were excellent and one can understand easily from her every action that Reginald just could not stop himself from falling in love with her. Daniel Shaughnessy represented Lord Manly, a man of eccentric habits and queer manner. His whole interpretation of his part, especially his proposal to Marianna, deserves great praise. Ruth Schnitzlein presented a dignified, beautiful Lady Farthingale. In the last scene Ellen Small, the French lodging house keeper burst in on us like a thunderbolt and drew long applause from the audience.

One cannot see the Senior drama without seeing in the whole production the presence of some guiding force. That force is Miss Hartigan, our teacher, coach and friend who gives every year the fruits of her skill and learning to our class. Miss Hartigan has never coached a Senior drama that was not entirely praiseworthy, but she has never presented a drama that brought such delight to its audience as "Beau Brummel". Its carefully planned features such as the minuet held the audience in amazement. Words cannot express for the class its appreciation of Miss Hartigan's untiring aid and efforts.

After the play, we danced to Phil Lawrence's Orchestra which seemed filled with the enthusiasm that was in evidence in every one on both evenings. The K. B. Club sold candy during the evening and added a large sum to the financial success of the drama. Without boasting, we Seniors feel that our cast set a high standard for school dramatics. Underclassmen, will you equal it?

R. L.

Do you know that the "Review" is subscribed to in Constantinople, Turkey, and Ahmebadad, India?

JENNIE S. SPRING SCHOLARSHIP FUND.

Letters and checks have come from many former pupils and colleagues of Miss Spring, testifying to the very wide-spread influence of Miss Spring and of the school. Not only from a great many parts of the United States have these messages come, but also from Canada, Mexico, China, Malta, Constantinople, and other places. The sum now received (March 24) is about $1825.

Cecil T. Derry, *Treas.*

Support the Year Book!

C. H. L. S. CHESS TEAM.

There is another cup to be added to the trophy room. C. H. L. S. can boast of one championship team this year, namely the chess team. The team has completed the league schedule and has not lost a game. A great deal of credit shauld be given to the skillful and able coaching of Mr. Joseph Sullivan, and also to the captain of the team J. Hernandez. This year's chess team is one of the finest the school has ever had. The team now has a leg on a beautiful silver cup which was placed in competition last year. There are very few in this school who know of the existence of this team, but in spite of this fact, the players have formed a team which is a credit to the school. The Chess Club was established in 1921, by Mr. James Leonard. When Mr. Leonard left for the Merrill School, Mr. Sullivan took over the work.

The players who have done notable work and are responsible for the success of the team are: Capt. Hernandez, H. Isenstein, N. Long, S. Andelman, P. Pertzoff, M. Andelman, S. Fishman, H. Adelson, F. Hernandez, L. Goldman. The teams Rindge, Brookline, and Somerville each three times. Somerville once managed to gain a draw on our team owing to the fact that several of the

players were not able to play on account of illness. In the next game the team showed its superiority over them by defeating them to the tune of 5½ to ½. Rindge our rival was defeated three times: once by a perfect score and twice by the score of five to one. The team will have its full strength next year and is looking forward to another championship year.

YEAR BOOK STAFF.

A committee composed of students elected in each Senior home room has chosen the following Year Book Staff:

Editor-in-Chief Roy Lamson, Jr.
Literary Editor Alison Marks

Assistant Literary Editors

Shirley Gregson — Eunice Hagar
Carleton McMurtry — Margaret Grosso
Clyde McArdle — Thelma Kaye
Viola Driscoll — Francis Mason
Alexander Drewicz — Winifred Griffin

Business Manager Joseph Tasonis

Assistant Business Managers

Haskell C. Freedman — Alice Mutch
Marjorie Johnson

Advertising Manager Thomas Kenney

Assistant Advertising Managers

Ellen Smith — Evelyn Lake
Louis Cohen — Patience Clarke
Rose Borzakian

Athletic Editor John Cronin
Assistant Athletic Editor Ray Pearl
Subscription Manager George Larsen

Art Editors

Yvonne Goyette — Patience Clarke
Alexander Drewicz

Advisor: Miss Willoughby
Faculty Advisor Miss Mary C. Hardy

The staff hopes to publish the best year book in the history of the school and feels assured that it is firmly supported by the whole school. The Year Book is primarily a journal of the Senior Class but contains the complete history of the school for four years. Underclassmen are urged to subscribe to the Year Book not only as a good business bargain but as a support of faith to the outgoing Senior class. See the subscription manager, George Larsen, room 78, and subscribe!

R. L.

DR. F. J. GOODRIDGE.

Dr. F. J. Goodridge, well known surgeon and physician in this city, passed away recently at his home, 5 Appian Way.

Dr. Goodridge was graduated from Cambridge High and Latin School in 1894, from Harvard College, 1898, and from Harvard Medical School in 1902. During his early surgical training he lived at the Mass. General Hospital for about two years and later became a member of the staff of that hospital. At the time of his death he was a member of the surgical staff of the Cambridge Hospital.

In his college days he was captain of the first Harvard hockey team and later was a successful headcoach.

He was a member of the Harvard Club of Boston, Oakley Country Club and medical societies.

Dr. Goodridge was born in this city, the son of Charles Frederick and Emma (Smith) Goodridge, and he had always lived here, where he had a host of friends.

SAMUEL BROOKS ADAMS.

Samuel Brooks Adams, a member of this school during 1912 and 1913 died February twenty-first at East Washington, N. H. Mr. Adams was born in Cambridge, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brooks Adams and attended the Cambridge public schools. He graduated from Harvard and later attended Harvard Law School. He was the first American soldier to receive a personal appreciation from the French military authorities, and many later citations including the Etat Major and Croix de Guerre. He was gassed several times and received the infliction which brought on his death from mustard gas attack when he gave his mask to a little French girl. As a member of the ambulance division he rescued one hundred and fifty people from an area under shell fire. He will always be remembered by his friends as brave, earnest, and loyal, the type of an American of whom all can be proud.

WORK TO WIN!

Over eight months of our school year has passed; less than two remain. Those who have worked to the best of their ability in the last eight months have no fears for the remainder; to those who have lagged behind the coming two months are empty baskets in which the fruits of hard work must be placed if success must be gained. If you have done well, do better in the time that remains. If you have not wilfully worked up to your highest peak of efficiency, you must work now. Whatever you do, do your best. Remember "Labor Omnia Vincit".

R. L.

AT FULL MOON.

The rain blew in sharp gusts against the pane, and the rattling of the window sash partly drowned the voice of the man who sat in the center of a group which had drawn close to the glowing embers in the huge, stone fireplace. As he stopped talking, a girl who had been nodding drowsily in a corner raised her head and yawned.

"Why can't we have something new? Why do all ghost stories have to be on nights like this? It's frightfully cut and dried. Aunt Julia, you tell us one. You're always original."

"That's strange, I was about to volunteer. Any one too sleepy? Well, it was in New Hampshire about ten years ago. We, John and I, were hunting for a summer home. Our train arrived later than we had expected, and since we had to leave the next morning rather early, the agent was accomodating enough to volunteer his services for that night. The place he was going to show us was a fairly good sized one about five miles out of town, and since we had no alternative we rode there in his so-called car, a Ford of the vintage of 1908. The roads were little more than cart paths and there simply weren't any springs to the car. I believe even now I could identify every hole and rock on the way.

"The last part of the journey was through deep pine woods and even the flivver's anemic lights looked brilliant in the black shadows. The forest ended abruptly at the foot of a green lawn, dotted with enormous trees which only partially revealed a huge Colonial house, silver in the light of a full moon. A bit farther down the road was a less pretentious house, rather mid-Victorian, and surrounded by a patch of treeless land. Here we stopped. Our guide led us through the small, airless rooms, and we duly admired the elaborately carved newell-post and the red and green stained glass in the dining-room.

"Then we went outside on the veranda, which faced the house on the hill. From the first moment I had a feeling that something in our prosaic surroundings was out of the ordinary. Suddenly I started back with a cry, for there in the grass was the shadow of a man gesticulating wildly. Beside him was the shadow of a huge elm, its branches waving as if in a high wind. While we looked, the man raised his eyes to the tree top, his hands raised, as if to ward off a blow. He stood, completely paralyzed while the enormous tree swayed and toppled directly on top of him. The lack of any sound added to the horror of the scene we witnessed. Then the phantoms vanished. Everything was as before, even to the peaceful chirping of the crickets.

"We turned to our companion, utterly overcome. At first he seemed as much at a loss as we, then the light of understanding showed in his eyes.

"'By jove!' he exclaimed, 'I know now. I've heard the story, but I've never believed it before. You see that house on the hill? Well, an old gentleman who owned that about sixty years ago was awfully keen on his trees, on the whole place, in fact. It was against his principles to work, so when his cash began to run out he found he hadn't the means to take care of the estate as he wanted to. He needed about ten gardeners and a tree doctor at work all the time, and he decided that he'd rather take an offer for part of his land than to let all of it go to ruin. So he sold this piece and one adjoining this to a firm that wanted to cut it up for building lots.

"'He was called away on business for a few days after the contract was signed. Meanwhile they were rushing work here to finish the job up for someone who was going to take the place on if it were done by a certain time. They were using two shifts, and working at night as much as possible.

" 'Right on the site of this house was a tree, one of the old man's particular pets. The contractors had arranged to cut it down, because it was in the way. On an April night about like this there was a full moon that made it bright as day. He came back to find the tree was being sawed down. He hurried here to stop the work, but in spite of his efforts and pleadings, the workmen continued carrying out their orders. You know the rest; there was a high wind and the tree, which was partly cut through blew, over on top of him. They say that every ten years, at full moon, these shadows can be seen. Quite a tragedy if one could believe it.' "

She turned to the assembly. The ashes were now grey and the rain had stopped. As she finished a full moon broke through the skudding black clouds and cast a silver beam on the dark floor.

Hildegarde Callan.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

"There's a reason why I am going to Egypt," Johnny said to his mother. "There are camels there and *I'd walk a mile for a camel."*

"Well, Johnny," answered his mother, "*You'll like it better* over there than here, I am sure. But don't you think you had better get some advice before you go?"

"You're right, mother. I'll *Ask Dad — he knows."*

So Johnny immediately set out for his father's office and there had a long consultation. He finally decided to cross over on the S. S. Cambridge because *It floats.*

"The most important question for me, of course," Johnny remarked as he was leaving, "is my wearing apparel. I must have *Clothes of quality."*

"Of course, my son," answered his father. "You'll need for your trip *The kind that keeps.* I recommend the store *Where you bot the hat.* It is a *Store for men.* They have at least *57 varieties* and *4 out of 5* men that you see have them. *Such popularity must be deserved."*

Johnny left at once and soon reached the store to which his father had told him to go. As he entered the door, a small clerk came up to him and asked in a sharp voice, "Do you live around here?"

"No," answered Johnny, considerably surprised.

"Well then *Be loyal* and *Patronize your naborhood store,"* he retorted and hurried away.

As he left a big, fat clerk, nearly *8 times normal size,* came up and asked Johnny what he wanted.

"Just suits," replied Johnny. "What made him go away so fast? Did he hear *His master's voice?"*

"It's in the bean," returned the large clerk. "He's the kind that thinks *Self-service is the best service* except when it is applied to himself."

"I'm going to Egypt," remarked Johnny unexpectedly.

"That's a pretty cold place, I hear. Don't you think you had better have some pretty warm suits? Now this one here is *99 44/100 pure* wool and you surely need *The highest quality for health."*

"But isn't it kind of old-fashioned?" objected Johnny.

"Perhaps. Ours are *Constantly improved but no yearly models.* We have sold *Ten million* of this variety, and *Ask a man who has one* whether they last or not."

Seeing that Johnny was still uncertain, the stout salesman went on, *"Eventually, why not now?* And ours you know — well *They satisfy."*

"I'll take five now, then, and if I like them I will come back for more," said Johnny succumbing.

The clerk was visibly relieved. "Great," he remarked. Then the surprising man continued, "Let's have some lunch now. I'm hungry and there's a good place near here. Always *Look for the red and white label* on restaurants. *You'll like it better."*

They soon entered a small restaurant, and took their seats at a table. The clerk called for the waiter and said, "Bill, we want some *Ham what am* with *That southern flavor.* Make it snappy, boy, because my temper isn't *The kind that keeps."*

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter earnestly. "And do you want *America's most famous dessert too?* And that little drop of something that we give *After every meal?"*

This excited Johnny but it had no visible effect on the stout clerk.

The waiter was gone about 25 minutes, during which time Johnny tried earnestly to sing "America" to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." When the waiter came back he had a tray in each hand. On one of them was a good-sized ham and on the other two glasses filled with water and two small cubes.

"*Dissolve one cake in a glass of water,*" he instructed. "It gives you *A skin you love to touch* and *Fights that dingy film.*"

Johnny couldn't quite get the connection so he decided to leave at once. He discovered that it was getting on to 4 o'clock and that it was therefore time to pay his respects to a girl called Mary. He bought at a drug store a box of candy. *Fit for her* even though she had often warned him she was trying to *Keep that schoolgirl complexion.*

Mary herself answered the door bell when he rang it. "Hello, Johnny," she said. "Why, how funny you look. *Have you had your iron today?*"

"Of course not," answered Johnny, chagrined at this unexpected reception.

"That explains it. Come in and sit down."

"Oh Mary," Johnny began. "I am going away and I just wanted to tell you——."

"*Say it with flowers,*" interrupted Mary. "I don't like people that always *Obey that impulse* to talk. By the way don't you want to *Refresh yourself? Here's a real smoke,* so *Have a Harvard? You'll like it better.*"

Johnny was scandalized for he was forbidden to smoke at all.

He said, "I guess *It's time to re-tire.* You ought always to *Picture ahead* whether you're going to shock me or not."

"I like to be *Genuine,*" answered Mary and then slammed the door in his face———Just then he woke up. "Gee, what a nightmare," he remarked.

Barbara Birkhoff.

PROGRESS IN MEGAPHYRIA.

Philip, the newly-succeeded young king of Megaphyria, in Asia Minor, was leaning back on the rich divan of his private consulting chamber, gazing on his intended wife, daughter of the Baron of Bazarat, who was seated beside him with her elbows on her knees, spending half her glances on Philip and half on her finger-nails. He was a dark-featured young man, with a face that bespoke kindness, yet unyielding determination, an impression that will be strengthened by his words. His fiancée was dainty, modest, etc., all that may be expected of any heroine. She was speaking:

"But you will run to destruction! The barons have all the money and all the soldiers, and it has always been so. They will not give up their power for nothing. And my father —you are not brutal enough to ruin him!"

"I am not ruining any one. I do what I believe to be my duty; I have formed that conception, and cannot change it till I know it is wrong. I know, my dear, that the East does not like it, but the voice of the East is the voice of the nobles. See below you the yellow fields. See the stooping, hopeless automatons who toil there. They have never expressed an opinion. They know no other state than that of drudges to people who live forever in flabby surfeit. Is it not a noble task to give them hope?"

"Yes, I realize that my ideas are those of my country. I am selfish and unfeeling for others. I wish to live forever in "flabby surfeit" as you call my life—Oh, never mind the blunder. It is the truth. I know besides that if my grandfather had not been a little more noble and liberal than the rest, I myself should never have received enough education to talk with you intelligently now. But my loyalty must be first to my family, who still control me. I half suspect my father has not yet assented to our marriage—since this is a king too noble to press it—in order that I may help his cause by influencing you. But I must obey him!"

"And again you surrender to tradition, and forget your principles. They are a hard thing to eradicate, these false ideals."

"False! Is everything false? Can my land have nothing that is pure, according to your ideas? Why so?"

Petulantly she ran from the room.

The situation about which they differed was as follows. Megaphyria is a little country wedged in between the powerful nations of Asininia and Meganacia, consisting of a

chain of mountains in the shape of an elongated horseshoe opening on the sea, and in the center a valley famed for its crops, where at that time there labored the deadened peasantry, slaves of the noble barons, whose castles can be seen as white dots in the chain of mountains. The defense of the country was entrusted to these several lords, who for the purpose kept each a garrison of soldiery, who were useful also in the matter of keeping the peasants in the proper submission. The nobles were so long and thoroughly accustomed to their life of pure worthless idleness that they considered it a matter settled for all time, and would exert themselves to preserve it, if in no other cause.

Philip's father had been a man of ability and ingenuity, but had been finally broken to the situation. When his eldest son wished experience, and asked to see the progressive countries of the West—influenced mainly by the experience of speaking with and admiring two young Nordics, who made him sick of his life of indolence and satiety—the father at first resisted the innovation, and then, gazing back on his own struggle at twenty, had determined to let him go. "He will be the greatest king of the line," said he to himself; "His father will be forgotten, but he will live on."

Then Philip had studied first in Italy for two years, and had completed his education in England. He forgot with a will all the Eastern ideals of his home, and had returned at length feeling that of all he had studied, European history had been the most profitable to him. For two months he had frequented the capital of his country, Fersbahad, falling in love at once with Amavia, the noble maiden we have mentioned, and letting a vague report spread of his new views. The barons were therefore somewhat alarmed when his father sickened and died. Amavia's visit had been arranged by her father, that he might learn the intentions of the new king.

Philip's period of mourning was now over, and he proceeded at once, on the second day after his conversation with his intended wife, to arouse the country by the following brilliant stroke. He dispatched a herald to the court of each of the barons, to announce a change in the military system of the country. The nobles were ordered to hand over the entire soldiery to the king; and as to the money formerly dispensed on garrisons, this was to be ascertained by officers of the king, and half was henceforth to be sent to the king, and half was not to be collected from the peasants. The king's officers were also to report whether the taxes were lowered or not.

As an addition the heralds were to proclaim the new wages of the soldiers—which were higher than the barons had ever paid before—and to announce improvements in the barracks, which, together with the border fortresses, were to pass into the control of the national government, on payment of a money compensation.

The country raised its head in excited interest. The barons, in quick anger mustered the troops, but their officers declared that the men would not march against the one who offered them such terms.

Amavia came to beg on her knees for the restitution of the old system, but Philip, raising her tenderly, showed that no harm would be done. He was helping the peasants, not destroying the nobles and his resolution was firm. She shook him off and pointed to him with straightened arm, trembling with rage, calling him faithless, blackguard, traitor. Then she collapsed into the arms of an angry servant, who carried her off to her carriage. The carriage rolled away, leaving Philip in despair.

Let us follow this carriage to the home of her father. It crosses for two hours a level yellow land of crops, through the stifling quiet of midday in a hot, dry country, and then rises twisting into the mountains, arriving at last under the carriage-portals of a great black castle which divided like an island a swift and shallow stream entangled into swirls by frequent rocks. Here in his study was the man to whom she gave her loyalty—a large, sullen fellow who met her gruffly, and soon dismissed her to her room.

A little later she left the castle and was wandering in the woods above it, troubled seemingly by painful regret, and moving slowly and silently in many different directions, always returning. One moment she stood still, anxiously watching through her Oriental veil two men in the uniforms of the king's revenue officers, who passed by up the slope without having seen her. Then she rested beside a large pine, watching her toes, until her attention was perforce arrested by a deafening noise. Thunderstruck and quaking she peered around until she saw a stranger

running up the slope, followed by a man in uniform. The other man in uniform lay quite still on the ground, having fallen first on his knee and then on his face in the grass. A small trickle of blood appeared issuing from under his chest. Hastening to him, she turned over his head. His twisted face made no change, and his limbs were heavy with death. Here she was found by a group of soldiers, who dragged her along for the capital, telling her that royal orders required immediate detention of murder witnesses.

Philip seemed relieved and satisfied on learning of her imprisonment, and he dropped the worried expression he had had since their quarrel. These events, he believed, would enable him to start his reign in the proper manner.

Next day she was conducted before the king in court. On all sides was a confusion of color and plumes and shining silk. Before her were the other actors in the scene of the day before, except the dead man, and directly ahead and above sat the handsome swarthy young king, looking calmly on her face.

The murmur ceased and the king addressed her:

"Daughter of the Baron of Bazarat, you behold your father's servant accused of murder. Did he strike down my guard?"

She saw that to be truthful she must betray her father, that with her lay the fate of this man, and that then the king would pass judgment on her father. But could she lie and leave the guard unavenged?

All was silent. In confusion giving way to a quick determination, she answered: "Yes."

An infuriated giant arose in a corner, cursing her and disowning her as his daughter. It was her father. Philip motioned and spoke, "My wife, your father is given free amnesty, provided no further sedition occurs. His emissary had messages of serious import to the Menacians, but they have been taken, and the evil is left undone. The last resistance to progress is suppressed; our country has outgrown the East."

ALUMNI NOTES.

Any news concerning the graduates of this school will be gladly received by the Alumni Editor. Please specify to which class they belong.

We extend many thanks to Mr. Cecil Derry and to Mr. Harold Durrell for their help in securing news of the Alumni of this school for the Review.

1921.

Irving Tisdale is working for the John Hancock Life Insurance Co.

Hyman Katz, M. I. T. '25, is leaving soon for Europe for the purpose of research work in Physics.

Jack Hager is working in Hartford, Connecticut, for the California Fruit Growers.

Hilda Borjeson is a Secretary for Morgan and Morgan Co., Boston.

1920.

Harriet Lane is a senior at Smith.

"Tony" Dopkewitz left Tech at the end of the first term of his second year. He is now studying music at the New England Conservatory.

1919.

Anne Burns is working for the Edison Illuminating Co., in Boston.

Madeline Meere is working for Stone and Webster.

1918.

Jack Collier, Harvard '24, is a member of the Boston Stock Co., playing at the St. James Theater. He took the leading part in "Lazybones", one of their recent presentations.

Julia T. Galvin, Lowell Normal '21, is teaching at the Harvard Grammar School.

Anna V. Bannon is now Mrs. D. Wesley Lowell.

1917.

Edith Andleman was married to Morris Rosenberg of Lawrence on March 3, 1925.

1915.

Daniel J. Crowley, senior vice-commander of the Cambridge post of the American Legion, has recently been admitted to the bar.

At the outbreak of the World War, he served on the commission which established the United States Shipping Board. At a later period of the War, he joined the Harvard R. O. T. C. As historian of the Cambridge Post, he compiled the first complete record of Cambridge's "gold star" roll.

Winifred J. Graustein is a graduate student in English at Radcliffe.

Edwin B. Damon is a chemist. He lives in East Orange, N. J.

1912.

J. Spencer Love is living in Burlington, N. C., where he is treasurer and general manager of the Burlington Mills, Inc.

1911.

Jeanette E. Graustein is a graduate student in Botany at Radcliffe.

1910.

Wallace O. Fenn, Ph. D., is a Professor of Physiology at the School of Medicine and Dentistry, Rochester University, Rochester, N. Y.

1908.

Thomas H. Lanman, M. D., is an instructor in hygiene and physical education at Harvard.

J. Gordon Gilkey is giving both required and elective courses at Amherst College. His preaching appointments include Amherst, Mt. Holyoke, Cornell, and Middlebury. One of his sermons is included in a volume entitled "Best Sermons of 1924." He is minister of the South Congregational Church at Springfield. The services of his church are broadcasted by WBZ.

1907.

Arnold W. Lahee has recently published through Henry Holt & Co., "Our Competition and Markets; an Introduction to Foreign Trade."

Charles F. Crowley has been appointed head coach of the Columbia foot ball team for three years, to succeed the late Percy D. Houghton.

Archibald C. Gove has moved to 52 Sears Ave., Melrose Highlands. He is a member of the firm of Gove, Elliott & Co., certified public accountants, Boston.

1906.

Sidney C. Boyer is a salesman with the Frank Meline Co., Inc., of Los Angeles, Cal. His home address is 111a Canon Drive, Berkeley Hills, Cal.

Howard F. K. Cahill is working with the American Battle Monument Commission, Washington, D. C.

Francis L. Foster is in the cotton business in Providence, R. I.

1905.

Maurice T. Whiting has been appointed manager of the Lloyd Manufacturing Co., Menominee, Michigan.

1904.

Richard Mathews Hallett, the well known writer of sea stories, left this winter for a cruise to the West Indies and South America.

Ernest W. Carman is an attorney in Springfield, Mass.

1903.

Fletcher W. Taft, well remembered both at this school and at Harvard for his ability in Athletics and in Dramatics, is now Advertising Manager of the Carter Ink Company. He taught at Boston University for a few years after he graduated from Harvard.

1902.

Miss Ruth Dallinger is head of the department of French in the Winsor School, Boston.

John DeQ. Briggs is head master of St. Paul Academy, St. Paul, Minn. His sister, Miss Lucia Briggs, also a graduate of this school, is president of Milwaukee-Downer College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Browning E. Marean is a manufacturer in Wilmington, Delaware.

Timothy F. Burns is farming in Hopkinton, N. H.

Robert L. Smith is a banker, and lives in East Orange, N. J.

1901.

Irving Nelson Linnell has been appointed to the faculty of the Georgetown School of Foreign Service.

Edgar L. Smith is the author of "Common Stocks as Long Term Investments," recently published by the MacMillan Co.

1898.

Henry J. Winslow has been elected president of the Cambridgeport Savings Bank.

1894.

Richard A. Trapp is a coffee-planter in Mexico.

1891.

Mrs. George P. Costigan (Maude Wittemore) of Berkeley, Cal., holds the degree of Juris Doctor from Northweste.n University.

1890.

C. Lewis Lawrence is a Christian Science practitioner in Los Angeles, California.

1889.

Walton Brooks McDaniel is professor of Latin in the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Constance G. Alexander, formerly a teacher in this school, is head of the English department in the post-graduate school at Dana Hall, Wellesley.

1877.

John C. Rolfe has published a fourth volume, "Virgil," in his series of Latin text books for schools.

Boston University.

Philip Segal '24, is taking a course in accounting.

Antonio Serino, Frances Sullivan, Marion Esty, Constance Saxsmyth, Frances Gross, Gertrude Levin, all of class of '24, and Althea McDonald and Alma Temple of class of '23 are Freshmen.

Clarence Googins '24, is attending B. U. Night School.

Sarah Fishman, Ruth Dennehy, and Frances Moulton, class of '23 are sophomores.

Beatrice Hooley '22, is a sophomore.

Katherine Lovett and Mildred Birch, class of '22 are Juniors.

Olive Lynch, Edith Nolen, Helen Swezey, and Dorothy Dansie, all of '21, are Seniors.

RECENT DEATHS.

1912—Samuel Brooks Adams at East Washington, N. H.

1907—Henry Gilmore Rideout at Portland, Maine, November 20, 1924.

1894—Frederick James Goodridge at Cambridge, January 15, 1925.

1879—Lucas Lee Baker at Templeton, December 4, 1924.

1878—Isaac W. Risdon at Somerville, February 20, 1925.

1869—Ida Ezella Wright (Mrs. Arthur E. Denison) at Harrison, Maine, December 1, 1924.

1866—Mary Williams Greely (Mrs. W. H. Goodridge) at Boston, December 27, 1924.

1853—Louisa Dana Bullard at Worcester, February 13, 1925.

EXCHANGE JOKES.

Sarah: "He looks familiar."
Mary: "He is!" —Nautilus.

She: "I think all handsome men are conceited."
He: "Well, I'm not." —Nautilus.

(Heard at a football game): "Hold him, dear, I know you can." —Nautilus.

"Can you drive with one hand?"
"Oh, sure!"
"Then turn up my coat collar."
—Kuay Weekly.

Young Lady: "Officer, catch that man, he tried to kiss me!"
Officer: " 'S'all right, Miss, there'll be another along in a minute." —Centralia.

Jacob: How do you feel towards the Ku Klux Klan, Abie?
Abraham: Just fine, Jakie. I sell them the sheets. —Exchange.

Chemistry teacher: What can you tell me about nitrates?
Student: Well-er-they're a lot cheaper than day rates. —Argus.

History Prof.: What was the contribution of the Middle Ages to modern college life?
Freddie: Chaperones! —Exchange.

He: 'Member when we used to make mud pies together?
She: Yes — that was the Plastic Age.
—The Gale.

Where's Pete?

"Has anyone seen Pete?"
"Pete who?"
"Petroleum."
"Kerosene him yesterday and he ain't benzine since."

Just Matches.

Teacher: "Jacob, can you tell me how matches are made?"
Jacob: "No, ma'm, but I don't blame you



Muddled Movies.

"The Wrath to Come"—College Boards.

"Ten More Amendments"—Mr. Jacobs.

"Classmates"—Marion Tutin and Esther Mittel.

"The Fast Male"—Renny Morize.

"Chickee — the Wellknown" — Chickee Machin.

"The Roughneck"—Willie Cohen.

"The Line that Failed"—Jimmy Harrington.

Gebby: There's no use talking, women aren't game.

Marj: Well, they're certainly hunted enough.

In History.

"Well, why don't you say something?"

Jim: "I'm waiting for history to repeat itself."

"Red, wouldst play a game of chess?"

"Price, you know I detest exhibitions of brute strength."

Jake: "Why do you leave your shoes in the sun-light?"

John: "I'm trying to make them tan."

Ray: "Say, the jokes in that issue were terrible."

Hutch: "I don't know. I just threw a lot of the rejected ones in the stove and the fire just roared."

Real Accuracy.

Hugo was describing a crippled, second-hand flivver he had just purchased to Chickee Mackin.

"She was bow-legged in all four wheels; her steering gears are only made to guide her backwards; she is all stove up like she had rheumatism, and rattle, I'll say she rattles. Why dernit, she sounds like a skeleton having a congestive chill on a tin roof."

The Books in the Faculty.

"A Friend to Caesar"—Mr. Derry.

"Dangerous Days"—Miss Flanders.

"Port of Missing Men"—Mr. Bramhall's office.

"Happy Warrior"—Mr. McDonald.

"The Amazing Interlude"—Mr. Olsen.

"Golden Treasury"—Miss Crook.

"On Friendly Street" — Miss Kelly and Miss Lee.

"Mount Music"—Mr. Whoriskey.

"As You Like It"—Miss Parker.

"The Judgment Seat"—Mr. Bramhall.

English IV.

Pupil discussing book: "Why was Silas so interested in Sarah?"

Miss M.: "Were you ever in love?"

Pearl and Nelson were passing notes. Teacher: "Pearl and Nelson stop playing Post Office.

A Field for Ambition.

"Yes, father," said the young man just out of high school, "I've graduated and my education is complete. I s'pose I know everything worth knowing, now I must find a large field where I can use it to the best advantage."

"Son," replied the old gentleman, "there is the ten-acre corn field, and you kin have it all to yourself."

"Describe water, Johnny," said a Prof.

"Water," he explained," is a white fluid that turns black when you put your hands in it."

Let us thank Mr. Wrigley. If it were not for chewing gum, lots of people we know would never get any exercise at all.

Books Wanted.

Rose Glynn—"How to win Dan."
Anna Curtin—"How to Get Adds for the Year Book."
Charlie Carruth—"Ways and Means."
Dot Doyle—"How to Tease."
Barbara Adams — "How to Make Less Noise."
Jack Mather—"A Book on Love."
Alvin Hart—"How to Tease the Girls."
Ray Toothaker—"My Stolen Girl."
"The Flying Fish"—Tom Kenney.

Examinations We All Might Pass.

1. When was the War of 1812?

2. In round numbers what was the duration of the "Hundred Year's War?"

3. Who wrote Macauley's "History of England?"

4. In what season of the year did Washington spend the winter at Valley Forge?

5. What countries took part in the Spanish American War?

Correct These Sentences.

"No, indeed," said Mr. Sheehan, "not one pupil in my first period class is flunking. In fact, I have thirteen who are doing "E" work."

You needn't bring an excuse for being absent yesterday," said Mr. Bramhall.

"Since this is only the third time I have caught you talking in the corridors," whispered Miss Hardy, "I won't make you stay after school."

Mr. Donahue: "What did you say, Ben?"
Ben: "Nothing."
Mr. Donahue: "I didn't ask you what you knew."

Latest Song Hits.

"Where's My Sweetie Hiding"—Ray Pearl.
"When You and I Were Seventeen"—Dot Gray.
"How Come You Do Me, Like You Do"—Moxham.
"Be Good to My Old Girl"—Toothaker.
"Driftwood"—Nelson.
"Supposing I Never Met You."—Gibby.
"Lime House Blues"—Chic Mackin.
"Rosemarie"—Rosemary Hatfield.
"Me and the Boy Friend"—Harriet Higginson.

Concerning the Senior Drama Banquet.

Ray P.: Oh boy, I am going to the banquet in a Packard sedan. Back seat all to myself.

Gibby: Red Shaughnessy, Nelson and myself are going in a "College Ford" and Fords go where automobiles fear to tread.

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore,
By saying when he told a jest,
I heard that joke before.

Teacher: Where did you leave the book, John?
Pupil: I left it laying on the table.
Teacher: Lying, lying.
Pupil: I'm not, that's the plain truth.

John: "If a girl fell down would you pick her up?"
Frank: "No, I'd give her yeast and let her rise."

Pupil: "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar; I am too poor to afford an undertaker."

The Misses Tutin and Mittel expressed a wish to see their names in print, so we have obliged them.

Those who have noticed Nelson, the past few weeks, have noticed the sublime look of peace and happiness upon his countenance.
Who is she, Nelson?

Razz and Jazz.

Beau Brummel—Eddy Murtagh.
Dreamer of Dreams—Frances Shea.
Toot-toot-tootsie—Marion Tutin.
Count the Days—Graduation.
Stepping Out—Lillian MacKeever.
I Love Me—Charlie Good.

Add famous liars—The editors who proclaim that rejection doesn't imply lack of merit.

He: Do I need a haircut?
The Barber: No—but we don't braid hair here.

"Willing to Wait."

A young law student applied for a position in a law office and asked what the pay would be.

"You get nothing for the first six months, but after that you get a $1,000 per annum!"

"Very well, I'll come back in six month's time."

Teacher: "Now you understand children, that "transparent" means something that you look through. Nelson, name me an example?"

Nelson: "Yes, teacher, a keyhole."

F. F.: "Isn't she well preserved?"

C. G.: "Yes, considering the jars she's been in."

Freddie: Who do you think is the best acrobat, Houdini, or Donald Ogden Stuart's hero, who mounted his horse and galloped off in all directions.

Clyde: Neither. What about Robinson Crusoe? It says here, "After he had finished his meal he lit up his pipe and sat down on his chest.

Ellen: Let's dance! Start the Vic.
Roy: Have you a good record?
Ellen: Sir!?!

May They Rest in Peace.

1. The fellow who took a girl to the Senior Drama.

2. Teacher who once heard a good looking girl make an intelligent remark in class.

3. The fellow who signed all his love letters.

4. Chemistry shark who forgot to read the names on the bottles.

5. Person who contributes material to the Review.

6. People attempting to get subscriptions for the Year Book.

Have You Heard These?

"Gotta cigarette? Thanks, say, have you gotta match?"

"Too bad she belongs to that crowd. She's a nice girl, but one must keep one's social prestige.

"I say, every man has got to get an Adv. for the Year Book."

"Your name please."

"That teacher is absolutely horrid. Look at this paper—only a G."

"Girls, he's the most heavenly dancer."

And Then ——

"You know I'm just studying myself to death lately."

Paul: "When I read the wonderful things accomplished with electricity it makes me think."

Ida: "Great thing—electricity."

Mr. Jacobs: "Why were you late?"

Mutter from rear: "Class began before I got here."

"Did she display her charms?"
"No, she isn't superstitious."

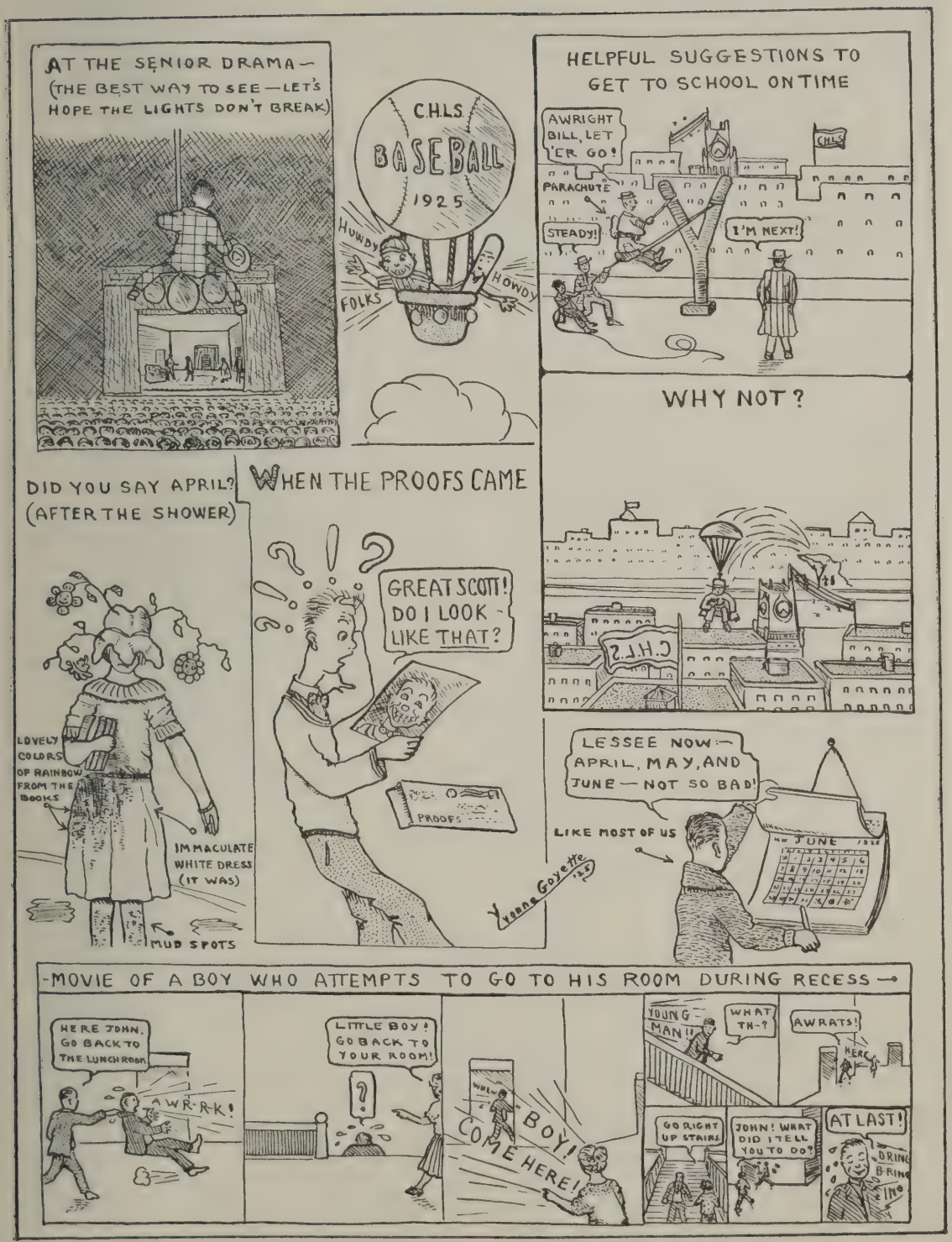
Teacher: "A sentence with venison."
Kelly: "The deer departed—venison."

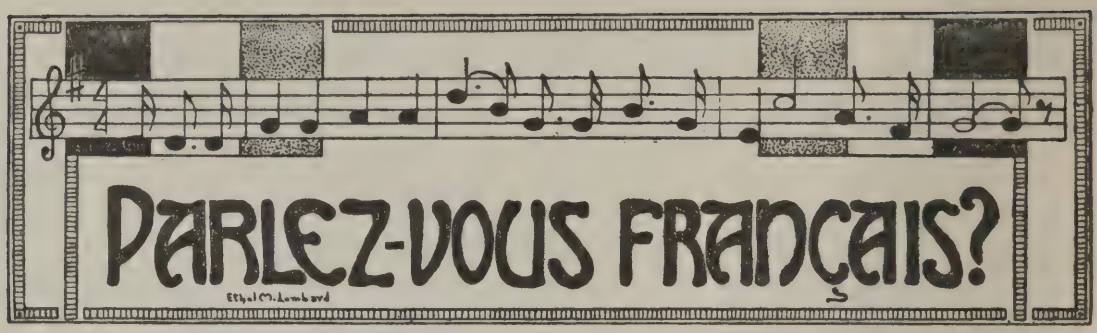
Phil: Say, *you've* never danced before!

Dot: All right. You're good enough to practice on.

An Autobiography.

I am a Joke. I was cracked for the first time by a Instructor at a lecture. A student, attending the lecture heard me. He wrote me down and sent me to the editor of the Cambridge Review. A lecture tourer heard me and next day told me to a party of men in a pullman smoker. Included in the party was a newspaper humorist and a nationally famous vaudeville comedian. The newspaper humorist printed me in his paper next morning and everybody said, "How clever!" The vaudeville comedian pulled me on the stage that night and everybody said, "Isn't he funny!" Five weeks later I came out in the Review and everybody said, "Old Stuff!"


AT THE SENIOR DRAMA—
(THE BEST WAY TO SEE—LET'S HOPE THE LIGHTS DON'T BREAK)
C.H.I.S.
BASEBALL
1925
HOWDY FOLKS
HOWDY
HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS TO GET TO SCHOOL ON TIME
AWRIGHT BILL, LET 'ER GO!
PARACHUTE
STEADY!
I'M NEXT!
C.H.I.S.
WHY NOT?
DID YOU SAY APRIL?
(AFTER THE SHOWER)
LOVELY COLORS OF RAINBOW FROM THE BOOKS
IMMACULATE WHITE DRESS (IT WAS)
MUD SPOTS
WHEN THE PROOFS CAME
GREAT SCOTT! DO I LOOK LIKE THAT?
PROOFS
Yvonne Goyette '25
LESSEE NOW— APRIL, MAY, AND JUNE — NOT SO BAD!
LIKE MOST OF US
JUNE
-MOVIE OF A BOY WHO ATTEMPTS TO GO TO HIS ROOM DURING RECESS-
HERE JOHN, GO BACK TO THE LUNCH ROOM
AWR-RK!
LITTLE BOY! GO BACK TO YOUR ROOM!
?
BOY! COME HERE!
YOUNG MAN!
WHAT TH-?
AWRATS!
HERE
GO RIGHT UP STAIRS
JOHN! WHAT DID I TELL YOU TO DO?
AT LAST!
DRING
B-RING
IN



UNE FANTAISIE

Ecoutez l'histoire de Désirée aux cheveux dorés, charmante reine des fees.

Un jour vint quand elle devait choisir entre ses adorateurs et ce n'etait pas facile, car la voix de Malgré, Le Poète, a dit: "Viens-toi avec moi, Désirée, au pays du soleil, d'ou est exilé le souci, où règne l'amour seul et la vie se passe à chanter et à danser, viens-toi, car je t'aime!"

La Désirée rêvait à ce pays de Malgré; cependant, à l'ombre de sa pensee se tenait Leroi—le Garde-Forestier aux tristes yeux gris—qui demeurait dans le pays froid du Nord—des neiges, des arbres et de tout ce qui etait grand et libre. Oh, la tristesse de ses yeux profonds quand il a dit, "Moi, Désirée, je t'offre le pays de Dieu!—laje te chérerai—car je t'aime, Désirée, et dans ton âme, tu m'aime, aussi, viens-toi avec moi!"

Toutes ces choses, Désirée, les pesait, ne sachant lequel des deux amants elle devait aimer; mais elle devrait s'y décider; une nuit, quand la mère-lune glissait au ciel et les enfants—étoiles se mettaient près d'elle, Malgré, Le Riant, vint avec sa harpe. D'heure en heure il en jouait, en promettant de lui donner sa vie, de chanter, de jouer, et de danser avec elle, et de l'aimer toujours: à la Desirée, il semblait tout ce qu'il y a de charmant. Quand L'Amoureux baisait sa main et la regardait avec les yeux étincelants, elle oubliait Leroi, et ne pensait qu'a celui-ci.

A l'aurore, quand Le Poète etait parti, La Désirée se leva des rêves heureux, elle trouva devant elle Le Garde-Forestier. La Désirée lui toucha les yeux si graves, cherchant son âme-même. En lui ne voyait-elle que le pays froid du Nord. Alors, La Désirée, la Fée, triste, aussi, ne comprenait pas cette tristesse—essayait-elle de s'endormir; dans tout son rêve, elle entendait les mots graves du Garde-Forestier, "Si tu l'aimes, je le deplorerait."

Alors bien troublée, repondit-elle, "Je demanderai aux fleurs que faire. A l'églantine et à toutes les fleurs de son royaume avec lequel des deux est-ce je trouverai du bonheur? D'un accord, elles répondirent, "Avec Malgré, Le Beau!"

Enchantée de cette décision, tellement douce, elle vola à un haut arbre pour voir s'il était près d'elle; une voix friode l'a fait frissoner, "Fille insensée, ne premets pas que les sottes fleurs t'arramgent la vie. Choises le plus virile!"

Alors, La Désirée fâchée contre l'insolent vent du Nord ne voulait pas l'écouter, mais endansant, en chantant, elle essayait de ne penser qu'au Poète et à son pays. Quand le soleil se coucha, La Désirée alla dire adieu au Grand-chêne, conseiller le plus sage de son royaume, "Roi, des arbres, je viens à toi avant d'entrer dans ce pays lointain de Malgré, dis-moi, Oh, mon père, ce que tu me conseilles."

Faible, d'abord, alors plus resonnante, venait la voix du grand arbre; "Ah, ma fille, que tu as été bête, en écoutant le murmure du Malgré; il n'est pas trop tard; le pays du Nord, celui de mon frère, le sapin sera le tien."

Alors La Désirée se demandait si elle osait opposer a ces souhaits. Mais malgré du conseil du homme vieux, elle osa opposer son souhait et elle partit avec Malgré à son pays. Cependant, La Désirée le trouvait froid, sa musique triste, non pas avec la tristesse du Garde-Forestier mais avec celle de la futilité.

Maintenant, elle suopirait après le vent

Continued on page 19



Entre las "Notas Escolares" de una edición reciente de "La Prensa," periódico español de Nueva York, se encuentra lo siguiente:

De Cambridge, Massachusetts, nos escribe la señorita Henrietta McIntire, jefe del departamento de francés y español de la High and Latin School, y nos envía algunas cartas escritas por los alumnos de las clases de español que dirige la señorita Mary Moulton.

Publicamos una de ellas y por la misma puede juzgarse del entusiasmo de los alumnos y profesores:

"La Prensa,
Calle Canal, 245,
Nueva York, N. Y.

Muy señores míos:

Nuestra profesora nos ha pedido que nosotros, los alumnos del tercer año de español, les escribiésemos una carta a ustedes, diciéndoles algo de nuestro estudio del idioma castellano. Me gusta mucho estudiar esta lengua, y creo que es la asignatura más interesante que tengo.

Además de tener clases españolas tenemos en esta escuela, The Cambridge High and Latin School, una biblioteca española que nos ayuda muchísimo. Hace pocos años que nuestras profesoras de español establecieron esta biblioteca.

En ella tenemos muchos libros españoles, periódicos, revistas, tarjetas postales de vistas de los países de habla española, y artículos que se usan en España.

Como trabajo extraordinario, las profesoras dan lecciones que los alumnos tienen que preparar en la biblioteca. Los principiantes cortan avisos de los periódicos y los traducen. Nosotros, la clase más adelantada, tenemos que traducir algunos cuentos españoles. Vamos a la biblioteca durante las horas de estudio. Las maestras han nombrado algunos alumnos que se encargan de la biblioteca, y ven que esté sempre en buen orden.

Aprovecho la oportunidad de decirles que pensamos subscribirnos a su periódico, que nos ayudará mucho.

Me ofrezco de Ustedes S. S.,

MARGARET GROSSO."

(Continued from page 18)

frois du Nord, et Leroi dans son coeur, elle les aimait. Elle ne pouvait danser ni chanter avec le Poète, et bientôt il la laissait seule, désolée. Puis, La Désirée croyant le salut dans la forte main du vent du Nord, s'avanca au pays du Leroi. Quand elle demanda au Vent des Neiges des nouvelles du Garde-Forestier, repondit-il, "Pendant tu demeurais au pays du Poète, Leroi s'adonna à Eriol, la fille du Roi-Neige, qui l'aime tendrement. Quoique la voix du Garde-Forestier soit tendre et qu'il chérisse Eriol, son coeur, est à toi, qui ne l'as pas aime; ses yeux sont encore tristes." La Désirée absourdie, ne pouvait point comprendre que le Garde-Forestier s'etait refuse à elle. Elle pria au vent de la lui conduire, mais il ne voulut pas; "tu as fait assez de mal, il faut que tu en souffres!"

La Désirée, désespérée se jeta sur l'herbe odoriferante et puis elle entendit un chuchottement dans l'oreille et elle releva la tete pour trouver une petite pensée, qui

(Continued on page 28)



Girl Dance.

The Girl Dance was certainly a wonderful success. The Gym was very tastefully decorated with orange and green, streamers stretched along the walls; the baskets were covered with paper on which here and there a flower could be seen. The matron's corner was arranged most gorgeously. Mrs. Dunn, Miss Sullivan, and Miss Brown were the matrons. At the opposite end of the Gym, Phil Lawrence's orchestra in all its glory, held forth. It surely was an exceptionally good orchestra and the various novelty selections were thoroughly amusing and enjoyable.

As "Variety is the spice of life," there was, judicially mixed in with the other dances, slipper, dumbell, and figure dances.

The decoration committee certainly deserves the highest praise for its wonderful work.

G. A. A. Meeting.

A mass meeting was held in the Gym on February 9, to practice cheers for the Freshmen-Sophomore Basketball game to be held on February 11.

After the meeting the Sophomores had a short practice. In this way those Sophomores who did not know the team could become acquainted with them.

Freshmen-Sophomore Basket Ball Game.

The first of the series of Freshmen-Sophomore games held on February 11, was very exciting. The teams were pretty evenly matched, both being excellent. However, the Sophomores won with a large margin, the score being 32-8.

The second game on February 11, was equally fine. It was more hotly contested than the other but that was all the better. Again the Sophomores won with a score of 33-19. This ends the series of games, the Sophomores having won two, for this year.

Good for you, Sophomores!

The Newton team, in spite of all Cambridge's valiant efforts to the contrary, piled up a score. Cambridge fought most bravely but Newton won with a score of 35-16.

On March 20, the Freshmen team of Newton, is coming here to play our Freshmen. Come! Come, and support the Freshmen team.

The Sophomore team of the Girls' High in Boston came here, and practised for a while with our Sophomores on March 4. As neither of the teams are allowed to play outside schools, this was merely an informal practise.

Mass Meeting.

At a mass meeting in the hall on March 9 for all Sophomore girls, we were told more fully about the Cambridge and Newton game to be held on March 12 at Newton.

For nine years C. H. L. S. has not played, and we are sure the whole school will support the Sophomores by attending the game.

Ethel Dansie, president, next introduced Rose Roony, captain of the basketball team. She spoke a few words regarding the game.

We practised cheers, then, with Margaret Bockman and Gladys Mugridge as cheer leaders.

Cambridge and Newton Game.

On March 12, the long expected, long waited for Cambridge and Newton game was played. Each school urged its respective team on, with loud and vigorous cheers. As the game progressed, the cheers grew even louder as we rallied around the teams. The teams were very excellent ones, and I am sure C. H. L. S. felt proud of her Sophomores.



The first big debate of the year is the coming annual Durrell Debate. Few students understand the meaning of this name. The originator of the Durrell Debate is Harold C. Durrell, a 1902 graduate of Cambridge Latin, and a man who has not lost his school spirit. This active member of our alumni donated a large silver loving cup for the annual Durrell Debate. On this cup are inscribed the names of the members of the winning teams. In addition to this cup, Mr. Durrell gives the little silver cups that are presented annually to the individual winners.

It would be a good thing for the C. H. L. S. students to develop the interest in debating shown by this spirited philanthropist. Each student in our school should try to hold at least a minor interest in debating.

But what is debating? In truth, debating is like any other sport or vice versa. The simile can be extended for pages. Take tennis for example. We have a game requiring a clear head, good foresight, quick and good decision, and endurance. All these qualifications are necessary for a debater. In tennis we must be able to detect the opponents weaknesses and use them to our advantage; in debating we must be alert and keen enough to detect a flaw in the opponents' case. Should a tennis player see an opening in his adversary's defense and not take immediate advantage of it, he loses that chance for ever. In debating, the speaker must likewise take instant advantage of the weaknesses of his opponent. "Strike instantly and forcefully," is the motto of both the debater and tennis player. A tennis expert cautiously plans his attack, studies the defense of his competitor, and plans to break up that defense. In debating, the orator prepares his speech, his line of arguments, studies the evidence favoring the opposite side, and plans to refute those arguments.

Does not that picture debating for you in its true self,—an activity, equal to any other sport?

SOPHOMORES WIN SERIES.

On January 23, 1925, the final and deciding debate of the annual series of Freshman and Sophomore debates was conducted under very favorable circumstances.

The debated subject, "Resolved: That the proposed child-labor amendment should be adopted", proved of interest to the auditors. All underclass debaters made a good impression; they presented good arguments in an effective manner.

After much deliberation the judges, Roy Lamson, (chairman), Herbert McSorley, and Henry Adelson, awarded the decision and championship to the Sophomores.

The chairman was William Flynn, '26. The teams were as follows:

Sophomores	*Freshmen*
Samuel Fishman*	George Foley*
William Tierny	Charles McLaughlin
Hyman Buller	John Hughes

DEBATING NOTES.

The debating class continues to show the spirit in debating that marked it from the first. It is mainly in this group that the debators of future years will be selected. The class practices extemporaneous debate and also holds congressional assembles, one side defending a bill, the other opposing it, thus producing a good debate. The crude speakers in the class of yesterday are the more developed speakers of today. Surely, Mr. Donahue is doing very good work in his class.

The Durrell Debate seems to be inciting interest in debating circles. Everyone should attempt to be a speaker on that important evening.

As to our Rindge debate: some students have passed the rumor that Cambridge Latin School will decline Rindge's challenge. The disappointed students may rest assured that no statement has been issued by Mr. Donahue to that effect. Until then, assume it for granted that C. H. L. S. will most assuredly debate Rindge as usual this year and assume that Cambridge Latin School may administer a third consecutive defeat to Rindge.



CAMBRIDGE LATIN VS. BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH.

Russell Field Rink, with one of the best surfaces in years, was the scene of a hard fought battle between Cambridge Latin and Boston College High. The result was a 2 to 2 deadlock.

The Lineup:

C. H. L. S.	*B. C. H.*
Joyce (Harlow) l.w.	r.w. Morris
Gibson (Schoolnith) c.	c. Slivey
Groden (Cullinan) r.w.	l.w. McCarthy
Clancy l.d.	r.d. Morrey
Nelson (Capt.) r.d.	l.d. Sliney
Fitzgerald g.	g. Sullivan

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 2; VS. ARLINGTON 1.

Captain Nelson, O'Connell and Gibson played well for Latin while Scanlon and Buckley starred for Arlington.

The Summary:

Arlington	*C. H. L. S.*
Scanlon r.w.	l.w. Harlow
Buckley c.	c. Gibson
Everett l.w.	r.w. O'Connell
Hamm r.d.	l.d. Clancy
Gowans l.d.	r.d. Nelson
Chamberlin g.	g. Fitzgerald

Score: Cambridge 2; Arlington 1.
Goals: Nelson, Groden, Scanlon.
Referees: Mooney and Stewart.

NEWTON HIGH 2; VS. CAMBRIDGE LATIN 1.

Cambridge Latin was defeated by Newton High 2-1 in the Boston Arena, as a preliminary to the Maples vs. B. A. A. game.

O'Connell, Joyce and Gibson did well in the forward line, while Capt. Nelson and Clancy played well on the defense. Holbrook and Howland starred for Newton.

The Summary:

Newton	*C. H. L. S.*
Spain r.w.	l.w. Joyce
Holbrook c.	c. Gibson, Harlow
Stubbs l.w.	r.w. O'Connell
Johnson r.d.	l.d. Clancy
Stone l.d.	r.d. Nelson
Howland g.	g. Fitzgerald

Score: Newton 2; Cambridge 1.
Goals: Holbrook, Johnson, O'Connell.
Referees: Mooney and Stewart.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 1; VS. ST. JOHNS 0.

Minus the services of two of her regular forwards, Cambridge Latin defeated St. John's Preparatory School, 1-0.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 1; VS. HARVARD 2ND 0.

Playing one of its best games of the season, Coach Leander MacDonald's charges defeated the Harvard 2nd varsity 1-0 on the Charles River Basin rink. The game was hard fought and clean throughout.

The Summary:

Harvard 2nd	*C. H. L. S.*
Pearsons, Cummings r.w.	l.w. Joyce
Durrant, Collier c.	c. Gibson
Ryghter, Boland l.w.	r.w. O'Connell, Harlow
Filt r.d.	l.d. Schoolnich (Cullinan)
Dunyste l.d.	r.d. Nelson
Harding, Reed g.	g. Fitzgerald

Score: Cambridge 1; Harvard 2nd 0.
Goal: Schoolnich.
Referee: Mooney.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 0; VS. BROWNE AND NICHOLS 2.

Browne and Nichols defeated Cambridge Latin 2-0 in the Boston Arena, in the first schoolboy game of the season to be played indoors.

The Summary:

Browne and Nichols	*C. H. L. S.*
Walker, Weiting r.w.	l.w. Joyce

Smith c.	c. Gibson, Nelson
Cross l.w.	r.w. O'Connell, Harlow
Stanley r.d.	l.d. Clancy
Barnes, Graves l.d.	r.d. Nelson, Schoolnich
Neal g.	g. Fitzgerald

Score: Browne and Nichols 2; Cambridge Latin 0.

Goals made by: Smith, Stanley.

Referee: Mooney.

STONEHAM 3; VS. CAMBRIDGE LATIN 1.

Cambridge Latin was eliminated in the championship series by Stoneham 3-1 in the Boston Arena on Washington's birthday.

The Summary:

Stoneham	*C. H. L. S.*
Measures, Kingsley r.w.	l.w. Joyce
Duplin, Williams c.	c. Gibson, Harlow
Cagan l.w.	r.w. O'Connell
Ronsdal, Robinson l.d.	r.d. Nelson
Crosby r.d.	l.d. Clancy
Frazer g.	g. Fitzgerald

Score: Stoneham 3; Cambridge 1.

Goals: Duplin 3, Harlow 1.

Referee: Stewart.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 50; BOSTON LATIN 18.

Greer, Murtagh and Kenney, each with two firs.s starred for Cambridge Latin.

Relay (160 Yards).

Won by Cambridge.

Murtagh, Stevens, Greer, Kenney. Time 1.36⅗.

Fancy Dive.

Won by Greer (Camb.), Hutchinson (Boston), Jaman (Boston).

20 Yards.

Won by Greer (Camb.), Keith (Boston), Stevens (Camb.). Time 10⅕s.

40 Yards.

Won by Murtagh (Camb.), Jay (Boston), Neville (Camb.). Time 23⅖s.

100 Yards.

Won by Kenney (Camb.), Jay (Boston), Dudley (Camb.). Time 1.08s.

200 Yards.

Won by Kenney (Camb.), Stevens (Camb.), Keith (Boston). Time 2.41⅘s.

40 Yard Back Stroke.

Won by Murtagh (Camb.), Jarosh (Boston), Foskett (Camb.). Time 27⅘s.

Plunge.

Won by Foskett (Camb.), Barber (Camb.), Rafferty (Boston). Distance 60 ft.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 53; VS. BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH 6.

March 16, 1925. Cambridge "Y".

Cambridge Latin whitewashed the B. C. High Mermen when it defeated them 53-6, a perfect score. The Cantabs took every first and second place.

The Summary:

Relay Race (160 Yards).

Won by—Cambridge, (Murtagh, Foskett, Greer, Kenney.) Time 1 min. 24⅘ sec.

Dive.

Won by—Greer (C.), Collett (C.), 2nd; Edwards (B.), 3rd.

Plunge.

Won by—Brooks (C.), Barber (C.), Drummond (B.). Distance, 60 ft.

20 Yards.

Won by—Murtagh (C.), Neville (C.), 2nd; tie between Finn (B.) and Ford (B.), 3rd. Time 10 seconds.

40 Yards.

Won by—Kenney (C.), Greer (C.), 2nd; Tryon (B.), 3rd. Time 20⅖ seconds.

100 Yards.

Won by—Murtagh (C.), Foskett (C.), 2nd; Ford (B.), 3rd. Time 1 min. 9 sec.

200 Yards.

Won by—Kenney (C.), Dudley (C.), 2nd; Drummond (B.), 3rd. Time 2 min. 30 sec.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 25; NEWTON HIGH 25.

The Cambridge Latin and Newton High mermen finished in 25 to 25 tie at the Cambridge "Y". All the races were closely contested with the 100-yard battle producing a scholastic record. Phil Perry of Newton High took the event in a jammed up finish from Kenney of Cambridge Latin in 1m. 2s. The 40-yard sprint was another well contested affair in which Kenney succeeded in reversing the tables defeating Perry by a two yards margin.

The Summary:

Relay (160 Yards).

Won by—Newton (Perry, Clark, Foster, Orsborne). Time 1m. 32s.

Fancy Dive.

Won by—Greer (Camb.), Collett (Camb.), second; Esson (Newton), third.

40 Yard Dash.

Won by—Kenney (Camb.), Perry (Newton), second; Foster (Newton), third. Time 21.2.

100 Yard Dash.

Won by—Perry (Newton), Kenney (Camb.), second; Orsborne (Newton), third. Time 1m. 2s.

200 Yards.

Won by—Orsborne (Newton), Clark (Newton), second; Neville (Camb.), third. Time 2m. 28s.

Plunge.

Won by—Foskett (Camb.), 59½ ft.; Barber Camb.), 56½ ft.; Darling (Newton), 53 ft.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN TANK TEAM EDGE M. I. T. FRESHMEN.

Cambridge High and Latin swimmers won a well contested meet from the Technology Freshmen, 27 to 23. Capt. Kenney of Cambridge was the star. He captured first honors in the 40 and 200 yards free-style and in the relay made a creditable showing as anchor man.

The Summary:

40 Yards.

Won by—Kenney (Camb.), Kelsey (Tech.), second; Brown (Tech.), third. Time 20⅗s.

100 Yards.

Won by—Kelsey (Tech.), Murtagh (Camb.), second; Rae (Tech.), third. Time 1m. 7s.

200 Yards.

Won by—Kenney (Camb.), Bridges (Tech.), second; Ullman (Tech.), third. Time 2m. 41s.

Fancy Dive.

Won by—Greer (Camb.), Brown (Tech.), second; Collett (Camb.), third.

Plunge.

Won by—Barber (Camb.), 56 ft.; Foskett (Camb.), 52 ft.; Hartshorne (Tech.), 49 ft.

Relay 160 Yards.

Won by—Technology.
(Brown, Bridges, Ullman, Kelsey.)

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 41½; RINDGE TECH 17½.

The Cambridge Latin mermen clinched the water title of the University City by winning from Rindge Tech for the third successive year and by their former win over the Tech Yerlings. Greer and Kenney starred; each with two firsts.

The Summary:

20 Yards.

Won by—Greer (Camb.), Conant (Rindge), second; Hall (Rindge), and Neville (Camb.), tie for third. Time 10⅕s.

40 Yards.

Won by—Kenney (Camb.), Davis (Rindge), second; Foskett (Camb.), third. Time 22s.

100 Yards.

Won by—Murtagh (Cam.), Conant (Rindge), second; McKelvie (Rindge), third. Time 1m. 10s.

200 Yards.

Won by — Kenney (Camb.), McKelvie (Rindge), second; Goldenburg (Camb.), third. Time 2m. 33s.

Dive.

Won by—Greer (Camb.), Hall (Rindge), second; Collet (Camb.), third.

Plunge.

Won by—Barber (Camb.), Foskett (Camb.), second; Urguart (Rindge), third. Distance 56 ft.

(160 Yards) Relay.

Won by—Camb. Latin (Murtagh, Foskett, Greer, Kenney). Time 1m. 27⅕.

BOSTON COMMERCE HIGH 38; VS. CAMBRIDGE LATIN 30.

February 19, 1925. Cambridge "Y".

The Commerce High mermen sprung a surprise on the general public when they defeated the Cantab Natators 38-30. The relay race won the meet as the winner of this would cop the meet.

The Summary:

160 Yard Relay.

Won by—Commerce (Doran, Crowley, Kilpatrick, Stuart) vs. Cambridge High and Latin (Foskett, Neville, Greer, Kenney). Time 1 min., 2⅗ seconds.

Dive.

Won by—Greer (C.), Brown (B.), 2nd; Collett (C.), 3rd.

20 Yard Dash.

Won by—Crowley (B.), McCarthy, (B.), 2nd; Stevens (C.), 3rd. Time 10 seconds.

200 Yards.

Won by—Kenney, (C.), Stuart (B.), 2nd; Girotte (B.), 3rd. Time 2 minutes 35 seconds.

40 Yard Dash.

Won by—Crowley (B.), Doran (B.), 2nd; Greer (C.), 3rd. Time 22⅖ seconds.

Plunge for Distance.

Won by—Foskett (C.), Barber (C.), 2nd; Clifford (B.), 3rd. Distance 60 ft.

40 Yard Backstroke.

Won by—Doran (B.), Foskett (C.), 2nd; Neville, (C.), 3rd. Time 28 seconds.

100 Yard Swim.

Won by—Kenney (C.), Girotte (B.), 2nd; Stuart (B.), 3rd. Time 1 minute, 8 seconds.

CAMBRIDGE 31; MALDEN 28.

February 6, 1925. Cambridge "Y".

The Cantab Mermen nosed out the strong Malden High Natators in one of the closest meets ever witnessed at the Cambridge "Y" by a score of 31-28. The relay race decided the meet, with Capt. Kenney of C. H. L. S. nosing out Capt. Baker of Malden by inches.

The Summary:

Relay Race (160 Yards).

Won by—Cambridge.

Murtagh, Stevens, Greer, Kenney.

vs. Malden.

Newcomb, Hardy, Chisholm, Baker.

Dives.

Greer (C.), Wyle (M.), Smith (M).

200 Yard Swim.

Hardy (M.), Kenney (C.), Appleton (M.).

40 Yards.

Baker (M.), Murtagh (C.), Chisholm (M.).

20 Yards.

Newcomb (M.), Greer (C.), Murtagh (C.).

Plunge.

Barber (C.), 58 ft.; Foskett (C.), 57 ft.; Tarr (M.), 46 ft.

100 Yards.

Baker (M.), Kenney (C.), Tarr (M.).

BROWN FRESH. 53; CAMBRIDGE LATIN 15.

February 14, 1925. Providence, R. I.

The Brown University '28 Mermen, swimming in their best form of the season to date, defeated the Cambridge Latin Natators 53-15.

Talamini and Goff starred for Brown, while Capt. Kenney performed well for the Cantabs.

The Summary:

50 Yards.

Carberry, Hardy (B.), tie for 1st; Greer (C.), 3rd. Time 29 seconds.

220 Yards.

Talamini (B.), Kenney (C.), Dudley (C.). Time 2.44⅘ sec.

100 Yard Back Stroke.

Merchant (B.), Murtagh (C.), Hefferman (B.). Time 1.22⅖ sec.

Plunge.

Talamini (B.), 63 ft.; Foskett (C.), 59 ft.; Barber (C.), 58 ft. 6 in.

100 Yard Swim.

Goff (B.), Badger (B.), Kenney (C.). Time 1.03⅕ sec.

100 Yard Breast Stroke.

Pervear (B.), Aldrich (B.), Stevens (C.). Time 1.25 sec.

Dives.

Gynne (B.), Drysdale (B.), Greer (C.).

200 Yard Relay.

Won by—Brown: Carberry, Talamini, Hardy, Goff. Cambridge: Murtagh, Foskett, Greer, Kenney.

NEWTON 29; CAMBRIDGE 21.

March 18, 1925. Newton "Y".

The second meeting of the swimming teams of Newton High and the Cambridge Latin schools proved true to all expectations in being one of the fastest and closest meets ever witnessed at the Newton "Y". Three tank records were broken.

The Summary:

40 Yards.

Won by—Kenney (C.), Osborne (N.), Phelps (N.). Time 21⅖ s.

100 Yards.

Won by—Osborne (N.), Kenney (C.), Clark (N.).

200 Yards.

Won by—Clark (N.), Perry (N.), Goldenburg (C.).

Plunge.

Won by—Hammond (N.), 60 ft. in 44s, second, Foskett (C.), 60 ft. in 47s; third, Barber (C.), 58 ft.

Dive.

Won by—Greer (C.), Collett (C.), Essen (N.).

Relay.

Won by—Newton (Perry, Clarke, Phelps, Osborne). Time 1m. 26s.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 50; BOSTON LATIN 18.

February 9, 1925. Cambridge "Y".

The Cambridge Latin swimming team won their third meet of the season defeating the Boston Latin Mermen by a safe margin of 50-18.

The summary:

160 Yard Relay.

Won by Cambridge (Murtagh, Stevens, Greer, Kenney).

vs.

Boston Latin (Glazier, Jarosh, Keith, Joy).

Dive.

Greer (C.), Hutchinson (B.), Jaman (B.).

40 Yards.

Murtagh (C.), Joy (B.), Neville (C.).

Plunge.

Foskett (C.), Barber (C.), Rafferty (B.). Distance 60 ft.

20 Yards.

Greer (C.), Keith (B.), Stevens (C.).

40 Yard Backstroke.

Murtagh (C.), Jarosh (B.), Foskett (C.).

100 Yards.

Kenney (C.), Joy (B.), Dudley (C.).

200 Yards.

Kenney (C.), Stevens (C.), Keith (B.).

SCHOOL BOY SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Brookline High first in George Meehan Trophy Swim, with 22 points.

Newton second with 16 points, and Cambridge Latin third with 10 points. This was an exceptionally good showing.

The Cambridge Latin swimming team surprised their followers by finishing in third place when it was known that no entries were made in the 100 yard freestyle, 200 yards and the 100 yard breast stroke. Greer of Cambridge finished second in the dive with only a scant point taking premier honors from him. Kenney of Cambridge showed his superiority over the other school boys by winning the 50 yard championship in the fast time of 27 sec. Barber finished fourth in the plunge with a dive of 57 ft.

Cambridge Latin relay team finished in fourth place when Brookline High broke the interscholastic record with Huntington School also under the record.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 1; VS. EXETER O.

The Cantabs showed their superiority in hockey circles by defeating Exeter at Exeter 1-0. The ice was poor and two extra periods were required to finish the game.

The Summary:

Exeter	*C. H. L. S.*
Carver r.w.	l.w. Joyce
Smith c.	c. Gibson, Nelson
Dewey l.w.	r.w. O'Connell
Foster r.d.	l.d. Clancy
O'Donnell l.d.	r.d. Nelson, Gibson
Cummings g.	g. Fitzgerald

Score: Cambridge 1.

Goal: Gibson.

Referee: Wilkins.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 2; VS. MELROSE 2.

Cambridge Latin showed its class when it tied Melrose High 2-2 at Russell Field.

Melrose	*C. H. L. S.*
Sanford r.w.	l.w. Joyce
Murphy c.	c. Gibson
Ripley l.w.	r.w. O'Connell
McGinley r.d.	l.d. Clancy
Shaw l.d.	r.d. Nelson
McHugh g.	g. Fitzgerald

Score: Cambridge 2; Melrose 2.

Goals: O'Connell, Nelson Murphy, and Shaw.

Referee: Stewart.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 4; VS. BROOKLINE 3.

Cambridge High and Latin defeated Brookline High on the Cypress Street rink 4-3. The ice was very rough and the score changed many times. In the absence of Gibson, Harlow, a freshman, was called on and he gave a good account of himself.

The Summary:

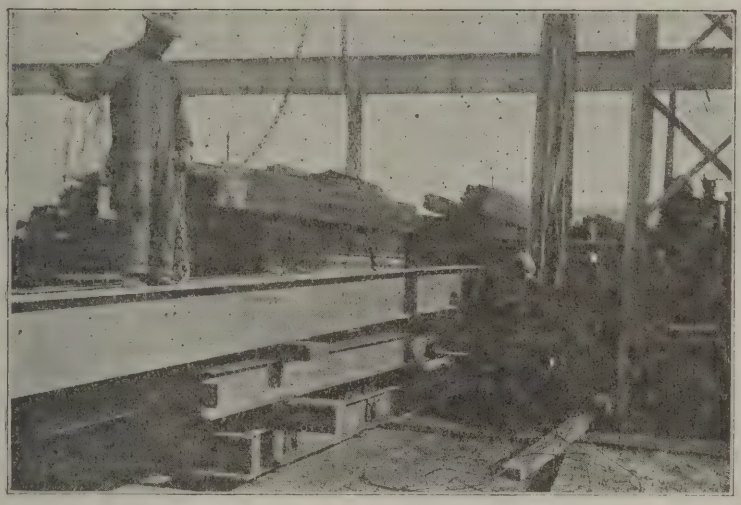
Brookline	*C. H. L. S.*
Falkson r.w.	l. w. Joyce
Meegan, Richardson c.	c. Harlow, Nelson
B. Currier l.w.	r.w. O'Connell
Woods, E. Currier r.d.	l.d. Clancy
Hosley, Donohue l.d.	r.d. Nelson, Schoolnick
Fogarty g.	g. Fitzgerald

Score: Cambridge 4; Brookline 3.

Goals made by: O'Connell 2, Joyce 2, Meegan 2, Currier.

Referee: Watson.

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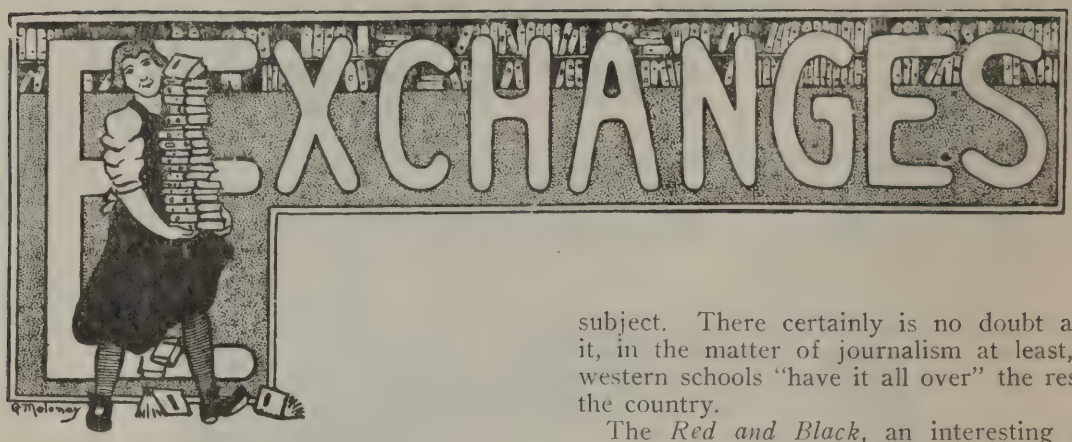
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This month there appears to be an abundance of weekly publications among the exchanges, no less than ten such having been received recently. These papers, altho not so attractive as the more pretentious periodicals which are issued less frequently, are nevertheless vastly more interesting on account of the school spirit and enthusiasm which they display.

Perhaps the cleverest in this collection is the *Daytona High School Porpoise,* which comes all the way from Florida. It is decorated with a drawing of several porpoises and the motto "We Come to the Top to Blow" heads the front sheet.

The *Pasadena Chronicle* from Pasadena, California is not only edited but printed by the students of the school and is a good example of the progressive spirit of the West. Not only is it teeming with local news, but several columns are devoted to news clippings from schools and colleges all over the country, and there are many unique features of the same sort.

A good example of the average eastern weekly is furnished by the *Northeastern Tech* which is like all other college publications of its kind and is of little interest outside of the institution itself.

The *Kuay Weekly* from Seattle, Washington, is almost as large as a city newspaper and seems to be essentially a newspaper. It does not confine itself merely to news however, it has the best editorial column of any paper, school or college, which we have yet seen. One of the editorials in particular, entitled "The Terrible Younger Generation?" is perhaps the first sane one which has been written on the subject. There certainly is no doubt about it, in the matter of journalism at least, the western schools "have it all over" the rest of the country.

The *Red and Black,* an interesting little magazine from Newport, R. I., is carefully arranged and shows much promise, call again!

(DEBATING NOTES Continued)

The underclass debaters closed a very successful season except that they received little support from their classmates. Hereafter, let us hope that the debaters will be rewarded for their efforts by their classmates attending the discussions. The debaters spoke distinctly with good emphasis and presented conclusive arguments. That indeed is an accomplishment for a beginner.

For a full account of the big school debates, — watch for the June issue of your school paper—the Cambridge Review.

Any questions or suggestions pertaining to debating will receive prompt attention in this department.

W. F., '26.

(Continued from page 19)

sourait dans la figure et qui disait, "Ah, ma fille, ne sois pas triste, regarde dans le ciel obscur une étoile-l'emblème de l' ésperance—espère toujours. Leroi t'aime comme tu l'aimes. Sois fidèle, comme lui!"

Avec la pensée sauvage, la consolatrice, Désirée alla au chêne lui prier pardon la. "Le pardon, ma fille, tu l'as cependant tu n'auras ni tranquillité, nipaix. Toujours, tu demeureras avec tes fleurs, en pensant à jamais à lui.

Par consequent, Désirée demeure dans son royaume, pensant toujours à Leroi, dont les yeux sont tristes à fairepeur.

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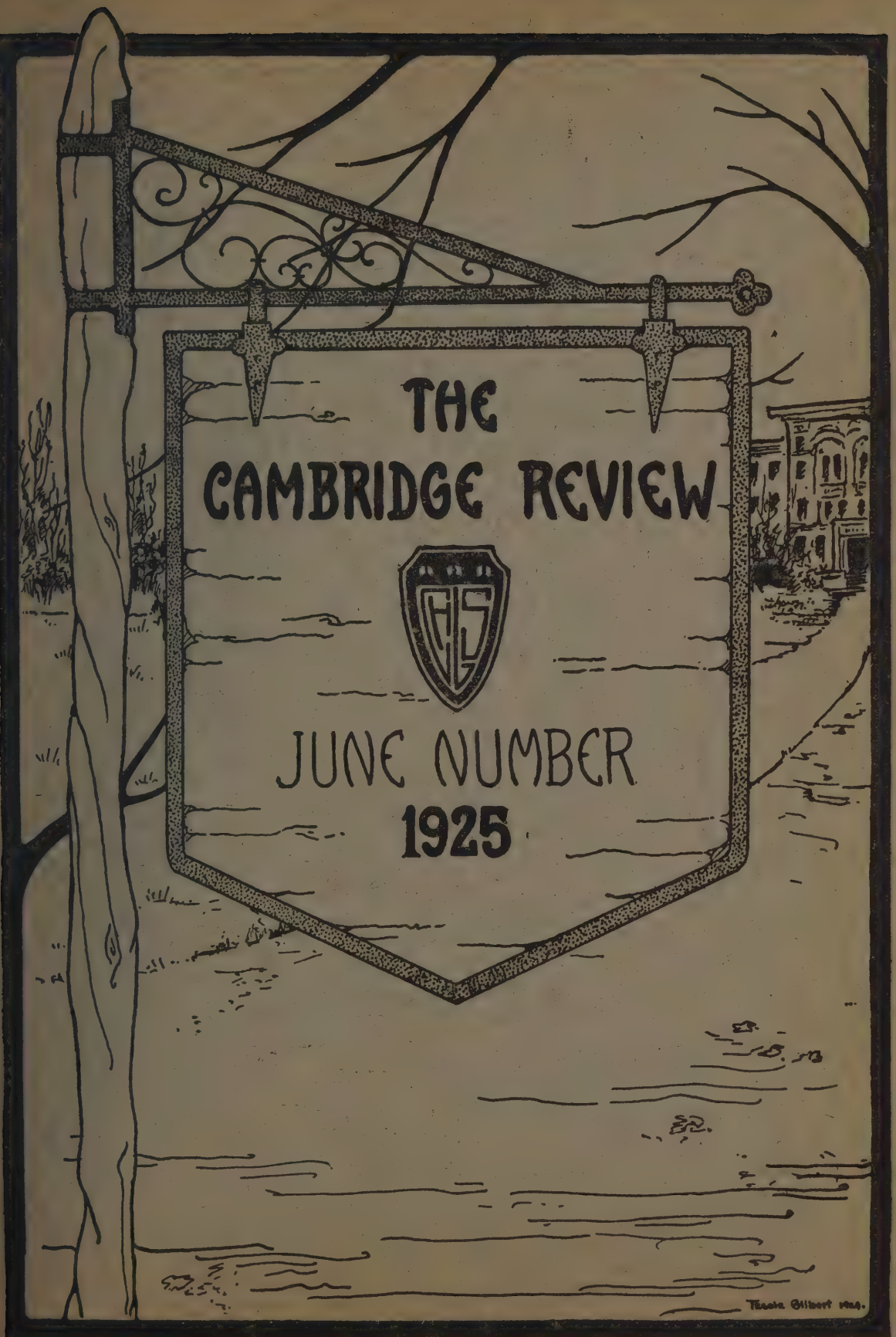


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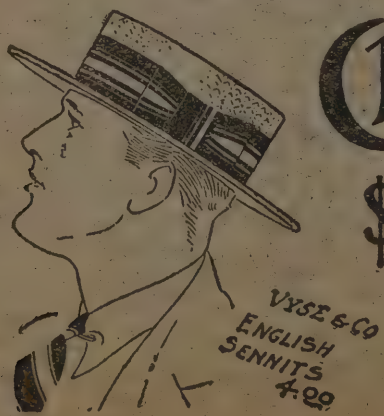
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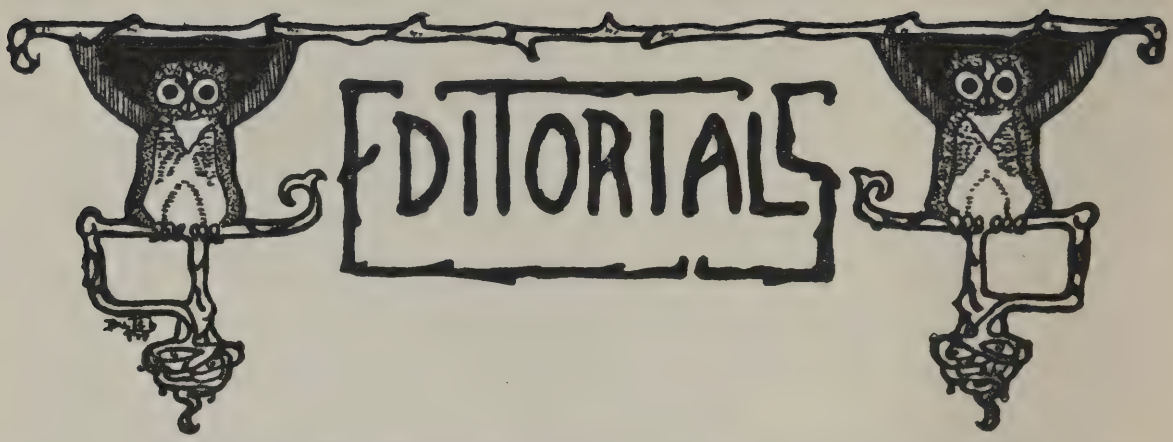
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Vita sine litteris mors est.

Volume 39 Number 5

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THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS

THANK YOU!

With the close of the school year the "Review" comes to an end only to start again in the fall. The "Review" has had a successful year. Manufacturing and business concerns have helped to make the paper a success by their advertising. Exchanges all over this continent and the British Isles have looked very favorably on our work. We do not boast, but we do feel that the success of our paper was the result of the support of the school, and the diligence of the staff.

The staff, therefore, wishes to take this final opportunity to thank our advertisers, our teachers, our subscribers, our exchanges, our contributors, our faculty advisor, Miss Mary C. Hardy and all our supporters.

Underclassmen! Boost the "Review" next year and make it the best school paper in the country!

FOUR YEARS!

Graduation is but a short time away. As Seniors many of us look back over the work that four years have done. We can remember entering as Freshmen, taking on learning as Sophomores, adding dignity to this knowledge as Juniors, and polishing our achievements as Seniors. Surely we have gained a great deal for ourselves; but what have we done for our school. Many of us have entered school activities; others have displayed no interest in school affairs. The question which we must ask ourselves is, "Have we left the school better or worse than it was when we entered it?" Each year we have had a share in making the school worthwhile in outside activities as well as studies. If we have done our work well, we have four years of real training to start with when we attempt greater things.

We must think of the past, see our mistakes and try not to repeat them in the game of life. In four years of high school life our personal interests, our inclinations towards certain phases of work, sport, and studies have come to light. We are now to go out to cultivate them. Would that we do this task well!

In passing we Seniors do not deny that we have made mistakes and have been guilty of shortcomings. We have seen our faults and, therefore, not with a boastful spirit of superiority, but with a true experience of the past and a bright outlook for the future we recommend:

1. A greater and more personal interest in school activities;
2. A greater participation in all school activities;
3. A deeper respect for school name and property;
4. The formation of a school band;
5. A complete unity of school spirit.

R. L.

SENIOR SOCIAL.

On Wednesday, the twenty-second of April, 1925, the Seniors held their annual social at Brattle Hall. The Seniors and their guests assembled shortly after eight o'clock for one of the school's best Senior socials. The music was furnished by the Campus Serenaders, one of the best college dance orchestras in this area.

The Senior Class was glad to have present as patrons and patronesses, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Bramhall, Miss Hartigan, and Miss McElroy.

The committee which was responsible for such a splendid dance consisted of Anna Curtin, Rhea Webb, Donald Whittemore, Charles Carruth, and Roy Lamson. Miss Hartigan assisted the committee as faculty advisor.

CORRECTION.

The "Review" wishes to make a correction in the Year Book Staff as it was printed in the last issue. Through an error, the names Dorothy Doyle, assistant literary editor, and Miss Parker, faculty literary advisor, were omitted from the list.

PATRIOT'S DAY ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS.

Patriots' Day was celebrated throughout the school on the sixteenth and seventeenth of April. Since the size of our school hall does not permit all of us to get together there at once the Freshman and Sophomore class had programmes in their home rooms while the Juniors and Seniors attended the exercises in the hall. In all cases the programs presented were very excellent and worthwhile. The Junior and Senior classes attended the following program:

1. Clarinet Solo.....“Salut D'Amour”
 Roy Lamson
2. Solo.....“Three Little Fairy Songs”
 Alice Guertin
3. Reading.....Emerson's “Concord Hymn”
 Florence Ricker
4. Piano Solo.....“Romanze in A Flat”
 Leroy Anderson
5. Solo.....“Lad O' My Dreams”
 Alice Guertin
6. Clarinet Solo.....“Nellie Gray”
 Roy Lamson
7. Remarks.....Mr. Cleveland
8. “America”.....Class

RES NECESSARIA.

Robert Davis and Roy Lamson, Jr.

Olim monticola Herbarius, iuvenis magna calliditate et sollemni pietate erat. Collinam, parvum vicum in montibus Apenninis secretum atque ubere glaebae fecundum incolebat. Herbarius magnum ignem amoris Tulliae, filiae principis Romani habuit. Iam accidit ut sex ex militibus Hannibalis qui suo cum exercitu iuxta hibernabat sē reliqua manu disiunxissent et per regiones montanas praedarentur. Illi errantēs Tulliae occurrerunt et princeps pulchritudinem puellae admiratus est. Iussit eam comprehendi ut eam sibi haberet. Comites ut iussi puellam et Fulviam, sororem Herbari comprenderunt et abstulerunt. Procul autem Herbarius facta vidit et ad Tulliam et Fulviam a plagiariis servandas ruit. Milites et virgines raptas celerrime prosecutus est. Plagiarii celeritatem augent; rupes et ripas transeunt. Heros a tergo prosequitur. Raptores currendo defessi consistunt et ad se armandos parant cum iam sentiunt aliquem eos insequi. Solo adulescentulo viso vigilantiam remittunt et in margine perfluentis fluminis gradus sistunt.

Herbarius procul eos videt et virgines evocat. Ad clamorem plagiarii ad Herbarium interficiendum properant. Interea autem Fulvia raptoribus nesciis particulam interioris corticis arboris eripit, et in ea scriptitavit. Signo fratri edito litteras in flumen illa eiecit. Corticem qui ad eum in undis fluxerat surrupt et de monte maturat. Suum domicilium igitur celeriter it. Cubiculum suae sororis intrat et a mensa parvam rem eripit. Super milites et virgines raptas ad rupem rursus properat et signo dato in manus puellarum avidarum eandem parvam rem demittit. Gaudium et serenitas duabus puellis potiuntur. Erat ne res parva arcula quae aut venenum aut telum secretum ad suicidium aut ad plagiarios interficiendos cohibuit? Nullo modo! Nullo modo! Lector benigne. Erat arcula quea* necessaria quae ad ornatum oris pertinent cohibuit.

* “compact” or box which contains cosmetics.

THE MECHANICAL THIEF.

By James S. Jennison.

Captain of Detectives, Joseph Morse, studied the facts in the case. They were few and not at all illuminating.

The night before, diamonds to the value of $35,000 had been removed from a tray in the display window of one of the foremost jewelry establishments in the city. Not a clue had been left by the thief. No window had been broken, no lock shattered; everything pointed to an inside job. But it was all done so "slick," to use a slang expression, that it seemed as though the diamonds had been removed by an agency other than human.

As is usual in cases of this sort, one employee was suspected, Dick Ware, a clerk about thirty-five years of age. According to Henry Gore, proprietor of the establishment, Ware had been acting suspiciously for several days. However, there was no evidence to warrant his arrest.

Morse turned the case over to Detective Charles Porter, one of the cleverest men in the department. Within a week that individual had revealed circumstances which more securely tightened the arm of the law about Ware. He was supporting an old mother and an invalid sister on a very small salary. However, that did not help establish his guilt; but the fact that he was heavily in debt to a high-rate loan establishment did assist to make a dark case against him. It would be very easy for a man burdened with two practically helpless dependents and earning only a small salary, to succumb to the temptations which the constant handling of rare gems presented. Ware was then closely watched. Days passed and nothing developed.

One morning Porter secured an important clue which heretofore had been overlooked. On the morning after the robbery, Gore had discovered a diamond on the floor near the window in which the tray had been. This had been evidently dropped by the thief; but Gore, when notifying the police, had omitted this seemingly insignificant detail. But this clue proved to be of no assistance.

Then the inevitable occurred, Detective Porter, unable to carry on the case, made a final report. A consultation was held at Morse's office at which Porter and Gore were present. Ware was arrested and confined to jail pending the decision of the grand jury.

Due to insufficient evidence, the verdict of the grand jury was that Ware could not be held. Therefore, penniless, pressed by a loan shark, out of work, and still a suspected thief, Ware faced the world once more. One enterprising newspaper reporter, who had followed the case, saw the tremendous chances for a heart-appealing story in this state of affairs and wrote it up for all he was worth. And those familiar with the daily papers of today can realize what a sensational writer is worth.

Lawrence Wadsworth, author and criminologist, saw this heart-rending tale in the news and immediately became interested. He decided to see what he could do and went at once to see his friend, Captain Morse.

When he asked the Captain to write to Gore recommending that he be allowed to work on the case, that official indulged in a great deal of good natured scoffing, but complied.

Gore was only too glad to have someone working on the case and especially a man like Wadsworth of whom he had received good reports.

"Go right ahead," was his answer. "You may get the thief and the jewels. What can I do to help you?" He offered Wadsworth a cigar and invited him to be seated.

"I'd like absolute secrecy and the freedom of the premises. If I recover the diamonds and capture the thief, I want the $5000 reward you offered paid to me personally. If you will, please put that agreement into writing and I'll continue my investigations right away."

Gore hesitated a moment, then complied with Wadsworth's request. "Good luck to you" he said as the two men parted.

On leaving the store, Wadsworth made a careful survey of the window from which the gems had been taken and the floor, walls, and ceiling above it. He searched diligently both in the basement and on the street floor for any trace of an entrance through which the thief might have gained access. None was

found. The only tangible clue was the diamond which Gore had found.

The next day found Wadsworth at police headquarters in search of the officer who that night had patrolled the block where Gore's store was located. He soon found the officer and questioned him. Patrick O'Toole, a tall, stout, good-natured Hibernian, had passed and repassed the store a great many times, he said, about every half-hour. He had gone on duty at nine o'clock in the morning. During that time, he noticed nothing unusual.

Wadsworth plied him further, however, and finally succeeded in gaining some information of value.

"Oh ya!" exclaimed O'Toole after incessant quizzing. "There is something that wasn't at all ordinary. I seen a damned spider hanging down from his thread. I saw't a couple of times. But then, I don't s-pose that's important."

Wadsworth was delighted. He thanked the officer verbally and financially, and recommended that he report even those little details to the office. He then hurried to his club to keep a luncheon engagement.

That night at about ten thirty, he started for police headquarters. On the way he passed Gore's store. The shades of the office above were pulled way down, but from underneath one, there shone a light. An automobile was parked near the curb, directly beneath the fire escape as Wadsworth noted.

He crossed the street and entering the building, walked softly upstairs. Turning to the right at the top of the first landing, he saw on the door leading to the office from which the glimmer of light came the inscription, "Abraham Ginsberg, Loans." He crept up to the door and listened; not a sound could be heard. Not wishing to be caught, he left the building and hurried to police headquarters.

Captain Morse was at his office pondering over a peculiarly baffling murder case.

"I think I've found the thief," declared Wadsworth breaking in on the Captain's privacy.

"What—Oh you Larry? Say you've got to knock when you come in; you nearly ruined my nervous system that time."

"Sorry, sorry, very sorry sire," said Wadsworth with mock gravity.

"Well, what thief are you talking about?" queried Morse smiling broadly.

"Oh that's right," laughed Wadsworth. "Your whole business is thieves and the like, isn't it? Well, I mean the Gore diamond robber. And I think we'll find him at work tonight, that is if you want to come along with me."

"Surely! Glad to!" exclaimed Morse. "So you think you've succeeded where regulars failed, eh? Well, we'll see."

The two men went out, hailed a taxi, and started for Gore's At the corner directly across from that store, Wadsworth stopped the taxi, told the driver to wait for them, and took Morse across the street. As they crossed, he instructed his companion to take note of the light from the second-story window.

"Looks funny, eh," he asked. Without waiting for an answer, he went on. "See anything strange in Gore's show window?"

"No," answered Morse.

"Look again," advised Wadsworth. Morse did so, and watched closely for a minute or so then exclaimed, "Why I see a dangling spider."

"That's it," cried Wadsworth. "Guard the stairway and come up when I call." Morse put his hand on his automatic and stood at the foot of the stairs.

Meanwhile, his companion seeing the fire escape which was about seven feet from the sidewalk, took a leap for it, and grabbing it, pulled himself up to the landing. The window he wanted to enter was at hand. Pulling from his pocket a jimmy which he carried on excursions like this, he inserted it between the window and sash board. He then quietly pried open the window till he could put his left hand in. He drew his revolver and clutching the shade, he quickly pulled it off of its rod and levelled his revolver.

In the centre of the room, over a sawed-out square, knelt a man. He was a little old fellow, shabbily dressed, with a small hump, and sharp eyes which started in surprise from under a soft cloth cap. In his hands was one end of a fine thread. The other end disappeared into the aperture. A rug had been rolled aside.

Wadsworth threw open the window and commanded the little old man to hold on to his thread and to unlock the door, finally to stand aside. Then, he called Morse. When the detective had entered, Wadsworth opened the window wider and leaped into the room.

While Morse covered Ginsberg, Wadsworth pulled on the thread which he had taken from the old Jew's hands. At the end of the thread was a spider.

"Here's our thief," said Wadsworth as he shook a diamond loose from it.

The spider was an ingenious device, made in such a way that when it touched a surface, small claws opened. When it was raised, they closed by their own weight. This clever little device was encased by a tin shell resembling a spider.

Wadsworth next investigated the opening in the floor. He beheld the ceiling of the room below. In the centre of the square was a small, circular hole; it was directly above a tray of brilliants. Near the hole was a cork stopper, the end of which was painted to blend with the color of the ceiling beneath. Upon further examination of the hole, he found that it had been partly bored through. The rest of the thin distance had been burned. He explained this to Morse and added, "That's why there was no dirt on the floor downstairs."

He arose from his kneeling posture; and seeing a small safe in a corner of the office, he ordered Ginsberg to open it. The Jew very reluctantly complied with the command. Wadsworth went through the safe until he came upon a square tin box. It had a lock but the key had been left in it so that was no barrier. He opened it and let out a cry.

"My lord, look at that young fortune." He showed the box to Morse. It was full of sparkling, scintillating, diamonds.

After giving the office a cursory examination, the two men departed for headquarters, taking with them the diamonds, the Jew, and the spider. The next morning, Gore identified the jewels and paid Wadsworth $5,000 in cash besides bestowing many deserved compliments upon the successful criminologist.

In the afternoon Ware was brought to headquarters. He had been living miserably for the past week or so having been obliged to take a very disagreeable job as no respectable position was open to him. Nervous and fearful of reimprisonment, he presented a pitiful figure. However, Morse's kind attitude and kinder words soon dispelled his fears and restored his manly appearance.

"Well, Ware," he said, "we've got the thief now and according to the afternoon papers you are a 'cleared man', and Gore wants you to go up to his place and take back your old job."

Ware was overjoyed. He thanked Morse profusely.

"Another thing," said Morse interrupting the other man's manifestations, "an envelope was sent here addressed to you. It came this morning by messenger." He lied, but Wadsworth had prevailed upon him to do it. The envelope contained five thousand dollars in bank notes.

THE FAIRIES HOUR.

It was evening in the garden,
And night was falling fast,
Our feathered friends had gone to rest,
The fairies were free at last.
And round the sparkling fountain
They all did dance in glee,
The moon looked on with smiling face
As this frolic he did see.
They danced away into the night,
Under the shining starry host,
But at the first return of dawn,
All the little sprites had gone.

Chic Machin, Room 70.

FRAGMENTS OF THE SOUL.

I stand mid sea and mountains;
The wind around me sweeps.
And trees and stars and little moons
And all things lovely tear my soul
With pain of joy unbounded.
Oh, how shall I say what tugs my soul —
The joy of rushing wind?
Or how express in words the song
Of evermoving night?
Be thou as the four winds of heaven, my soul
And sweep all the world with thy vastness
Never faint at the greatness of seas nor of mountains
For thou art immortal, oh soul!

THE CLATH POEM.

By Gess Who, '25.

Characters—

Daddy
Mumthy
Ermintrude

Time—the present.

Act 1. Scene 1.

Scene—A living-room.

Daddy sits at the left, cigar in mouth, absorbed in figuring on the papers in front of him.

Mumthy sits at the right, knitting and occasionally breaking out into ecstasies.

Daddy—Twenty-nine at six per cent. Let's see, that's—six nines are—

Mumthy—Oh, I simply can't get it out of my mind! Isn't our little Ermintrude a perfect *genius?*

D.—Mm—Seven, five, eleven, seventeen—

M.—I always knew she was going to be a poetess. Do you remember the first words she said (the darling)—"R-r-raw, ba-aw".

D.—Uh huh! One seventy-five, five hundred, two twenty—

(Enter Ermintrude)

E.—Oh, Mumthy! I've got the betht newth for you! We have to write a clath poem and I juht know I'll get it! Write down what I dictate, will you Mumthy? I wath thinking about it all during Hithtory clath. It thort of uplifted me.

M.—All ready, darling. Now make it as touching as you made "The Woolly Woolly Sheep".

D.—(Rumbles a bit, then—): Ten seventy-five, four twenty—

E.—Of courth every thantha hath to end with "The Clath of 1925." Put that down, Mumthy. Now lithen—

We walk out of the doorth
With our diplomath in our handth
We don't think any more
Neither do we danth.
But we are glad that we are alive
Becauth then we can belong to the Clath
of 1925.

Ithn't that nithe, Mumthy?

D.—(Clears his throat): Thirteen fifty, seven twenty-nine, nineteen twenty-fi—

M.—That is sweet, dear. But don't they usually begin, "We launched our boats upon the sea of life?"

E.—Oh, do they? Well, I'll try that.

We launched our boatth upon the thea of life—wife, mife, rife, gife, thtrife. Oh, thtrife, thatth it!

We are all ready for danger or for famine or for thtrife.

Now thomething to rhyme with nineteen twenty-five—tive, sive, Argive, Lord Clive, thtrive. Thtrive!

But we would jutht ath thoon work and
labor and thtrive,
Becauth we belong to the clath of 1925.

D.—(finding that he has swallowed half his cigar): Glp!

E.—How'th that, Mumthy?

M.—That's very stirring, dear, but am I wrong in thinking that strive and strife sound rather similar?

D.—Six fifty-three, seven twenty-one—

E.—Well, that'th alliteration, a beautiful figure of thpeech that I uthe quite often in my poemth. Milton doeth too.

D.—Nine ninety-nine, nine hundred and—

M.—Yes, I understand, dear. But let's see —twenty-five, live, rive, pive, blive, kive, chive, sive—Oh, yes, dear, I guess you are right. As usual, darling.

E.—Now which one shall I thubmit? (coyly) I fink de're bofe pitty dood, don't you, Mumthy?

M.—Yes, darling, of course. Now the first has beautiful feeling and lilt, but the second—there's something—I don't know exactly how to express it—sublime, shall I say? something sublime about it. Youth, eternal youth, reaching out to the great beyond! Yes, dear, its very touching. I think it even rivals "The Woolly Woolly Sheep".

E.—Oh, you darling Mumthy! And what do you thuggetht, Daddy?

D.—Eh? Oh, I could suggest several ways of disposing of it—fire, water, knife—

E.—(bursting into tears, her high-strung nerves unbalanced): Oh, you horrid hateful thing! You'll be thorry thome day.

(Exit right)

D.—(dropping cigar ash on rug and carefully grinding it in with his heel): Oh, ham, ram, cram, jam—

M.—Hush, you brute! Oh, my precious, precious Ermintrude!

(Exit right)

Curtain

Act 1. Scene 2.

Time—A day later.

Scene—Review office.

Two editors of the Year Book seated at a table looking over papers.

1st Editor—(passing paper to the other)—What about this?

2nd Editor—(glancing at name)—'Nuf sed!

(He carefully folds it into an aeroplane and shoots it out the window.)

(This done, the editors turn again to their papers.)

Rosemary is always writing letters!
We wonder to whom.

Teacher: "Who was Homer?"
Student: "The guy Babe Ruth made famous."

"See that kitten?"
"Yeah, what of it?"
"It's the cat's."

—*Exchange.*

A postmaster received a letter addressed as follows:

Wood,
John,
Mass.

—*Exchange.*

It was properly delivered to John Underwood, Andover, Mass.

Soph: "What'll we do?"
Junior: "I'll spin a coin, heads we go to a movie, tails we go to a dance, and if it stands on edge we stay home and study.

Fresh: "What month has 28 days?"
Junior: "All of them."

Teacher to R. T.: "Correct the following sentence: "You are taller than me."
R. T.: "You are not taller than me!"

Mr. S.: "What's the relation between the Governor and the council?"
E. P.: "I don't know, but I think they are first cousins!"

Famous Books.

The Country Gentleman.....Alvin Hart
Saturday Evening Post.....Jimmie Harrington
Woman's Home Companion.....Hugo Nelson
Etude.....L'Roy Anderson
The Vogue.....Bob Daley
Cosmopolitan.....Robert Davis
American.....Ray Pearl
Liberty.....Red Finlayson
Literary Digest.....Ray Mosher
Movie Weekly.....Ray Toothaker
Good Housekeeping.....Grant Moxham
Vanity Fair.....**Rene Morize**



"When I left school I didn't owe anyone a cent."

"What an awful time to leave."

Youngster: Say, do you believe in the devil?

Freshman: Naw. It's just like this Santa Claus business; it's your father.

Teacher: How many sides has a circle?

Dumb Frosh: Two, sir.

Teacher: Name them.

Dumb Frosh: Inside and outside.

A Universal Tongue.

American heiress: I can't understand your language, so if I were to marry you we couldn't converse.

Foreign nobleman: Ah, but ze money talks.

"Children think themselves wiser than their parents."

"Evidence of heredity, I suppose. Parents did the same thing when they were children."

She: I suppose you think your face is your fortune?

He: No, but on the other hand I usually feel cheap when I need a shave.

Bill: What makes you think the teacher won't give you a bad mark in Eng.?

Bobbie: I handed in an anonymous examination paper.

"Some vegetables surely are large."

"How so?"

"I've seen three or four policemen asleep on a single beet."

Pat: Well, I answered a question in class today.

Mike: What answer did you give?

Pat: Present.

Instructor: Why were so many gentlemen of the sixteenth century posed with one hand reaching inside the lapel of their coat.

Voice from rear: They're after their fountain pens.

Q: What is always behind time?

Ans.: The back of a clock.

Customer: "Why is this clock always late?"

Clerk: "Well, sir, you asked me for the very latest kind!"

Q.: What is the center of gravity?

Ans.: The letter "v".

What were the colors of the wind and the waves at the last storm at sea?

Ans.: The wind blew (blue) and the waves rose.

Q.: Why did the lantern slide?

Ans.: Because it saw the film roll.

D. C.: "Hello there, who gave you the black eye?"

E. H.: "Nobody gave it to me, I had to fight for it."

Did you know that:

Grass Slopes?

Iron Sinks?

Niagara Falls?

India Rubber Tires?

Rainbows?

Music Stands?

Holiday Trips?

"Would you care to try for a commission in the army?"

"If it's the same to you I'd just as soon."

American: "We grow tomatoes as large as footballs in America."

Scotchman: "How's that?"

American: "Oh, just climate."

Scotchman: "That's nothing. In Scotland we have buildings two and three stories high without any stairs."

American: "How do you manage to get to the top floor?"

Scotchman: "Oh, just climate." (climb it.)

Diner: "Waiter, is there any soup on the menu?"

"Waiter: (taken off his guard) "There was sir, but I wiped it off."

The following is taken for the benefit of those who doubt the power of the press:

"Owing to the overcrowded condition of our columns, a number of births and deaths are unavoidably postponed for this week."

Fresh: "Can you tell me what the best things to put in a Christmas pie are?"

Senior: "I should say your teeth."

Percy Porcupine: "I can't really understand, there are so many 'good points' about me."

"Last night I made an awful mistake."

"That so? How come?"

"I drank two bottles of gold paint!"

"How do you feel, now?"

"Guilty!"

Barber: "Your hair is very harsh and dry, sir."

Voice Culture Expert: "So is your voice, but I didn't want to mention it."

How Queer.

I can't go straight, said the cork screw.
I'm an awful bore, said the gimlet.
I smooth matters down, said the plane.
Life's all ups and downs with me, said the lift.
I'm always being sat on, chorused the chair.
Well, I'm going to strike, said the clock.
Ditto, cried the match.
What stirring times I live in, exclaimed the spoon.

Sammy Stork: "Why is it that so many people do not like you?"

A Successful Failure.

"What does a volcano do with lava, Dad?"

"Give it up," replied the dad in despair.

"Quite correct," responded the boy.

Poor Editor.

The Editor, he sits around
And wonders what to write;
He looks for news the whole day long,
Prays for it at night.
Well, let's all help the Editor
With contribution stuff;
Let's deluge him with newsy news
Until he cries
"E-n-o-u-g-h!"

They Say:

That Hugo has a new girl.
That "Hutchie" Freedman loves to speed.
That Dana Doten is quite a tennis player.
That George Larson is small, but, Oh My!

"Wind", said a Freshman, "is air, when it's in a hurry."

Francis S.: "I have an idea."
Lillian M.: "Be good to it because it is in a strange place."

Miss B.: "I take great pleasure in giving you this 80."
Gordan Bigger: "Aw, make it a hundred and enjoy yourself."

Helen M.: "How would you say in Shakespearean English 'Here comes a bow-legged man?' "
Cath B—: "Behold! Aha! What is this I see walking in parenthesis?"

Jack: "What do you call it when two people are thinking of the same thing at the same time; mental telepathy?"
Rose: "Sometimes, other times it's just plain embarrassment."

The Doctor: "Have you told that young pup what I think of him, yet?"
His Daughter: "Yes, Daddy, and he says you're wrong in your diagnosis, as usual!"

"Of course, you can't believe all you hear."
"No, but you can repeat it."

Someone went to work and defined a human face as follows: "A human face is an open expanse, lying midway between the collar-button and scalp, and completely occupied by cheek, chin, and chatter."

He: "You look like Helen Brown."
She: "Thank you! I look even worse in white."

Bob: "I certainly enjoyed that dance."
Ruth: "I'm so glad. I feel now that I lost these slippers in a good cause."

Ella: "Universities must be very wicked places."
Wilcox: "Yes, yes, go on."
Ella: "Boys and girls under sixteen are not admitted."

"There is no Truth!"
"That's the truth."

Things We Would Like to See at C. H. L. S.

Mr. MacDonald wearing a derby hat.
Mr. Derry making love to some one.
Sis Murphy wearing longer skirts.
Went Hayes chewing less gum.
More to eat in the lunch room.
A few Senior privileges.
Gordan Bigger wearing quieter socks.
Mr. Jacobs with mussed up hair.
Mr. Shein wearing knickers.

Oh! to be a Junior??

A Freshman's head is full of air
Of air so hot and breezy.
A Sophomore's head is full of naught
Of naught to take life easy.
A Junior's head is full of brains
And a great amount of knowledge.
A Senior's head is full of love,
The love you get at college.

Never make fun of a person with a pug nose, you can never know what may turn up.

Heard in Chemistry: "What is the color of white phosphorus?"

A short story—yet long. He let go of the wheel.

"Who is the smallest man in history?"
"I'll bite."
"Why, the Roman soldier who fell asleep on his watch."

Demise: He's wonderful my dear, he talks like a book.

Gladys: But can you shut him up as easily?

Hutch: Say, would you like to see something swell?

Dot: Oh, yes.

Hutch: You just drop these beans in water and watch them.

IF

(With Apologies to Kipling)

If you can stay in Cambridge Latin when all about you
Are flunking and are getting voted out,
If you can pass your course when all teachers doubt you,
If you can flunk and not be tired of flunking,
If you can make a heap of all your learnings
And risk it on a small examination pad,
If you can sit up nights and do your problems,
And live for days without a bit of sleep.
If you can tackle Latin IV and keep your virtue,
If neither quizz nor hard exam can phase you,
Yours the Degree and everything that's in it,
And what is more you'll be wrecks, seniors.

"You may go as far as you like," she said. So they drove five miles more before returning home.

Ellen S.: "Put some oil in my car."

Service Station Manager: "Sure, heavy?"

Ellen S.: "Don't get fresh with me or I will buy oil elsewhere."

English III: "Are you sure this is a purely original composition you have handed in?"

Mac; "Yes'm, but you may possibly come across one or two words that are in the dictionary."

Teacher in Drawing: "When do the leaves begin to turn?"

Stude: "Night before exams."

Miss Brooks to Murize: "Is your name Lake?"

Murize: "No, River."

Toots to Peanuts: "You know, I think Miss Hardy must be of German descent."

Peanuts: "Why?"

Toots: "Because her marks are depreciating daily."

Teacher (confidently): "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Student (in back of room): "Maybe that's why I flunked my test."

Senior: "My face is my fortune."

Soph.: "You will never have to pay an income tax."

Miss K—: "Your recitation reminds me of Quebec."

Pete: "How is that?"

Miss K—: "Built on a bluff."

"Never give up!" cried the man who was sitting in the street car.

And the women stood up for their rights.

Pat C.: "I have never had a rival in love."

Ellen S.: "That's just like you, always in love with yourself."

Mr. MacDonald take notice: Some teachers are nervy. They borrow your pencil and then give you 65.


IN 1952-MAKING EXCUSES FOR BEING LATE
WELL-ER-A-YOU SEE I WENT THROUGH A CLOUD AND I-LOST MY WAY, AND I WAS OUT OF GAS SO I HAD TO VOLPLANE, ETC.
HOT AIR
THE SAME OLD ANSWER
I SAID YOU ARE NOT EXCUSED!!
OUR IDEA OF NOTHING AT ALL
CARRYING HOME THE DIPLOMA IN THE CAVE AGE
YOO! HOO!
DIPLOMA
WHEW!!
HEE-HA
(I WONDER-?)
YEP! A FRESHMAN SAID THAT YOU'RE THE SAPPIEST LOOKIN' GUY HE EVER SAW!
TELL THE RUNT THAT I WANT TO SEE HIM!
ENRAGED SENIOR
Yvonne Goyette
GOODBYE
19-25
AIN'T LIFE JUST GRAN'?
DIPLOMA
JUNE
SENIOR
BANG
BING
BOOM!!
1300 lb
ZOWIE!
TEE!HEE
FAILURE
BANG!
POOF!
DAT'S WHAT HE SAID? - SHOW ME WHERE DAT FISH IS- QUICK!!
HE'S RIGHT OVER THERE!
HOW HE FEELS
THE RUNT
HAPPY VACATION
JUNE 21
JUNE 22
JUNE 23
AT LAST!
TO VACATION
ALL ABOARD FOR VACATION!
JUNE 24



REVIEW STAFF



CROSS COUNTRY.



HOCKEY.



SWIMMING TEAM.

1924.

James Conger is at Knox College.

Mae Andrews is a freshman at Penn. State.

Helen Anderson is working on the Cambridge Chronicle.

Katherine Ross is working for the Cambridge Gas Light Company.

Margaret Burns is working for the Edison Illuminating Co., in Boston.

Joseph Lovejoy is making an enviable record at West Point. He ranks as one of the first hundred in his class of five hundred. He is a member of the choir, and played on the hockey team during the past season. Joe is certainly settling down.

Edmund Toole is working for Jackson and Curtis, a firm of brokers in Boston.

Catherine McCarthy is a telephone operator for the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co., at the Exchange on Inman Street.

Paul Mather won the Langdell Scholarship at Exeter for his excellent work. He is an honor man, and a member of the Cum Laude Society.

Joseph Steinberg is now studying at Northeastern.

Leonard Pastor has been elected to the Rho Pi Phi fraternity at the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy.

Fred Cole is a reporter on the "Dartmouth". He took part in one of Bernard Shaw's plays, "The Devil's Disciple," given by the "Dartmouth Players" last winter.

1923.

Eva Warner is a Sophomore at the Museum of Fine Arts School.

Irene Kenney is a stenographer for the American Rubber Company.

Frank Davies is now attending the Pond School, preparing for Harvard.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Mary M. Harrison to Ralph H. Bowles of New York. Mr. Bowles is a graduate of Harvard, Class of '24.

"Ted" Duffy is a member of the Sigma Chi Fraternity at Dartmouth. Ted started out well with the freshmen football squad last fall, but sustained a dislocated shoulder at one of the earlier practices. He is now planning to transfer to Harvard next year.

Samuel Finer has recently been made a pledgee of the Alpha Omega Fraternity at the Harvard Dental School.

Harold Pastor is now in his second year at the Tufts Medical School.

Catherine Usher stroked the winning crew in the Freshman Boat Race at Wellesley last fall.

1922.

Anita Carley has been admitted to the Radcliffe Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa as a result of the annual midyear election.

Caroline Brine is at Leland Powers.

Greta Borjeson is teaching in the Webster School.

Beatrice Hersum is a sophomore at Simmons.

Alice "Sally" Lockhart recently announced her engagement to Joseph P. Clark of Boston.

May Galvin is a stenographer for the Boston Structible Company.

Constance Bailey was elected to membership in Alpha Kappa Chi Society last fall, and served as treasurer of the committee in charge of Junior Prom events at Wellesley in February.

Rosamond Lane was on the Honor List for work done in freshman year at Wellesley published last fall, as were her sister, Margaret Lane, and Constance Bailey a year ago.

Harvard.

The following Freshmen are on the Dean's List: Arnold Borden, John Flemming, Stanley Gans, Frederick Lorenzen, and Carl Corson. Four of these entered Harvard without examination.

Others on the Dean's List are: R. V. Pugh '25, P. Rutledge '27, E. Spaulding '26, J. Waldon '26, and F. Williams '27.

In group 2 are: Morris Isen '25, Arthur King '26, Karl Anderson '27.

Edward Hall has been a member of the Freshman Relay team this year.

Fred Lorenzen is on the Harvard Debating team.

Stanley Gans is out for the Freshman Crew.

George Sullivan, David Bakeless and Robert Bennink, all of Class of '22, are Sophomores.

Milan Drake '23, is a member of the Harvard Debating team.

Douglas MacKinnon and Raymond D'Arcy, class of '22, are Juniors.

After working at the Old Colony Trust Company for two years, Frederick Darrow '21, has returned to Harvard.

Edwin Sawin and Joseph Battaglia, class of '21, are Seniors.

George Baker '20, is a graduate student at Harvard.

Ralph Duchin '23, has a fine chance of making the Varsity baseball team.

Lowell Normal School.

Katherine G. Lynch '22, is a member of the Athletic Club and Secretary of the Psychology Club.

Anne Sullivan '22, is Secretary-Treasurer of the Athletic Council, member of Athletic Club, and member of the Varsity Hockey Team.

Mary Willhauck '22, is Lieutenant Junior D., and member of Glee Club.

Lucy Guiney '22, is Lieutenant of Senior 111, and member of Athletic Club.

Ruth Boland '22, has recently entered the Senior Class.

Marion McNamara '23, is a member of Junior Hockey and Basketball Teams.

Mary Hayes '23, belongs to the Athletic Club, as does Helen Joyce '23.

Mary Moran '23, was Vice-President of the Junior Class, and is President of the Senior Class. She is Captain of the Hockey Team, and a member of the Glee Club.

Mary Keohane and Elizabeth Burns '23, are on the Hockey Team. Elizabeth is also a member of the Basketball Team.

Mary Cabral '24, is Lieutenant Junior A.

Elizabeth Beck '24, belongs to the Psychology Club.

Winifred Linehan '24, is Lieutenant Junior C., and member of the Junior Hockey Team.

MATTHEW SYDNEY ROCHE

It is with regret that we write of the death of Matthew Sydney Roche of the Class of 1924, C. H. L. S., who passed away at his home, 138 Chestnut Street, after a week's illness with pneumonia.

He was born in Cambridge on July 11, 1906. He was graduated from the Morse Grammar School in 1920, where he was a member of the baseball team. He was graduated from Cambridge High and Latin School in 1924, where he was a two letter man, having starred on the baseball and hockey teams of 1923-4, 1924-5. At the time he was taken ill, he was employed in the office of the Esterbrook Co.

To all who had the privilege of knowing him, "Syd" or "Jit" as he was called, was one of the most likeable fellows in the school. He was always ready with a smile, modest to the extreme in his athletic endeavors, and a true friend to all who knew him.

Even as time passes on, we shall not forget him as we saw him on the diamond, on the rink, and as we knew him in the class room. He has answered the Great Call, but he has left behind memories which we shall not forget.

H. C. F.



TRADUCCIÓN DE UNA CARTA DE "CORRESPONDENCIA COMERCIAL" DE LURIA

Querido Carlos:

Le habría escrito más pronto, si no hubiese estado tan ocupado estudiando la correspondencia española. Aunque tengo buen conocimiento de español, halto que debo familiarme con las varias formas empleadas en el negocio exportador. En la actualidad estoy trabajando en una casa importante de exportación que tiene relaciones comerciales en la América Central y Sud América. Hacen negocios al por mayor directamente con los clientes o por los comisionistas que se encargan de la venta de sus géneros en los varios países lationoamericanos.

Al presente estoy traduciendo las cartas españolas al inglís y resulta que debo consultar el diccionario muy a menudo pers voy venciendo los obstáca los y no tardará mucho antes de que pueda escribir corectamente.

Esperando que le vea pronto, quedo de Vd. atento, afectísimo y S. S. Q. E. S. M.

Francis Rynne.

TRADUCCIÓN DE UNA CARTA COMERCIAL

Muy Señores Míos:

Nos permitimos informarles que acabamos de establecer un ramo de papelería en esta ciudad, y que dedicaremos también al ramo de libería.

En vista de nuestra experiencia adquirida en la compañia de Henry Cole; no cabe duda de que poderemos ejecutar cualquieres ordenes con que Uds. puedan honrarnos, en la manera más eficaz posible.

El hecho que conecemos bien a fondo el mercado de papel nos permitirá venderles nuestras mercancías a los precios corrientes más favorables a la vez que en la mejor clase de géneros.

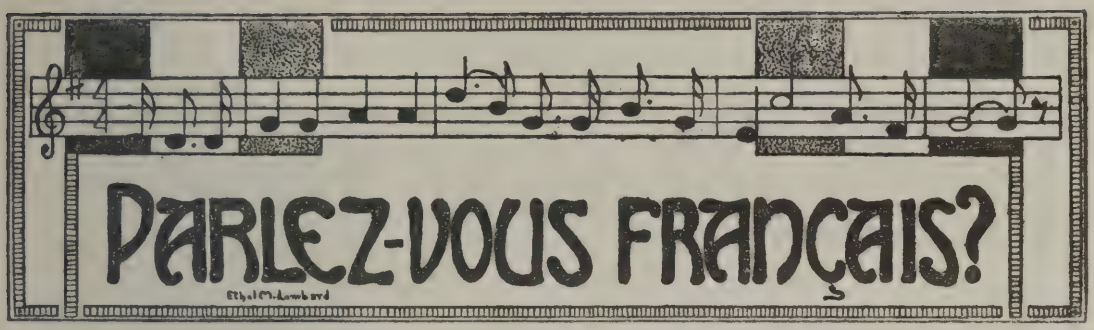
Esperando que nuestras relaciones comerciales se entablen muy breve con su estimada firma. Quedamos de Uds. Attos. y S. S.

Mary Santos

NOTAS ESCOLARES

Los alumnos de las clases del primer año de español que dirige la señorita Moulton han tenido buen éxito en su trabajo extraordinario durante las últimas semanas. Han traducido al inglés varios anuncios de los periódicos españoles que se encuentran en la biblioteca española. Este estudio es una aplicación práctica de las lecciones diarias de los alumnos y una prueba de su conocimiento del idioma.

El señor Brown, el señor Neale y las señoritas Carleton, Hanson, Parker y Pinkos han sacado una nota de E (sobresaliente); los señores Creedon, Fahey, King, McLaughlin, Nicholas y las señoritas Borzakian, Colby, D'Angostino, Harrington, Phelps, Skelly Lan redibido una G (buena).



LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

Le cercle français de cette école s'approche de la fin d'une année couronnée de succès. Nous avons enrégistré environ 80 élèves, ce qui fait la liste des membres plus longue que celle de l'année 1923–24. Les programmes de nos séances semi-mensuelles ont été excellents et divers. Il y avait des conférenciers qui nous ont parlé de la France d' Anatole France et des cercles français d'autre part. Quelques uns de nos membres de talent ont chanté des chansons françaises aux réunions.

Mons. Derry, maître de latin à cette école a eu la bonté de donner devant le club une conférence bièn intéressante, au sujèt de la dérivation du latin de la langue française: le Cercle a offert un prix d'un dollar à celui qui composerait le meilleur casse-tête (cross-word puzzle) tout en français (et c'est Barbara Kelley, '25, qui a remporté ce prix-là); on a joué aux devinettes et aux jeux français aux séances de temps en temps.

Pendant l'année actuelle on a présenté trois pièces dramatiques et il y avait une séance entièrement donnée à la musique de France, vocale et instrumentale. Au mois de mai le Cercle Français va représenter "La Poudre Aux Yeux" par Labiche —ce qui vaudra sans doute la peine de se voir.

Notre cercle est consacré à stimuler chez les élèves des interêts et de l' appréciation du français, et de leur enseigner des coutumes françaises. Aussi sait-on partout qu'on ne peut donner assez de temps dans les classes pour faire l'exercice de parler et d'entendre parler le français. Pour cette raison le Cercle a l'intention de donner cet exercice même—"Ce n'est qu'en forgeant qu'on devièn forgeron." Les élèves, deviennent, en s'exerçant, de plus en plus habiles.

Les officiers qui ont servi cette année sont: Leroy Anderson, président; Germaine Boutin, vice-présidente; Harry Poulos, secretaire; Shirley Gregson, trésorière.

LEROY ANDERSON, '25

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS

Les Peintures ressemblantes

Deux peintres se disputent à qui fait le plus ressemblant.

—Une fois, dit l'un, j'ai peint une pièce de dix sous sur un banc, et un mendiant se brisa presque les doigts à se précipiter pour l'y prendre.

—Ce n'est rien, dit l'autre. Moi, une fois, j'ai peint un gigot sur une pierre, et il était si nature qu'un chien s'est jeté dessus et avait déjà dévoré moitié de la pierre quand il s'est aperçu de son erreur!

(*Tête-à-Tète*)

(Continued on page 23)



Recently at a boys' preparatory school out west, the faculty decided to organize a football team. Knowing that it is difficult to introduce a new activity; and, as the boys had no desire for football, the faculty, to awaken their domnant interest in this game of athletics, offered one hundred dollars to the student submitting the best essay on "Football". The students began an earnest quest for information on this subject. Some even wrote to great football coaches like Knute Rockne, Bob Fisher and "Tad" Jones. To be brief, a student finally won the prize; but that one hundred dollars was well spent. Now everyone was convinced that football was worth knowing. Unconscious of their motive, the students had found material and facts for themselves, and not for their essays—which proves that one never realizes the value of a game, activity or occupation until he looks up a few things about it. So it is with debating. Someone has said if we wish to create interest in debating, we must offer a reward for the best theme on "Debating". Then, as the western boys did, all pupils would look up the word *debating* with the prize as their goal. When they have written their themes, they will suddenly sit bolt upright — shocked! They then realize that there *is* something after all in debating. But must one go to such an extreme?

No! Here we have debates annually and many students attend them. Debating is not new in the Cambridge Latin School. Yet, if we walked up to a student and asked of him a short definition of debating, what a hazy answer he would make. However, everyone can at least show his school spirit by attending the Durrell Debate, and, by taking part in the Liberty Prize Speaking Contest.

The Durrell Debate will be held some time in May, probably after this issue goes to press. This debate will provide an interesting program. Mr. Cleveland, we think, will preside as chairman, while the speakers will be carefully selected by Mr. Donahue, our debating coach.

G. A. A.

On March 20, the Newton Freshmen came and played Cambridge here. The game was very good. The Cambridge Freshmen displayed great skill and showed very fine teamwork. The passes were made with celerity and precision which made it a joy just to watch them. As the game continued Cambridge made basket after basket. Finally at the end the score was 22-6 in favor of Cambridge.

THE EXHIBITION.

The long looked for, long waited for exhibition finally came on April 23. The "Gym" was crowded to its utmost capacity.

First came the Freshmen girls who did exercises; than the Freshmen and Sophomore boys' exercises took place. The Freshmen girls' dance "Sleigh Bells" was very good. Each event was excellent and was enjoyed by the spectators. The basketball games were also very fine. At the end cheers were given for Miss Brown, Miss MacLaughlin, Miss Grant, and Mr. Cleveland. It was a fine performance.

THE MASQUERADE PARTY.

On May 15, there will be, at 7 o'clock in the Gym, a masquerade party. It is the first one the G. A. A. has ever had and I assure you it is going to be a wonderful thing. Come and enjoy yourselves!

BASEBALL PRACTICE.

The baseball practice has started again. The practice is, Wednesdays for Sophomores and Fridays for Freshmen. The teams will soon be chosen, and then class games will be held.

(FRENCH—continued from page 21)

En classe

Le Professeur—Jeannot, pourquoi ne peignez-vous pas vos cheveux?

Jeannot—Parce que je n'ai pas de peigne.

Le Professeur—Pourquoi ne demandez-vous pas à vos parents de vous en acheter un?

Jeannot—Parce qu'alors il faudrait que je me peigne.

(*Tête-à-Tête*)

La Différence

Un paysan frappe à la porte d'un voisin.

—Eh! père Antoine, dormez-vous?

—Pourquoi?

—J'ai besoin que vous me prêtiez cinquante francs.

—Alors, je dors!

(*Dimanche-Illustré*)



CANTABS BLOW UP and EXETER WINS.

Exeter, N. H., April 11, 1925.

Exeter defeated Cambridge Latin today, 5 to 3. The Cambridge nine took a commanding lead in the early innings but blew up in the fifth, allowing Exeter to tie up. In the eighth, the academy boys won the game on doubles by Dewing and Erickson and a timely hit by Moran.

Carver, an ex-Cambridge boy, Dewing, Erickson, and Moran took hitting honors, while O'Toole, and O'Connell, of Latin featured in the field.

EXETER	ab	bh	po	a	CAMBRIDGE	ab	bh	po	a
Gore, c.	4	2	11	1	O'Connell,ss.	5	0	3	2
Ryan, r.f. ..	1	0	0	0	Clancy, p.,1b	5	2	3	4
Ingalls, r.f..	1	0	0	0	Cote, lf. ...	5	1	0	0
Cahoon, r.f.	1	0	0	0	Dente, lf. ..	1	0	0	0
Dewing, 1b.	4	2	12	0	Dilworth, rf.	4	1	0	0
Carver, 3b. .	4	1	1	3	Cronin, 2b. .	5	1	6	0
O'Toole, ss..	4	0	2	1	Reardon, 3b.	3	1	1	0
Erickson, l.f.	4	2	0	0	Sullivan, 3b.	1	0	0	0
Moran, c.f. .	3	2	0	0	Callahan, cf.	3	0	1	0
Sawer, p. ..	1	0	1	1	McGowan,1b.	3	0	5	0
Healy, p. ..	0	0	0	2	Gnerie, c. ..	2	1	5	4
Goodwin, 2b.	3	1	0	4	McCusker, p.	1	0	0	2
*Lanzillo ..	1	0	0	0	Totals	38	7	24	12
Totals 30	10	27	12						

EXETER	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	2	0	—5
CAMBRIDGE	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	—3

*Lanzillo batted for Ingalls.

Runs—Gore, O'Toole, Erickson 2, Moran, O'Connell, Cronin, Reardon. Two base hits, Dewing, 2, Erickson. Sacrifice hits, Sawyer, Cote, Dilworth. Base on balls; off Sawyer, 1; off Healy 2; off Clancy 3, off McCusker 1. Struck out by Sawyer 3; by Healy 8; by Cronin 5; Double plays; Goodwin to O'Toole; to Dewing. Hit by pitched ball, Dilworth. Time: 2h. 10m. Umpire: W. Woods.

BASEBALL NOTES.

Clancy was elected to captain the 1925 nine.

SWIMMING NOTES.

Ed Murtagh was elected to lead the 1926 Mermen.

LATIN DEFEATS MELROSE HIGH 16 to 8.

In one of the fastest games of the season, Cambridge Latin took into camp the Melrose High by a score of 16 to 8. The Melrose boys got away to a flying start, but were soon overhauled.

Simpson and Shaw featured for Melrose, while the stickwork of the Cantab outfit was of high calibre.

C. H. L. S.	1	1	1	0	0	0	4	4	5	—16
MELROSE	2	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	4	— 8

CAMBRIDGE DEFEATS GENERAL ELECTRIC, 9 to 6.

Cambridge High and Latin School baseball nine defeated the General Electric team by a score of 9 to 6.

Gibson, of the Cantabrigians, came through with the only three base hit of the day, while Hanna and Smith of the General Electrics, were credited with stolen bases.

CAMBRIDGE	1	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	3	—9
GEN. ELECTRIC	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	5	—6

CANTABS DEFEAT WALTHAM, 3 to 1.

Big Seventh Puts Game on Ice.

Cambridge Latin School defeated Waltham High, 3 to 1, in a closely contested game. The score was one all into the seventh inning. In the seventh, McGowan singled and O'Connell sacrificed him along. Clancy got a walk and Cote was out on an infield hit. Dilworth tripled, scoring McGowan and Clancy.

C. H. L. S.	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	—3
WALTHAM	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1

INDOOR TRACK.

The indoor track team had a fairly good season this year. Captain John Murphy was the star of the team. In three races, he was defeated once and then by Swede of Exeter.

Captain Murphy placed second in the B. A. A. School Boy Games in the 1,000 yd. run. He won the 1,000 yd. run at the Huntington School Interscholastics. He won the 1,000 in Class B at the Harvard Interscholastics and set up a new record.

Maloney, Wood and Trainer, cross-country stars, were also on the team. Wood was out most of the season with a bed leg. Maloney shined in the 600.

Brewer, Langone, Finland and Harhen were the dash men. A new track man was discovered in the person of Lewis.

The school had an exceptionally good relay team consisting of Brewer, Harhen, Finland, and Langone. This team finished sixth out of thirty-one schools at the Harvard Interscholastics. This was an exceedingly good showing and much credit must be given to them.

Coach John J. Sheehan, worked very hard this year and it was through his efforts that the above results were reached.

OUTDOOR TRACK.

Candidates reported to Coach Sheehan for outdoor track on April 13. The following wonderful material reported: Captain Murphy, Maloney, Wood, Trainor, Brewer, Hilliard, Langone, Harhen, Murray, Lewis, Kenney, and Foskett.

Mr. Sheehan has introduced a new system, such as is used in the leading colleges. It has proved to be very successful. The schedule is as follows:

Saturday, May 2—B. C. Interscholastics.
Friday, May 8—Open.
Friday, May 15—Somerville at Russell Field.
Saturday, May 23—Harvard Interscholastics.
Thursday, May 28—Suburban League Track Meet at Medford.
Saturday, June 6—State High Schools at Stadium.

INTER-CLASS TRACK MEET.

'26	26 points	'28	6 points
'25	21 points	'27	5 points

April 1, 1925

The Interclass Track Meet proved to be a great success, the Juniors winning. The Seniors place second and the Freshman tagged in third, beating out the Sophomores by one point.

Three new men were brought to light by this meet. They were namely: Foskett and Kenney in the shot put, and Lewis in the 600 yd. dash.

The best race of the afternoon was the 300 yd. dash. Both Murphy and Mahoney went out at the crack of the gun. There was considerable pushing and shoving but Murphy finally succeeded in nosing out Maloney by three yds.

The 30-yd. dash was won with Meuse a close second.

Maloney won the 1,000 in 2m. 33¾ sec.

In the 600, various runners were given from 25 to 75 yards handicap. Meuse, who started from scratch, passed all the boys on the third lap, and won by about 25 yards. Lewis placed second and ran very well.

Kenney won the shot put with a heave of 33 ft., 3 inches.

Relay race between the Freshman and Sophomores, was won by the Sophomores.

There was no relay race between the Juniors and Seniors because '25 was unable to produce a team.

The Summary:

30 yards—Murphy, Meuse, Powers. Time: 4½ sec.

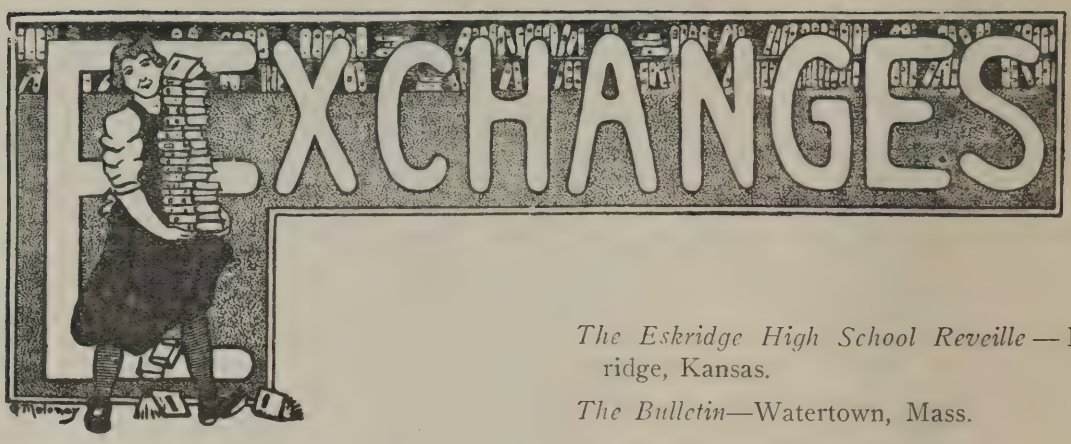
660 yards—Meuse, Lewis, Trainor. Time: 1 m. 21¾ sec.

300 yards — Murphy, Maloney, Langone. Time: 38 sec.

1,000 yards — Maloney, Kenney, Meuse. Time: 2 m. 33¾ sec.

Shot Put—Kenney, 33 ft. 3 in. Foskett, 32 ft., 4 in. Langone, 30 ft., 2½ in.

Relay Race — Freshmen vs. Sophomores Won by the Sophomores D'Arcy, Snyder, Landrigan, Murray.



This has been one of the best years for the exchange column that the "Review" has ever had. We have exchanged with schools as far away as California and the Panama Canal Zone. The year has been interesting and as we have said, to our viewpoint, very successful. We wish to thank all those schools who have exchanged with us, and we wish them a happy vacation.

The Aegis—Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

The Alphian—Pillsbury Academy, Owatonna, Minn.

The Agnes Irwin—Agnes Irwin School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Boston University News—Boston, Mass.

Bowdoin Orient—Brunswick, Me.

The Briar—Rosebud, Mont.

The Broadcast—Jamaica Plain H. S., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Carribean—Cristobal, Canal Zone.

The Cestrian—Chester H. S., S. C.

The Clarion—Arlington H. S., Arlington, Mass.

The Durfee Hilltop—Fall River, Mass.

The Eastener—Eastern H. S., Washington, D. C.

The Eskridge High School Reveille—Eskridge, Kansas.

The Bulletin—Watertown, Mass.

The Grotonian—Groton, Mass.

Gulf Hi-Life—New Port Richey, Fla.

The Haskwell School Paper—Haskwell, Col.

The Hermiad—Hingham, Mass.

High School Tribune—Turlock, Cal.

Inde—Hanover, N. H.

The Imp—Brighton H. S., Boston, Mass.

Kayhitems—Ketchikan, Alaska.

Kuay Weekly—Seattle, Washington.

The Minnewaskan—Glenwood, Minn.

The Megaphone—Franklin, Mass.

The Mountain Echo—Altoona H. S., Altoona, Pa.

The Mountaineer—Butte H. S., Butte, Mont.

The Mirror—Dedham H. S., Dedham, Mass.

The News—Dubuque, Iowa.

The Orange and Blue—Shickley, Neb.

The Key—Battle Creek H. S., Michigan.

The Lafayette Light—Lafayette H. S., St. Joseph, Missouri.

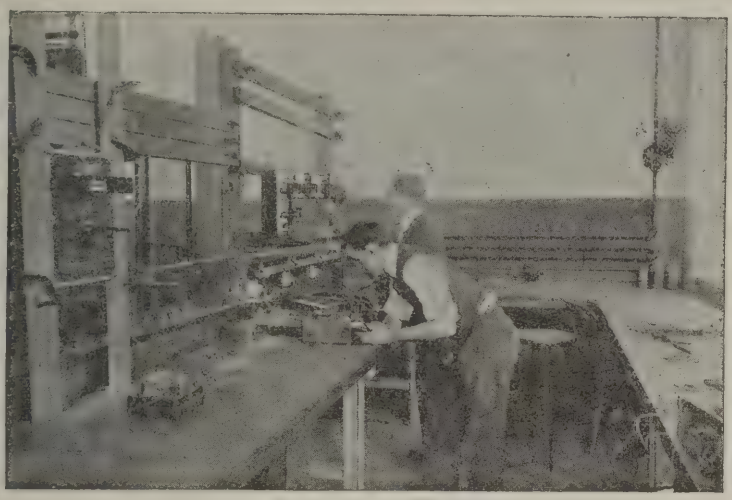
The Nobleman—Noble & Greenough School, Dedham, Mass.

The Pilgrim—Plymouth H. S., Mass.

The Oredigger—Colorado School of Mines, Col.

(Continued on page 28)

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